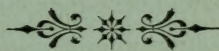




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THE ABBOT COURANT.

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VOL. XIV.

JANUARY, 1888.

NO. 1.

SOME DANGEROUS TENDENCIES.

UNLIMITED freedom is often abused by those who are too ignorant or too thoughtless to meet the responsibilities which it brings ; and to such it becomes only a curse. The freedom-loving spirit of this nineteenth century has developed with marvellous rapidity ; but unless the growth of the dangerous tendencies which it has set in motion can be checked, the movement which seemed to give high promise will bring destruction rather than a nobler civilization.

The growth of liberal principles is seen in all walks of life. In education the principles have been brought prominently before us, both in theory and practice. The question as to whether a free choice of studies should be allowed early in the college course has been much and earnestly discussed. We do not propose to further consider this important question, but only a tendency which it has developed ; viz. the tendency in students to give their exclusive attention to one branch of knowledge. However legitimate this tendency may be, it evidently owes its existence to the elective course open to all undergraduates. Yet is this exclusive study worthy of encouragement ? Does it not harm the individual student even while the liberty which makes it possible aims at breadth ?

The spirit of liberty is one of the most marked characteristics of this age. The church to-day is liberal in its toleration, and in its quick sympathy with interests wide as humanity. Science has liberally opened all fields of knowledge, and demands broad and close observation, careful and philosophical classification. Art willingly sees old iron formulas yielding to a free search for truth. History is more impartial and philosophical. Criticism is broad and uncompromising. Without a doubt nearly all work is freer and broader than it has ever been. And yet there are tendencies to narrowness in other departments than education.

During this century the world has made so much progress that a modern movement is presumptively progressive. The younger generation particularly fear to be thought "behind the times"; and critics of modern movements are sure to be so characterized. Yet there are modern movements thoroughly in sympathy with this liberty-loving spirit which nevertheless are very narrowing in their influence, and furnish good illustrations of how exclusive attention to one pursuit, even though it be one of great importance, may narrow the individual.

This is clearly seen in manufacturing. Before the introduction of machinery one man made the whole of a watch, a box, a vase, a spoon, or almost any of the articles now machine-made. To-day men spend years in making single parts of watches, the pivots or the wheels, or in sharpening the points of pins. All the skill required in making ornaments is simply what is needed to control the machine. No one cares to know who are the individual workers. These machine-made articles have multiplied indefinitely, until sameness and commonness have taken from them the charm of individual excellence. The various industries have increased in number and range, but what has been the effect upon individual mechanics? Among the goldsmiths of days gone by were such men as Dürer, Orcagna, and Cellini. How would the factory hands of to-day compare with them?

The spirit of progress has also pervaded social and civil life. On the continent of Europe, in Ireland, and in our own country, liberty and equality have been fiercely striven for. But we see these principles often distorted in their application, and working mischief. Those active in the movement are narrowing their own limits, and disturbing the very foundation on which society rests. So evident are the dangers of this tendency as seen in the late labor troubles that the wisest and noblest men are engaged in using means to thwart the working of these principles.

And so some of the most highly cultured men of to-day think that this freedom in a course of education can wisely be limited, and should be ; and that the aim of education should be the well-rounded development of the individual man, not the mere increase of the sum total of knowledge in any specific science, nor the cultivation of individual tastes. This development can only be secured by the highest culture of all the faculties ; and this purpose should be made the basis of all education. These men are conservative. Is such conservatism wise ? Or is it better, on the whole, to develop the child in the line of his preferences for any one study ? This is our question.

The consideration of electives in a course of study, though it touches closely upon this whole subject, is not necessarily involved in it. For some of the most distinguished advocates of the elective course desire most earnestly the fullest general culture. Charles Francis Adams, for example, says in his address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, " There are certain fundamental requirements without a thorough mastery of which no one can pursue a specialty to advantage. Upon these common fundamentals are grafted the specialties. I desire to say that I am no believer in that narrow and scientific technological training which now and again we hear extolled. I would not narrow the basis of education : I would broaden it."

But there are those who directly advocate exclusive special study, and think general culture and training a mere waste of time. Those who encourage this sort of special study are most frequently scientists. The philosopher and man of letters must have the broadest culture in order to make a beginning. But beginners in science are encouraged to give their whole attention to their specialties. For the scientists urge that to promote the highest excellence in one given direction a student is to spend no time in general culture. The fact that there have been universal geniuses, like Michael Angelo and Leonardo d' Vinci, does not invalidate this statement, for they are the few grand exceptions to the general rule. But the conservative does not expect from a course of general training to produce a race of Michael Angelos. At the same time he maintains that such a wide culture will fit a man by so much the more for any special course.

There is a fascination in exclusive devotion to science. As yet few have yielded to it, but the number is rapidly increasing. Conscious of growing strength, it assumes the name of, " Modern Specialization." The title, though inconvenient, makes a necessary

distinction between study without general training and special study following general training.

To the latter even the modern specialist makes no objection in theory, except that it involves a needless loss of time. But in practice he urges that it fails. He says that if men start with a liberal education few will then concentrate or narrow. But the free development of the ordinary individual would be insured. For the average man to become a specialist with no previous training would be a disaster to the church and the state. What kind of an officer in either would that man make who was an authority only in chemistry or botany? Even Professor Palmer of Harvard, who sets an unusually high value on "Modern Specialization," thinks that the average student "must be given glimpses of varied learning to save him from barbarism."

It is generally conceded that education should aim to do its best for the average man. Modern specialization makes light of *general* study. Yet if the average man is not of value as a specialist, he at least should not be encouraged to sacrifice his own development to special study. But, leaving him wholly out of the question, what is the effect of this narrow range of study upon the specialist himself?

Suppose he omit from his course of study all mental and moral philosophy, history, literature, art, and the classics,—he will be unfit for teaching, for writing, or for social life. His researches may, indeed, be of value to science, but even there his work needs to be supplemented by others. Were all scientists such as he, scientific knowledge would have comparatively little effect upon the world.

The testimony of those who, impelled by fondness for some special study, have by choice or of necessity relinquished for its sake a liberal education, emphasizes the value of such liberal training. Crowned with honor and success, owed largely to the partial culture which they have acquired by reading and through social intercourse, they yet have to mourn their lack of general training in youth. We look too often upon what gifted men have achieved. It will be wise for future interests to find what prevented gifted men from making still greater achievements. Fortunately, contact with the world adds much culture; but an opportunity lost in youth can never be made up.

But what does the *modern specialist* say of this loss of rich culture? He does not profess to despise it altogether. He simply believes that it will come of its own accord. Writing in support of this theory, Professor Palmer says: "The popular distrust of

specialization is sure to grow less, as our people become familiar with its effects, and see how often narrow and thorough study, undertaken in early life, leads to ultimate breadth. It is a pretty dream, that a man may start broad, and then concentrate; but nine out of every ten strong men have taken the opposite course. They have begun in some one-sided way, and have added other sides as occasion required. Almost in his teens Shakespeare makes a specialty of the theatre, Napoleon of military science, Beethoven of music, Hunter of medicine, Hugh Miller of rocks, Faraday of chemistry, Hamilton of political science. The great body of painters, musicians, poets, novelists, theologians, politicians, are early specialists. Something has aroused an interest, and they have followed it out until they have surveyed a wide horizon from a single point of view."

In speaking of narrow and thorough study as trustworthy because it leads to ultimate breadth, Professor Palmer concedes the aim of education which *we* have maintained. The conservative and the modern specialist agree in working sooner or later for breadth. The question is now one of times and methods, not of aims, since they ultimately coincide. In that case, the examples given of one-sided beginners who have broadened later are a formidable array to one who recommends another method.

But, in the first place, in condemning early and exclusive special study, we have not intended to imply that early preferences are in no way to be encouraged. We only urge that the mind can best follow out its preferences *after* good training of its various powers. For example, a "born farmer," who is all his life to till the soil, is a better farmer for a vigorous mental training. History and a knowledge of government make him a better man and citizen. Mathematics make him keen. Science he uses directly. Many principles of political economy closely affect his own interests. And literature and art make his home attractive and ennobling.

It is not necessary to consider separately the cases mentioned by Professor Palmer; but if we look into the works of Shakespeare alone, we find that he is a specialist in *every* department of knowledge. He is at home in all the professions, — in medicine, law, and theology, — in botany and history, as well. We cannot say of any of these men that they did not receive some general training in early life; and from society and later study they gained what they needed. If it be conceded that breadth is to be preferred to narrowness in development, then even specialists would be wise to secure this culture of all the faculties in youth, when the mind works freely and retains easily.

All the best educators would agree with Professor Palmer in hoping for the disappearance of the popular distrust of special study. But the popular welfare must first be secured by thoroughly educating our youth. If the people see that education implies thorough mental training they will as fully trust the educated specialist as they do now the ordinary active, practical man of only general culture, or the minister.

That the criticisms of specialists and experts who have only one point of view (though false from their very one-sidedness), nevertheless exert a powerful influence to-day is one of the disagreeable but undeniable facts. This is an uncomfortable matter for those who are criticized to deal with. If the broad, free spirit of this age is to shape the next, general culture must exist and widen.

Exclusive specialization, then, is harmful and narrowing in its tendency. In the first place it unfits the average man for his work in life. As Mr. Lowell says, "the object of education should be to set free, to supple, and to train the faculties for whatever task life may afterwards set them; and to open windows on every side of the mind where thickness of wall does not prevent. Special aptitudes are sure to take care of themselves, but the latent possibilities of the average mind can only be discovered by experiment in many directions."

In the second place the specialist himself needs a liberal education as a basis for his special study. Otherwise he is unable to properly discharge his duty to society, or to directly influence his fellow men. The very value of his work to the world depends upon the supplement his fellow scientist of liberal culture gives him. And though the modern specialist urges that early special study will lead to ultimate breadth, we find upon examination that special students who broaden in after life have been impelled to secure this late development by the very hinderances that blocked up every narrow path, and the sure obstacles that have troubled every uncultivated mind.

Finally, though modern specialization is still little more than a tendency, it has nevertheless made itself troublesomely felt in narrow and arrogant criticisms. We conclude, then, that in the education of youth the highest welfare of the average man, of the specialist, and of society will be secured by general culture of the mind; and that special study in order to be safe and successful must follow this early well-rounded development. Then specialists can intelligently work in common with others for the prosperity of society and of the country. Popular distrust will give place to confidence and honor.

And unless American abilities are suddenly stunted, the well-guarded tendency to specialization will carry American efforts on into a culture more generous and life-giving than has ever yet appeared.

†A. J. H. '87.

A TRIP TO ALASKA.

If the strip of coast included between Port Townsend, U. S. and Glacier Bay, Alaska, could be transferred exactly as it is to the Atlantic coast, it is safe to say that any number of steamers, loaded with their precious freight of passengers, would be going up and down this salt-water river all summer long. When one thinks of the thousands of miles separating the Pacific from the Atlantic coast, it seems a long trip indeed to Alaska, and but comparatively few persons make it. A few short years ago the enthusiasm of a Marco Polo would have been needed to induce even a European traveller to visit this bleak and almost unknown land. And even now the traveller returning from Alaska is often asked, "Why did you go to that barren country?" Barren country, indeed! It is one of the most charming countries one can visit. If this delightful strip of coast-line and islands bordered the Atlantic Ocean, it might be cold and bleak; but the warm Japan current keeps Alaska, at least the southeast part, from becoming ice-bound, like Labrador or Greenland. Sitka and its vicinity have a climate like that of Maine, although it lies fifteen degrees farther north. We can hardly realize the extent of our own country until we are reminded that the distance from the western extremity of Alaska to San Francisco is about equal to the distance from New York to San Francisco; the City of the Golden Gate being only half way.

What a picture for the imagination to work upon is this calm and inland lake, extending northward over a thousand miles, and everywhere dotted with islands much resembling the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, — sometimes so tiny that they could accommodate only one small house and perhaps a garden patch, and, again, some as large as one of our states or a European kingdom! One seems to see Lake George, the Highlands of the Hudson, Switzerland, and all other charming places here combined to form one grand whole. Not only has Alaska the third highest mountain range in the world, but its mountains, valleys, bays, and rivers form a marvellous land-

scape. They could not have been arranged in a manner more continuously impressive than they now are to the tourist. Beginning at Port Townsend with a moderate altitude, and mere patches of snow on their sides, the mountains rise hourly higher and higher, until the climax is reached in the St. Elias group. What makes the trip still more exciting is the fear that one may not, even for a moment, get a glimpse of the highest peaks; for during a great many months a dense fog wraps itself about their snowy heads, completely hiding them. People have already begun to call this country "the American Switzerland." Every year the numbers increase who ask themselves whether they shall visit Europe this summer, or devote themselves to seeing the exquisite scenery of their own land. After making this trip, the only thing one deeply regrets is, that as yet St. Elias has no roads, guides, or hotels, and therefore one cannot visit this great peak, which towers 20,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is covered with a snow and ice mantle reaching to the sea level. In Switzerland the highest mountain peak is only 15,784 feet, while really it is only about 12,000, because one sees it from a level of 4,000 feet, and the snow covering this peak stretches down only 7,000 feet. What a misfortune that travellers are as yet unable to see St. Elias! And what tourist would not willingly add the voyage of two hundred miles beyond Sitka on the stormy ocean, risking all dangers, to see the greatest snow-covered mountain in the world!

But in this trip we are not deprived of the pleasure of seeing two of the grand mountains of the St. Elias range, together with their stupendous glaciers. — Fairweather and Crillon, which are both higher than Mt. Blanc, it is said. They are very apt to be enveloped by clouds; but we were so fortunate as to see them towering heavenward in all their splendor and sublimity. The Muir Glacier, lying at the head of Glacier Bay, and so called in honor of its discoverer, Professor Muir, is formed by the joining of five mighty rivers of ice, coming from Mt. Fairweather, fifty miles away. We saw two other magnificent glaciers — the Eagle and Davison — but after the Muir they seem very insignificant.

We left Port Townsend one August morning in 1896, on the steamer "Idaho," bound for a fourteen days' sail among the islands of southeastern Alaska, through the inland sea. No words can fittingly express the beauty and grandeur of the scenery that opens before us as we wind through the narrow and tortuous channel. The two weeks we spend on shipboard are one delightful dream. Although the nearer mountains covered with their growth of luxu-

rious green, the snowy peaks towering high above them in the distance, and the expanse of water are always present, they never look the same from day to day. Sunshine and shadow play over them, till we almost reflect their smiles or frowns. The water changes, too, in shade and color. The mountains, varying in steepness, form sometimes one continuous stretch of green, again they are broken by gorges and ravines, through which flow the little streams and rivulets supplied by the ever melting snow from the distant peaks.

Late on the second afternoon of our cruise we met the "Ancon," just off Nanaimo, laden with happy tourists, who have seen the sights of Alaska, and are now returning with more to tell their friends than they can ever recount. We exchanged greetings and passed on. Our next stop was at Juneau, the largest town in Alaska. Two hours were long enough for us to search for Indian curios, and get a peep at the Indian's way of living. Most of the men were at work in the mines opposite Juneau; but the squaws sat in rows on the pier or in front of their houses, offering blankets, spoons, bracelets made of silver dollars, and small canoes for sale. These squaws are very shrewd, and are never known, like their husbands, to lower the price of a single article. They are very expert with the paddle, and as the ship came to the dock many pushed out in their little canoes to get a good look at these "queer people who had come so far to see the country." The domestic accomplishments of these women are not admirable; for the interior of their houses is as uncleanly as the clothes they wear. One feels not a little peculiar about entering their huts; but our curiosity was too great, and we succumbed. They have no furniture. — not even a stool, — but sit about on the floor. Everything is cooked over an open fire, and from the roof were suspended hundreds of salmon, undergoing the process of drying. Many maintain that these Indians are descended from the Japanese. They are, in fact, something like them — their cheeks, complexions, and eyes reminded us of that peculiar people. Then, too, the knowledge that years ago some Japanese mariners were shipwrecked on the coast of Alaska gives some support to this theory.

So passing from one new sight to another, we proceeded on our way, until one morning we awoke and, looking out of our state-room, found ourselves just entering Glacier Bay, which lies one hundred miles north of Sitka. As we steamed along up the bay I thought we had suddenly changed our course, and were surely near Iceland, for not a tree could be seen, nothing but barren mountains, snow, and ice. Vast fields of snow were visible in every direction, and

the frozen rivers or glaciers which represent the drainage, all creep to the water's edge, in some cases showing a front of several miles. As the steamer went on, the scene constantly changed, and we saw the mountains and glaciers from every point of view, with never a moment's fatigue. As soon as one glacier disappeared another came in sight, riveting our attention. Hundreds of icebergs floated past the ship, some only four or five feet in width, while others were immense in size. But we feared no danger, for we had confidence in our Captain's skill; and really we were too happy and interested to see any danger. The great glacier was in sight fully two hours before our steamer reached it, and we had ample time to note its peculiar form, and to admire the exquisite blue tints of its huge masses of ice. At first this wall of ice appeared to be about twenty feet in height; and as we approached nearer the sight was glorious, the sunlight on this enormous and transparent mass fairly dazzled the eye. And enormous it is, for it towers over two hundred and fifty feet above the water's surface and extends directly in front to the left and to the right about a mile. The upper portions of this mass are white, and broken up into the most fantastic crags and pinnacles; the lower portions are a deep blue. We were told that this wall of ice reaches for eight hundred feet below the surface of the water, and that the glacier moves between thirty and forty feet a day; while those of Switzerland move only two or three. Every few minutes we were startled by an awful crash, caused by portions of this wall falling into the bay, where they float away as icebergs. We landed in small boats, and began to climb about on the mass of ice. No one can realize the great extent of its surface until he has been on it for himself. After spending an hour in this way we returned to the steamer, muddy, tired, and ready for a rest.

From this point we really began our journey back to civilization, and Sitka Bay was our first anchorage. We found it the most delightful little place imaginable. I think Sitka the most interesting, at any rate the most picturesque, town we saw. It is situated on the west coast of Baranoff Island, and back of it rise the lofty mountains that close in about it east and west. One does not wonder that the towns along this inland sea are not numerous, for it seems so far away from everything. Really there is no land for large towns to be built upon. It is only here and there one finds a place large or level enough to settle on. Sitka can never become a large town, no matter how industrious are its inhabitants; for closed in, as it is, on three sides by lofty mountains and on the fourth by the

ocean, it has no room for growth. From the old Russian fortress in the town one has a magnificent view of Sitka and its surroundings, especially its surroundings. The glassy, unruffled surface of Sitka Bay is dotted here and there with pretty little islands, making it most picturesque. On one of the tiny islands is a light-house; while on a larger one, a few miles away, the volcanic mountain Edgecumbe towers some two thousand, eight hundred, and fifty feet above the sea level. As the eye wanders beyond this bay it meets the broad expanse of the Pacific, while on the distant horizon are seen the sails of vessels, and often the smoke of some steamer.

One of the first objects in the town to attract the attention is the little square common in the heart of the village; and we thought how delightful for the children, and how much they must enjoy frolicking there. Back from the common stands the old Greek church. It is quaint in its appearance; but one would hardly call it beautiful, for it is nothing but a plain frame building, with a low steeple. Its original color must have been white, but now it is old and weather-beaten; and its steeple, once a light green, is now so faded its color can scarcely be recognized. Inside, the church is more interesting. It has one square room with a small addition on either side. There are no chairs or benches, and the chancel is exceedingly simple. On the plain white walls hang some exquisite paintings; some framed in gold, others in silver. This is done in a most curious way. The surface of the frame is brought forward, so as to show little more than the head or heads in the paintings. One especially attractive was the Madonna and Christ-child, having the gold framed about the heads in the form of a hood. The houses of Sitka are generally small, and built of wood, and some are merely log huts.

We stopped again at the gold mine on Douglass Island. All went ashore to see the mines and the quartz mills, where a hundred or more machines reduce the ore to sand. The mine is said to have yielded already more than twice the sum paid for Alaska, and evidently it is yet rich in the golden ore. In looking upon this huge quarry of white quartz an inexperienced eye would never think that it contained gold, but a close examination easily discovers small pieces of free gold.

Fort Wrangle is situated about twenty-five miles south-east of Sitka, and consists of some twenty log huts scattered along the shore. Here one may be interested in seeing the grave of an Indian chief and also some "totem poles." His body was buried not far back from the beach, and over his grave was raised a log structure

six feet long and three wide, and on the top of this was placed a wooden image resembling the alligator. These "totem poles" are posts of different heights, varying perhaps from ten to twenty feet. They are elaborately carved with all sorts of hideous heads. I remember seeing one, perhaps two feet long, and copied from those at Wrangle, for which the merchant asked fifty dollars. It was beautifully carved, and would have made a fine specimen for a cabinet. The "totem poles" when erected near the houses of an Indian village serve as a protection from all danger, so the Indian will tell you.

At last Port Townsend welcomed our noble ship as we entered the harbor. Our trip was over, and we were one and all reluctant to leave Alaska and its marvellous scenes of beauty and sublimity behind. We content ourselves with the thought that perhaps again some time we may visit this delightful country. A. A. H. '89.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ART IN AMERICA.

ONE true index of national character is the history of its art development. Some form of art is found among the most savage nations, and is developed in exact proportion to their advance in general civilization; its direction being determined by national proclivities. The outline of American art most clearly displays native courage, energy, and perseverance, with an indomitable spirit of progress.

The American nation has been characterized as art-loving, but destitute of true artistic feeling, showing a zeal without knowledge. American art has been, and still is, subjected to the severest criticism, and even its very existence has been unrecognized until within the past few years. This lack of art-appreciation is pityingly ascribed to the nation's youth and consequent ignorance of ancient accepted traditions and manner of conception. A country proud of a history but little more than one hundred years old may be pardoned for having unconventional ideas of artistic truth and beauty. America is indeed young in art, but perhaps all the more vigorous; while freedom from ancient fetters and the constraining influence of schools has already developed an original line of thought with a rapidity unparalleled in the records of any other nation, though under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. Until the present century

American art had no real existence ; but for a generation previous it was only waiting an opportunity to spring into life. Scope for action, not artistic talent, was wanting ; for America had produced a great painter a quarter of a century before she had a constitution. But in those heroic days when the Colonies were struggling for life there was no scope for the exercise of æsthetic genius, and England claimed both Copley and West.

Some of the greatest obstacles to the development of artistic feeling at the first sprang from the absence of a church requiring the embellishments of art, from the dependent relations of America with England, and especially from the lack of an individual nationality. In other countries the peculiarities of national pride demanded and encouraged a distinctive type of art ; but the very nature of the American Colonies, made up of different races and classes, rendered such a common interest impossible. No popular sympathy and appreciation could be developed, for the people were too much engrossed with securing the necessities of life to give any thought to its luxuries. Composed of such elements, between which no community of feeling was possible, driven by necessity to look upon the practical side of life, with little leisure to gratify any natural cravings for art that might exist, and no external sources of inspiration furnishing higher ideals, the whole influence of social life seemed thrown into the opposite scale. The colonists were occupied in subduing a new world, in fighting their way toward liberty, and in establishing new systems of government ; and among them artists found little patronage and no means of cultivating their talent. On the continent of Europe young students breathed the very atmosphere of art ; for the public galleries and the studios of the masters were a constant influence in developing the æsthetic nature. But in America there were absolutely no possibilities for such study, for, since art itself was held in contempt or indifference, no care whatever was bestowed on its cultivation. All the advantages of academies, studios, and collections from the old masters were wanting, so that to choose an artist's life meant literal exile. Art has never battled in any other country against more adverse surroundings, or battled more successfully. For, in spite of all these discouragements, it has a national life, and claims its place to-day. But, as the influences directing it were peculiar, so was its development. Nations almost invariably begin with architecture, as the simplest and most natural expression of the artistic sense, and gradually lead through sculpture up to painting. America began with painting, and not till a much later period was any attention paid to other

forms of the fine arts. Portrait painting was first developed; the earliest works being those of Smybert, a Scotchman, who in the beginning of the eighteenth century settled in Boston. Though not an artist of the first rank, he exerted a widespread influence, and it was from his copy of Bentivoglio that Copley, Allston, and Trumbull caught their ideas of color and drawing.

Immediately after the Revolution, portrait-painting received a fresh impulse from the visits and works of artists from abroad, whose influence was strongly felt in the absence of native masters. For a long time, both before and after the separation from England, almost the only known portrait painter in the country was Peale of Maryland, who has left many works, valuable because they furnish the means for reproducing the scenes of the early American history at its crisis. Northern art is more widely known than southern; but art was equally encouraged at the South, especially in Charleston, South Carolina, where, as also in various parts of Virginia, many ancestral portraits are to be found. Throughout the eastern states are scattered various portraits by Copley, which, though somewhat mechanical, correspond exactly to the spirit of the times, and well represent the patrician element with its air of dignified leisure.

In opening his gallery at New Haven, John Trumbull did much to encourage art; but his works are valuable only in an historical sense, handing down to posterity actual men and events. Contemporary with these painters were West and Stuart — the latter one of the finest colorists.

During this initiatory period many of these artistic attempts were ridiculed as much at home as abroad. Indeed, abroad it was hardly supposed that enough was produced even to ridicule. But while many of these pictures were indeed crude, they indicate a striving for something better, and deserve more careful judgment. Such a lack of appreciation on the part of the people has always been a great obstacle to advancement in art; for it is just as true in art as in political economy that the nature of the demand must regulate the supply, and until a nation recognizes the degree of art which it already has, it cannot well gain more.

With the beginning of the present century a new era for art began to dawn. An awakening interest was shown in the formation of various societies for its promotion, which at least marked an upward step in self-appreciation, and opened the way for an independent school. When the Academy of Design was founded in New York City, in 1828, the elements of artistic education were brought within reach at home; but American art was still keenly

sensitive to foreign ideas, and aimed at expressing original thought according to foreign methods. At this time a strong Italian influence prevailed, due to Allston, the American Titian, who of all American painters comes nearest in spirit, character, and work to the old masters. He followed no school; all his work bears the mark of his own originality. Nor was his influence on art through painting alone; for to many a young artist the wise sympathy and counsel of "the master" came like a ray of inspiration at the moment of need. America also owes to him much of the English element in her art, for, after spending twelve years at work in London, he naturally reproduces, something of the spirit caught there.

Early in this period portraiture ceased to hold an exclusive place, and a taste for *genre* was developed, which was represented chiefly by Mount and Robert Weir. But works of this class were valuable only as further proofs of the increasing feeling for art—a feeling which found far more decided and characteristic expression in landscape painting. This school was led by Thomas Cole, after whom followed a host of others distinguished for their intense love of nature. Many of these early painters were marked by careful finish of detail due to familiarity with graving tools, and this characteristic was at that time exaggerated by Ruskin's pre-Raphaelite ideas of truth.

In the latter part of the period the new elements at work became more and more evident. Then, for the first time, an interest in sculpture was awakened, and found its earliest exponent in Greenough, soon followed by Powers, both of whom are purely national in the independence of their genius. Architecture felt a like impulse, before which the brown-stone fronts of New York and Boston's monotonous rows of bay-windows began to give way. Decorative art as well, though still decidedly crude, and inclined toward cat-tails and pensive storks, began to express something of this new life. There was everywhere a searching after the beauty of truth. It was the time of experiment in all the fine arts, and many mistakes were made; but through it all there was a steady advance, and the influences tending to the production of a truly national school drew toward a focus. The return of the present generation of artists from their studies abroad inaugurated a third period in American art, a period full of richest promise.

At last foreign countries have been forced to acknowledge the independence and merit of the American school; for now the works of American painters appear in every salon and every exhibition of the Royal Academy, and win the warmest recognition. With such

names enrolled as those of Appleton, Brown, Charles Sprague Pierce, Eakins, Thayer, and the many others of equal rank, America may well claim a distinctive centre of art.

In choice of subject the school still shows a leaning toward landscape, but it includes masters in all other branches for her genre, portrait, and historical painters are also artists of high rank. The underlying tendency shown by many of these workers is toward the Italian breadth and fondness for mass, though they have gathered much in the method of handling from the French perfection of technique. Their sympathies are with the French and English schools to the exclusion of the German, save that of Munich. In color they are quiet, but harmonious. But their great characteristic is their love of truthfulness; and not simply a truthfulness of form or of values, but a keenness in grasping the inner meaning of a subject, and fusing its very spirit into their work.

A school of sculpture is always of slow growth; hence though in America there are as yet few great artists in this department, she is fully equal to other modern schools in such workers as St. Gaudens, Ward, and O'Donovan.

In architecture, also, she is prepared to take high rank with such names as that of Richardson, to whose fame Trinity Church, Boston, stands a fitting monument. There is a great interest, and consequent improvement, in both public and domestic building, corresponding to the increase in wealth and intellectual culture. The desire for beautiful homes shows great advance in aesthetic appreciation, and a readiness to adapt buildings to all the peculiar needs of climate and locality. — to combine the pointed roof of northern countries on account of abundant snow with the verandahs and balconies required for shade from the hot sun — all show the spread of a philosophical, aesthetic appreciation.

The attention paid to architecture has developed another branch comparatively new to American genius, that of glass-painting. The manufacture of the glass itself, with its originality of design, has already established a high reputation for excellence and for artistic merit.

Great facility in the use and development of artistic materials is also evident in the more recent work of pottery; notably in the manufacture of the Rookwood ware. It is but a short time since suitable clay was found in the country, yet American artists have reached a high degree of excellence in designs in form and color, and have even succeeded in rediscovering several old tints long supposed to be lost,

In other minor arts America also stands very high. The relation between the arts and industry is closely established by the work of societies like the Associated Artists of New York, where every kind of artistic embroidery is designed and wrought. Great talent has been shown among these in the invention of textile fabrics, in adapting original designs to them, and in reproducing old stitches. In the recent invention of needle-woven tapestry a new means of expression has been opened to art with results unattainable on paper or canvas. Again, by the marvels of artistic skill from the pencils of Abbey, Low, and Kenyon Cox, with which the magazines are filled, printing is made a fine art, while American etchings and engravings are unsurpassed in beauty of design and execution.

The ample encouragement which art now finds in the numerous societies established in every city, — the Art League of New York, the Academy of Philadelphia, the Art Museum of Boston, — nor are the cities of the west and south inactive — leads to frequent exhibitions, and indicates that the nation is waking to the fulness of artistic life.

One of the most favorable conditions is the possibility of the awakening and cultivation of a sense of beauty among the middle and lower classes. America is probably the most generally educated of civilized nations; and all great movements started by those who lead in any line of thought are speedily followed by the common people, however blindly at first. The universal love of pictures among Americans, even though it should often take only the form of a fondness for chromos and illustrated papers, is yet a most hopeful sign, since this interest among all classes indicates that art is becoming the true expression of this national life. To thoughtful minds America has already disproved the idea that she is so materialistic, so scientific in the very spirit of her nationality, that she must necessarily be unartistic. She certainly possesses the true aesthetic instinct, and it is only that the conditions of her life have hitherto been more favorable to the development of science. Perhaps her tendency toward specialization may be in part responsible for this; for however needful it may be considered in other departments, an artist cannot afford to be limited in any direction. He, above all, needs a broad culture; his field is the whole range of human nature, and he must be able to understand man in all his relations to the world. Education in America does lean too much to the practical. She needs to follow the advice of Goethe: "See to the beautiful, the useful will take care of itself."

Such is the artistic position of America at the present day ; what is to be her future ?

Already she wields a mighty influence in the Old World, in political, social, and literary relations, and now at last in artistic also, an influence steadily increasing. The vigor and fresh energy of American workers are everywhere felt and recognized. One great question lies before American artists to-day : will they prove themselves able to adapt the old methods of expression to the new forms of thought, to the modern advance in scientific knowledge and in all culture ? In considering its solution one may well look with encouragement upon the history of the past ; with confidence that as America's artistic spirit was kept alive in the midst of the greatest difficulties, now under the favoring conditions of the present she will still maintain her courage and industry. Her standard must necessarily be regulated by the judgment of the Old World, and as she has already done excellent work, judging by this criterion, one may hope that she will not only continue to maintain her present high position, but will steadily advance to the expression of all that is highest and best in the art of the future. †E. L. A. '87.

PSYCHE.

IN THE ACADEMY HALL.

Grave and sweet the marble Psyche bends on us her lovely face ;
Grave and sweet she gazes ever with the self-same gentle grace.

Psyche, type of the immortal spark within our human frame,
Lead us to the love that stirs it to a living, glowing flame.

Teach us of the love that wakens what in us is pure and sweet.
Strength and tenderness, and all that makes a woman's life complete.

By thy beauty's inspiration, speaking through thy grave, sweet eyes,
Shall our hearts be stirred within us, and our higher instincts rise.

So, each day, as fair girl faces lift their asking eyes to thine,
Let the souls behind them growing with diviner beauty shine.

L. E. T. '86.

RIDING IN ARKANSAS.

EVERYONE rides in Arkansas, from the grandmother to the baby. This is literal; only the grandmother probably will carry the baby. Often I have seen a whole family on horseback — one horse's back. I remember one cavalcade: first, an old woman in a green sun-bonnet, with an amazing quantity of household stuff ("plunder," in Arkansas idiom), such as a mattress, a quilt, a cotton-basket filled with tin-ware, and a red rocking-chair, — all this on one dejected-looking mule; then the family proper, the man, his wife, and the baby, on another mule. But usually we are contented to ride a horse apiece. The children learn to ride as soon as they learn to walk. They ride with or without a saddle, according to circumstances. A certain pretty Arkansas girl of our acquaintance rides a spirited Texan horse, bareback, at any pace. She cannot remember a time when she could not ride. "Reckon maw putt me on hossback stiddier in the cradle," she says; "anyhow, fust thing I cud say was to nicker like a hoss."

For a riding habit one only needs a black cotton skirt. The roads are variable. In wet seasons, to use the local phrase, "they wud mire a saddle blanket." These are in the bottom lands, "the cypress swamp." There horses and cattle "mire up." Often the poor beasts thus imprisoned perish miserably. Nor is the case much better in the hill country, where they are over rocks and down hill-sides, very like precipices. Stumps are always left in the road, on principle. When one happens to be driving, this feature gives "entertainment for man and beast." To help the stumps along, wagon seats are constructed so that they will come out at the least violence. They call a spring-wagon a "hack" in Arkansas; it would be more accurate to call it a whack.

Of course, riding, one can avoid the stumps. But he can't avoid the fords, or the amazing mud-holes, or the logs across the roads. Bridges, in the bottom lands, are either just tumbled to pieces or just about to tumble.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that riding under such conditions is a hardship. On the contrary, there is no country where riding is such an enduring delight. During the autumn the mud will dry; then the horse-woman will have a smooth, elastic road. Down in the bottom lands the cypress brakes are a glory of color, more vivid, more sumptuous even than the New England woods. The slender green cane waves like a wheat-field in Spring. The "elbow brush"

makes a green hatching about the monstrous cypress roots and "knees" which crouch like deformed dwarfs at the foot of the cypress trees. You may see red gleams of sumach amid the duller scarlet of huckleberry trees and the gold of the maple leaves. The oaks still flaunt their green bravery against bare willow twigs and russet shreds of cypress foliage. Sombre, weird, terrible as a cypress forest is, it is beautiful as the mountains and grand as the sea.

Many happy hours have my friend and I spent riding through the brake. And the wildest ride of our lives was in these same brakes. We have both had some wild rides. But I do not think that even a race with an engine on a vicious horse along a fence-guarded road, compares with the savage exhilaration, the rapturous peril of an Arkansas wild hog hunt.

Picture, first, the Arkansas wild hog, — image of the boars which tear the hounds in Reubens' pictures; a hideous, black, swift creature, razor-lean as to body, huge and grizzly as to head, with tusks like white scimitars; a creature that can kill a panther or gash a dog to death with one lunge. Then picture the hunting-ground, the cane brake, and the forest; no open spaces, as in English cross-country riding; trees everywhere, cane above a man's head, thick as a wheat-field; ugly spirals of wild grape-vine stout enough to jerk a rider from his horse; paw-paw saplings to cudgel him, — beaten down by one rider's charge in time to whip back on the next man's head; thorn trees that sting him; fallen logs holding up their pronged limbs, hurdle-wise; holes and natural ditches and cypress "knees" that spike the ground. And through this uncanny hunting-ground fly dogs and horsemen; men, dogs, horses, equally afire and reckless; horns sounding, dogs baying, men yelling. I defy any rider worthy of the name to hear that wild music, and feel the thrill leaping through his good steed's veins, and not follow, reckless as the rest.

The hogs will not run forever. Hark to the dogs! They have "rallied"; they are fighting. Do you hear that strange noise? That is the boar's war cry. Now they will fight until the last one dies!

It is a sight never to be forgotten. Carnage, if you please, brutal and horrible; but a magnificent spectacle, all the same. The huge boars fling the dogs aside, bleeding, howling. The hunters ride up with their rifles. They shoot the creatures through the head, firing from horseback. The boars may charge on the horses. On the hunt which I remember a boar hurled himself against a horse with such force that the horse was brought to his knees; and the rider shot the brute before he could use his tusks.

Sometimes — but very rarely — men are killed ; and often the poor hounds pay for their courage with their lives. My friend and I saw four runs ; one of them a long chase between two and three miles, with an exciting finish ; the other exciting enough as to finish, but only about two miles or less. One of the runs was through cane high above our heads. It is incredible with what speed and force a horse will beat this cane down. Another run was through a “burned over” forest. We were leaping all the time.

So good were our horses that we kept up with the foremost. And my friend proved herself of the greatest use, catching riderless horses ; for nothing is commoner on those occasions than what our cousins call “an ugly cropper,” and we in Arkansas refer to as “right smart of a tumble.” Happily no one was hurt. When we rode home that evening we had been almost ten hours in the saddle ; yet so easy are Arkansas horses that we scarcely felt the fatigue.

Ah, Nig, my black beauty, you are two years older now ; you no longer leap stockades for pure joy of motion. But when the Spring comes again may we renew those wild moments together.

OCTAVE THANET.

AN AUTUMN WALK.

THERE had been snow just before Thanksgiving, and we had come from the station to grandmother's in a sleigh ; but a warm rain had fallen on Thanksgiving Day, and the snow had all disappeared, except a little here and there beside the walls and in the hollows. The fierce northwest winds of Friday were followed, on Saturday, by a soft, warm sunshine, that made us all forget that winter was at hand. These lovely Indian Summer days are my special delight, and soon after dinner I started off for a long walk, with Uncle James's great mastiff, Max, for company.

This Thanksgiving was a saddened festival for us all. Since we had met here last year the voice that was always the first to welcome us had been stilled, the dear gray head that was the glory of our family table had been laid low ; and now Uncle James sat in grandfather's place, and his voice trembled, and tears stood in all our eyes, as he asked the blessing over our Thanksgiving dinner. It was grandma's wish that we all come as usual.

“You must be just as thankful and just as merry as ever,” she

said to us boys and girls, in her sweet voice; and her brave, cheery manner went a great way toward making us feel that the dear old home was unchanged.

The uncles and aunts and cousins all went away Friday, leaving me alone with grandma, Aunt Esther, and Uncle James, for a little rest before going back to my school.

"The child is wearing herself out for those boys and girls," grandma said, stroking my cheek; and Uncle James declared I should not go back till he could find the dimples I had lost. Aunt Esther said little, but steeped for me the most extraordinary concoction of herbs, the bitterness of which she atoned for by supplying me with all the dainties her skilful hands could provide.

I was always very happy at grandma's; but just now I was beset by many puzzling thoughts, and it was a relief to go away by myself on that sweet, sunshiny afternoon, and to look the questions frankly in the face. The very touch of the breeze upon my cheeks was soothing and satisfying. The warm browns of the nearer fields and pastures, the soft grays and greens of the woods, and the wonderful melting blues of the far-away hills, the tender sky and the impalpable haze that brooded over all rested and calmed me, and I began to feel more in harmony with the world.

There is a melancholy about the early autumn which I never feel in these late warm days. It is like the peace that comes to strong souls after sorrow; "It is like the love that loss has purified." That little sentence from the introduction to the "Marquis of Lossie" kept saying itself over to me, as I walked along over the crisp pasture grass, and though I tried to throw off the little shadow that was hanging over me, everything seemed to bring it back again. The beauty of the world was of an ethereal, ghostly kind, which satisfies one's higher spiritual nature, rather than his senses; and it made me feel as though I were some one outside of myself. I was suddenly brought back to the realities of life by the angry chattering of a squirrel just above my head, who resented the presence of Max so near his winter storehouse. Max wagged his tail, and looked from the squirrel to me with a patronizing smile that went right to my dog-loving heart; and in that moment I forgot all shadows and abstractions, and became a happy child, with all a child's delight in the natural world.

Down in a corner of the pasture near the spring was a group of young cattle placidly chewing their cud in the warm sunshine. They looked very picturesque against a background of white birches and young pines. One of them, with a dark face and a thick white

bang between her horns, came toward us with a little fling of her heels, as though inviting Max to frolic with her. He looked at me questioningly, and when I said "No," he marched by the calf in dignified silence. We went along the outskirts of the woods, — for it was not quite warm enough for one to be really comfortable out of the sunshine. — then followed the brook down to the little cider-mill. The heavy rain had filled up the pond, and the miller was improving the opportunity by grinding a few late apples which some one had brought in. I went round to the south side, and found him there adjusting some of the simple machinery. He was a half-crazy fellow, known as "Enoch" — harmless, but very eccentric. I said, "Good afternoon," and he turned a strange, wild face upon me.

"Oh, good afternoon," he responded, with his peculiar drawl. "Like some cider?"

I remembered certain childish excursions to this same mill, and asked him if I might drink some through a straw.

"Oh, waal; there's some clean straw up-stairs. Ef yer could make it convenient ter sit down a minute, p'raps I could find some good ones."

I thanked him for his kindness, but said I could help myself. Enoch entertained me with an incoherent story while I drank the sweet juice of the apples just pressed through my nice clean straw; and when I came away he responded to my good-by:

"Oh, good afternoon. Come raound again, ef yer can make it convenient."

The poor fellow's wild eyes and wandering brain seemed very pathetic to me, and I never could laugh at his queer ways. It was painful to find this little tragedy in the peace of the woods and pastures.

I went back to the little pond where Arthur and I used to catch "polliwogs" in the early days of our acquaintance. I remembered just how he looked — his torn hat on the back of his curly head, and his eager face bending over the canal he was making between his polliwog-pen and mine. We had walked down here last summer in those blissful days just after we had found out how much we were to each other, and had laughed together over the polliwogging days. He was coming out to-night to spend Sunday with me at grandma's, and to-morrow he would preach at the little village church. As I passed through the alder thicket I saw the cat bird's nests we had tried to find last summer. There were two or three of them in this one thicket. It is always a surprise to me to find so many bird's nests after the leaves have fallen — so many little empty homes.

All the happy, eager dreams about his work and mine, that had arisen when I thought of Arthur, faded away, and I remembered only grandma's saddened home. I thought of her lovely old face, that seemed to me to be looking out of the windows of this life toward the better country, where that long, happy life with grandpa would go on again, and wondered how she could be contented in doing for the rest of us, and happy in our hopes.

There was Aunt Esther, too, leading her busy, helpful life, with such a brave, cheerful patience. I knew that up in her bureau drawer was laid away an old-fashioned daguerreotype, round which still clung the bright dreams and fancies of her girlhood. She had shown me once the picture of her soldier lover.

"He gave it to me just before he went away," she said; "and — he never came back."

Life seemed so full of losses and denials. The bare trees, the empty husks, the "slow, sad brooks," the brown fields — all so calm and hushed in the still November sunshine, and only Max and I full of bounding life and eager hopes. Was it right for me to be so full of plans for work, so ambitious for setting wrong things right and lifting low things higher, so rapturously happy in the love that had "crowned my days"? Was this joy in life and eager service only the exuberance of youth? And must there be years of sorrow and losses before my heart would be right? Must my love be purified by loss?

I stopped, breathless, at the top of the hill I had been climbing, and turned toward the west. This hill-top was one of my favorite haunts. A little group of pines had been left to grow up tall and stately, and the least breath of wind sighed through their branches with a "sound as of seas far away." The hill descended steeply to the brook and the mill-pond, and away off to the south stretched the beautiful, hazy landscape. Two great purple mountains, flecked with drifts of snow, loomed up against the sky, which was already taking on sunset colors. I sank down on my knees on the soft, gray moss, and listened to the chanting of the pines. After a little they seemed to sing the accompaniment of a hymn which Arthur and I had sung together last Sunday; and when I had rested a little I sang it with them:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar, —
Who follows in his train?"

“Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who best can bear his cross below,
He follows in his train.”

The brave, triumphant words were just what I wanted. The eager fighting, the earnest toiling, the patient enduring — all these were part of the life God meant us to live, and one was just as right as the other. The tender peace of the autumn evening crept into my soul, and I was rested.

Suddenly Max gave a quick little bark, and bounded away from my side. I sprang up, and looked toward the house. A tall figure was coming toward me with strong, swinging strides. It was Arthur, and in a moment we were together. He had come out on an earlier train than he expected to take, and grandma had sent him out to find me. We stood under the pines a few minutes, and watched the sky change from purple to rose and from rose to amber; and then Arthur made me go home, for it was growing chilly.

As we crossed the field west of the house we saw grandma at the window, watching us. She was like the picture of a saint, with her pure, pale face, crowned with silver hair and its little halo of white lace.

“Isn’t she beautiful?” I said to Arthur, and added softly, “It is ‘the love that loss has purified.’”

He only answered me with his eyes, but he drew my hand closer under his arm, and I knew he understood. T. '86.

LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

The following extracts from private letters from Mrs. Stanford (†Jennie Pearson, '67) will interest her friends.

Kyoto, Japan.

“My friends have been very kind in sending me many letters, so that sometimes I can hardly realize how widely separated I am from you all. My work I love — not only the work, but the people and country as well. We are happy in watching the progress making on our house, which we hope will be ready for us in September. Meanwhile boarding has had its advantages and we have been drawn nearer to our fellow workers in being thrown so closely together. Mr. Stanford has taught three classes this last term which left but little time for the study of the language. The only

easy thing about it is the pronunciation. I have been surprised to find how largely the work here is educational. Especially is it so in Kyoto, where, although there are eight missionaries and three single ladies, no one can find time for city work. Our "Doshisha" is really four schools in one; and besides that, there are our Girl's School and Nurse's Training School. For the present most of my strength will be given to the Girl's School. I have a Sabbath School class of eighteen little girls whom I teach mainly through O Kiso San, one of my pupils here. There is a knitting class in the city Wednesday afternoon. Then every other Saturday afternoon I go with two women to two places fifteen miles from here, where they have opened classes for knitting and Bible teaching. Thirty miles in a Kumma and six hours sitting on the floor is not an easy day's work; but Saturday I was richly repaid, for there were thirty-four women gathered in one place, and thirty-six in the other present at the Bible teaching. I am daily more and more thankful that God called us to work in Japan. . . .

"Before making a final plunge into the work of the year, shall not I tell you a bit about our vacation? Yours, as well as ours, is at an end now, and you are back again in Andover. Has it not been strange at first to accomodate yourselves to the new condition of things? Does it seem like Smith Hall now? Is work on the new building commenced yet? But I was to tell you about our vacation. First, let me assure you that you have doubtless suffered more from heat than we have. Here in Kyoto it was intensely hot, as we discovered on occasional trips down from the mountain, to inspect the work going on, or sometimes not going on, on our house, but up on Ilieizan it was always cool. Unfortunately for us newcomers it was a very rainy season. But in spite of its raining more than a third of the time, we enjoyed our weeks of camp life very much. We went up July 20, and came down September 15. It was not the restful, quiet time we had expected; there were too many people, and too much business on hand for that. All the mission, with the exception of two families, were there; over seventy foreigners, counting the children, and as many more Japanese, in the capacity of servants or teachers. I had been led into the delusion that 'up on the mountain' was the Paradise for letter writing and language study. But there were constant interruptions, so that what little I had learned of the language rapidly oozed out, and my unanswered letters continued to accumulate. But what a good time we had, so many of us together, and how much help I have received from being with those experienced workers! I feel

much better and stronger spiritually from those weeks. The 'mission meeting' was a great help to us, giving us knowledge of the details of the work such as we should have learned in no other way. There are so many open doors, it is perplexing to know which we ought to enter.

"Hieizan is only seven miles from here, the roughest bit of jinrickisha riding I have seen in Japan, then an hour's ride in a Kago or a climb, as you prefer, and you will come upon our settlement of white tents scattered among the trees. We had three tents: sleeping tent, study tent, and one for our teachers. We boarded more than a quarter of a mile from our terrace. Our place was popularly called 'Hurricane Bluff.' Is that unpleasantly significant? Well, the winds would sweep over Lake Bina with terrific force; but after living through one or two hard blows, I no longer held my breath in momentary expectation of being swept down into the valley. And the wind was a great blessing. Not only was it always cool, but it kept our things from mildew and mould. Although we had so much rain our tents never once leaked. To be sure our things got very damp and musty, but we could dry them off with our hibachi or charcoal brazier. Sometimes the matches got damp, then we were rather helpless, for it was some little distance to the next tents. One night we were utterly unable to get a light. Telling of our experience at the table the next morning, one of the gentlemen coolly asked, 'Why didn't you dry your matches over the lamp? I always do'; which reminds one of the darkey's version of the creation, that God made man out of clay, and stood him up against the fence to dry.

"The views from our tent were very fine. One could hardly discover a more beautiful spot in which to spend a summer. The mountain, which is about 2,600 feet in height, is a sacred mountain, and at one time there were over 3,000 temples on its sides. Many of these are now in picturesque ruins, and the surviving ones are not very well supported. There are miles and miles of shady walks over the mountain, and many a time a party of us would start out in the afternoon, taking our suppers, and have a picnic in some spot, perhaps where we could have a fine view of the lake — Lake Bina, the only lake of any size in Japan, perhaps on the summit, with a glorious panorama spread at our feet. The last time I was at the top of the mountain was just after a rain, and we had a magnificent sunset. It was so clear that day that we could see the sea at Osaka.

"And now as you see, the summer is over and we are back in

Kyoto, not in our own house, which does not promise to be done for some time yet. I have two classes on my hands, one in Chemistry and Physics, and the other in Geography, in the Girl's School; and two of my music scholars beg of me to keep them. But I still hope to have some time and strength for the other work and am trying to find a native woman for a Bible reader; but the helpers are very scarce now, and so far I can get no one. I have many plans for work, but won't write of them until I have put them into execution. I can't do much until I am settled in my own home."

IN MEMORIAM.

To put her name in print seems almost a wrong to the sensitive modest spirit, whose leaving us has cost us so much sorrow; yet to let it pass into forgetfulness would be a greater wrong. To attempt to make known her worth to strangers would be to give her virtues a distasteful publicity; to present to her friends what would seem to them a true sketch of her would be impossible. As a solace to the writer, rather than for the satisfaction of its readers, this brief tribute is prepared.

It was one of our beloved friend's fancies not to make a reckoning of her years; and, while other birthdays were sacred festivals to her, she wished her own to pass unnoticed. But we count it worthy of record that on September 10th, 1846, that missionary home in Bebek, Constantinople, received into its love the child — the third daughter — whose mortal life was closed in Blairstown, New Jersey, April 6th, 1887. Of her childhood in her Eastern home we have too little knowledge. Her radiant beauty; her volcanic spirits, bursting forth in a violence of ecstasy or of bitterness; her conscientiousness; her demonstrative affection, drew to her the admiration of strangers and made her a constant wonder to those who knew her best. She revelled in the rich hues of the Eastern skies, the glory of the Bosphorus, the quaintness of the rambling house, and the luxuriance of its rose gardens. Her senses were always keen; fragrance, harmony, color — how she enjoyed them! Years only added to the power of her senses to give her joy or pain. An ill odor, a discordant tone, a disagreeing color made her shudder. But no discomfort of her own moved her as did that of others. Throughout her life she suffered beyond the understanding of ordinary human

beings in the miseries of dumb animals. While walking with her once in the streets of Hartford, I was surprised to see her step into the street and uncheck a horse whose head was drawn back in a painful way. "I cannot pass such cruelty as that and not stop it," she said. That was in her youth; and later, when she learned that she must witness such distress and not interfere to relieve it, she found it hard to endure. But God guided her into a life of calmness and self-control which was a wonder to those nearest her. That the fire burned within her was often proved by the few quick words and the flash of the eye brought out by the sight or sound of evil; the words and flash checked instantly by a Christly pity and compassion which embraced not only the abused but the abuser.

The school in which Providence placed her was one which disciplined and developed her. At eleven years she took charge of the housekeeping in her father's house; and the children of her greatly beloved step-mother, whom she lost at that time, bear testimony to her faithfulness by their devotion to her. At the age of twelve years she kept a regular school in the house. "and," writes one of her pupils, "gathered in some six or eight children of the neighborhood, both European and native, and taught us perseveringly."

With the sister nearest her in age, and so near in love that it never seemed possible to think of them apart, Carrie came to America in 1862. The memory of years at Andover are very precious to those who were fortunate enough to know her there. That she was faithful and conscientious as a student is as true as that she was brilliant. Of the years of her childhood and youth, of the time spent at Andover as a student, and the three or four years spent at Hartford as a teacher, many others know more than I; but none knew the riper years of her womanhood better than I, and I would I had the power to share my knowledge of them with those from whom she was more separated.

In 1870 she went to Philadelphia to commence the study of medicine, by which she had resolved to better prepare herself for missionary work. The summer following, while visiting at Cornwall-on-Hudson, she met a young physician, whose earnest Christian purpose, added to a natural purity of character, immediately attracted her and won her love. On a blustering day, which had blundered out of March to rob the May day she had chosen for her wedding day, amid many tokens of absent friends, and with a goodly number of her loved ones about her, Carrie Hamlin took the vows, which she so faithfully kept, to be a true and loving wife. From that time until the October before her death she lived in Cornwall and

her works praise her. With a rare devotion to her home, taking upon herself every duty, however irksome, which her conscientious soul conceived to belong to an economical housewife in her circumstances, she allowed no obstacle of ignorance or past inexperience to defeat her. The thorny path to success in the kitchen is no less lacerating to tender feet than the path to more honored achievements. What of self-sacrifice she put into her daily living none but her God knew. One who enjoyed at her table the fruit of her labors rarely thought how much of the labor there had been. There was nothing in the realm of beauty which did not stir her, yet she spent herself in the homeliest household toil, and withstood her husband and her friends when they besought her to give herself more time to enjoy the things which nature lavished around her. She was too anxious not to neglect any simple duty to her husband and children.

Busy as she was within the house, she identified herself with Christian and philanthropic work in the church and community. Her enthusiasm was an inspiration to all who worked with her. By nature keen to feel the woes of others, whether of body or soul, and by grace inspired with an almost divine yearning to assuage them, she was a leader in temperance and other missionary works. Sometimes we wondered why so competent a leader should not have had a wider place; we may not know what God will bring forth in the future as the result of her fidelity in her seemingly so narrow field. It is certain that the hearts of many were quickened by her to an interest in Christian activity, and that she gave a new thought of Christian living to those who saw her from day to day. It was the desire of her husband as well as herself that they might more and more spend themselves in missionary service, and at one time they were almost decided to go to some foreign field; but later a door seemed to open to them through which they should go to the help of the more lowly in our own land. But Providence turned them aside from either place, and although larger possibilities for their own advancement were offered them in the home to which they felt it their evident duty to go, it was a real sacrifice to Mrs. Vail to postpone the more definite missionary work among the colored people. She and we thought it was only postponed, but it was not to be her work at all.

She had known grief in her childhood. Her own mother, an infant sister, and the "second mother" whom she so greatly loved, had gone out from her sight before she was a dozen years old; but when by a short, though most distressing sickness, her Marion, her second daughter, a most winning and lovely child, was taken from

her, the intensity of her suffering was as great as if death had come to her as a surprise; yet her wonderful calmness was beyond my power to reveal to you who saw it not. Her face was as one transfigured, and the tones of her voice as, sitting beside the dear form just before they bore it away forever, she joined in the favorite hymn, will never die out from my hearing, till all earth's sounds are lost in the sweeter sounds of heaven. It was no wonder that the intensity of her submission sometimes gave place to an intensity of agonizing grief because of what she feared she had failed to do for the child. This fear lest she should lack in anything which a wife and a mother should do often tore her soul; and when her husband was struggling with some especially difficult case of sickness, Carrie was burdened in prayer for the patient and physician, and often reproved herself for some imagined failure in fervor if the sick did not recover. The wife, by day about her household toil, by night soothing her wakeful child, was often pouring out her heart to God in earnest prayer for her husband as he went upon his long and wearisome round of visits, and to her prayers she added many a substantial evidence of her sympathy in the shape of nourishing delicacies to tempt the sluggish appetites of the poor and neglected among her husband's patients.

Her strength, already heavily drawn upon by her five children, was overtaxed in the spring and summer of 1886, and when, in the autumn, they moved from the home in Cornwall which had become very sacred to her, it is not strange the effort left her greatly exhausted. Of the weakness which overcame her and the agony which she suffered for so many weary weeks it is impossible to speak with composure. That it was right we may not question; how it was right we cannot understand. When we began to hope the Lord was almost to give her back to us and his service here, he called her hence. Yet we could almost forget our own sorrow in the thought of her release. And to her it was more than a release. It has been said of her that she was preeminently fitted for the enjoyment of heaven. We can imagine with what luxury of delight her richly endowed spirit would take in all that we picture heaven to be; and when we can forget ourselves, and follow her there, we can almost share her ecstasy. At Easter time, early in April 1887, the precious body was brought to Cornwall and was laid beside the grave of her Marion. In the same church where we gathered about her at her bridal we met again to comfort one another at her burial. There were some of the same old friends there, but the larger number were those newer friends into whose

lives something of her own mature life had been poured. If they could but speak to her older friends, they would tell you that my testimony to her nobility has been but meagre, and neighbors of high and low degree, serving men and serving women, — yes, and the dumb creatures that had been about her, would join in bearing witness to her goodness. We may thank God that we have had her, that we still have her, and may he help us all to follow her as she followed Christ

A. F. H. A.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered at the Old South Church, Sunday, June 12, 1887, by Rev. E. B. Webb, D.D., of Wellesley. The text was taken from Acts iii. 6: "Then Peter said, silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." The speaker called attention to the story of the cripple, and to the instinct which places the cripple and the poor near the sanctuary. The cripple did not receive what he expected, but the gift of healing was to him better than gold. The want of the world is the gift that Peter gave. The principal thought of the address was the reply of Peter, "Such as I have give I thee." This applies to every one of us. In connection with this we notice: I. Every man possesses something peculiar to himself. II. Every man imparts what he has. It is impossible for us to tell what each man has, but the true character of a man shows striking individuality. The difference between a good character and a bad character is radical and eternal. Our character reveals itself by our action or by our failure to act. What is in us will out whether we will or not. Nothing should be in our hearts that we would be unwilling the world should know. Some think that passion confined consumes life, but passion within cannot be kept secret. Words are not necessary to reveal secrets. "Give me a heart which contains nothing for which I have not a 'thus saith the Lord'." Then followed an earnest exhortation to the graduating class to impart the precious gifts with which they go forth; to advance and increase their possessions, remembering that no one can impart what he has not, and what he has is the gift of God.

The following account of the Alumnae Lawn Party was sent out to the members of the Alumnae Association.

ABBOT ACADEMY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

"Through the kindness of Mrs. John Byers, of New York, the Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy is enabled to send its members an account of its meetings at the Anniversary of the Academy.

"On Monday, June 13, the Association gave a lawn party, which proved to be a most excellent way to fulfil the constitution, and 'keep alive the interest of old scholars in each other and in the school.' At the meeting of the Association in '86, the following Committee was appointed: Mrs. L. W. Fowler, Miss Mabel F. Wheaton, Mrs. S. A. Shirrel, to arrange a

social meeting, the nature of which was left to them. A lawn party was decided upon, to be held June 13, 1887, on the grounds of the Academy. For this over one thousand autograph invitations were sent, five hundred of which were answered. Many sent more money than was required for tickets, so enabling the Committee to make many additions to the pleasure of their guests, — giving refreshments, music, flowers, and a charming souvenir, which was executed by two former pupils of Abbot Academy: Miss Hattie Blake, who designed and etched the picture, and Miss E. M. Chadbourne, who wrote the poem. Besides the members of the Alumnae Association, as large a number of the former pupils as possible were invited and as many friends of the institution. The large numbers of those who came, and their pleasure at meeting again in the old home was most gratifying. Some who graduated forty-five years ago, or more, as well as those who were to graduate the next day, rejoiced to be there.

“Mrs. A. C. Chamberlain, Mrs. A. C. Abbott, Mrs. M. A. Ripley, Mrs. H. L. Sperry, Miss S. W. Smith, Mrs. I. R. Draper, and Miss A. Park, officers of the Association, together with Mrs. A. S. Downs, Miss K. P. Jenkins, Miss M. A. Ripley, and Miss R. A. Hatch, were invited to be the Reception Committee. The ushers were, many of them, sons and brothers of the institution, making it altogether a family affair. The day was fine, the attendance large; all had time enough, room enough, friends enough; all felt and spoke warmest thanks to Miss Wheaton and Mrs. Shirrel, who had been so unwearied in providing for their happiness.

“The next day, at 3 P.M., the business meeting of the Association was held, in Abbot Hall. A vote of thanks to the Committee was there passed by the Association, and, on the motion of Mrs. S. A. Shirrell, a vote of thanks to those who had helped the Committee so willingly was also passed. It was resolved that this should be but the beginning of such opportunities, and that the good work so well begun should be carried on by others. Therefore Mrs. A. C. Chamberlain, Miss M. G. Means, Miss S. W. Smith, Miss J. L. Greeley, and Miss Agnes Park were appointed as a Committee to provide another social reunion of some kind in '88.

“As there was some money remaining, after paying all the expenses of the lawn party, there was much discussion as to the disposition of it. It was finally voted ‘that it be made the nucleus of a contingent fund of the Association, subject to the authority of the President and Committee of Appropriation.’ This was thought necessary to the promoting of the social work of the Association, since the Constitution provides for the exclusive appropriation of its funds ‘to the purchase of books, apparatus, or other means of illustrating studies taught in the school,’ and this money, coming in an unusual way, is subject to no restrictions, nor would the school lose anything by its application to this new object.

“There was also a long discussion on ways of informing the members of the Association of the welfare of the school and of their schoolmates. The best way seemed to be through the Courant, whose Editors are glad to print anything about the old scholars which they can hear. It already contains very many items of this kind, and would gladly publish still

more, if the old scholars themselves would help. It is requested that Class Secretaries should report from the class letters every year, and that all of us should send to Miss McKeen any "Driftwood" we can collect. But, after all, there is still another reason why the best way is not the practicable one; that is, the expense of the *Courant*. The Association cannot use its funds to send it free to its members, and they do not subscribe for it generally enough to make it self-supporting. Will not all of you who read this send for it at once? Send to the Treasurer of the Association, whose address is Andover, Mass. You will there have a report of this meeting much more full than this, since the Association voted that Miss M. S. Merrill be requested to prepare an account of this meeting for the *Courant*."

ANDOVER, MASS., June 24, 1887.

DEAR ALUMNAE: At the close of the Alumnae Association last June, I hardly knew just what kind of an article I was expected to prepare for the next *Courant*; but on my return to Abbot Academy in September, I found my duty defined in the pamphlet issued by the Association in June. It seems that I am to write a "much more full account" of that meeting than was given in the pamphlet. I feel like quoting No. 3 of the Rev. Frederic Ingham's directions to his Double: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

Let me say, at the outset, that my report must necessarily be limited to what I remember after the lapse of several months.

It is pleasant, this cold November day, to revert in imagination to the lawn party; to enter the well-appointed dressing rooms, which future alumnae have helped arrange; to greet the Reception Committee as they stood under their canopy by the corner of Smith Hall; to receive a dainty souvenir from those who made the Japanese umbrella a charming retreat; and then to see friends of the school, on every hand, apparently so glad to return to their Alma Mater. Certainly, the outspoken appreciation of those present must have well repaid the Committee for their labors.

At the Alumnae Meeting, next day, not the least amusing occurrence was the heated discussion as to the disposition of money that might be in the hands of the Lawn Party Committee after all expenses had been paid. It was finally decided that this possible surplus should be made "the nucleus of a contingent fund of the Association, subject to the authority of the President and Committee of Appropriation." You will ask: "Is there such a nucleus?" I do not know. It is to be hoped that the Committee to whom falls the care of arranging for a social meeting this year may find a contingent fund ready for their use.

To the President's appeal for hints as to raising money for the new buildings, the Secretary explained the Letter Scheme, only to find that such a scheme had already been started for French Hall, and that one was to be started for German Hall. These announcements sent quite an electric thrill through the meeting. The plan seemed so simple, so

easy! We were all so sure that we could find "four persons who would find four more," etc. to give ten cents toward this fund; but many of us have found that patient work is needful in order to push the letters along the lines. "A" will not tell how much money she has received. — for she has received some, — but she would urge those who are still at work to persevere and carry the plan forward with as much dispatch as possible: for why should not a French Hall be begun next year? I have taken it for granted that every one to whom the Courant will go knows the A. B. C. Scheme; but if there are those who do not know about it, I am sure that the Editors of the Courant will agree to furnish "schemes" to any such persons.

Smith Hall has left the ground free for a new English Hall, and maintains a most dignified and determined air on the height near the grove. The old hall has really renewed its youth, and seems to know it. When a new building shall make its proportions look small, who can say? Our progress is slow, but may it not be all the more sure? But I am on dangerous ground, for we never know where to stop when we begin to talk about our new buildings.

Let me turn, rather, to the structure that is growing, year by year, to the Alumnae Association, and say what you all know, but what you all like to hear, that the school trusts firmly to your loyalty to her best interests and to your devotion to her well-being.

Yours sincerely,

M. S. M.

The following is the list, as nearly correct as we could make it, of the former pupils who were present at the Alumnae Lawn Party:

- '34. Mrs. Albert Abbott (Abbie H. Cutler), Andover.
- '36. Miss Mary E. Hidden, Andover.
- '36. Miss Mary H. Cornelius, Newton.
- '38. Mrs. M. C. Andrews (Martha Griffin), Andover.
- '39. Mrs. Joseph Blake (Hannah L. Clark), Andover.
- '41. Miss Phebe C. Abbott, Andover.
- '42. Miss Charlotte S. Abbott, Andover.
- '43. Mrs. Daniel Cummings (Hannah A. Holt), Andover.
- '43. Mrs. W. F. Draper (Irene P. Rowley), Andover.
- '43. Mrs. Geo. Stevens (Elizabeth R. Kimball), Lowell.
- '45. Miss Abby L. Pierson, Danvers.
- '45. Mrs. Daniel Chamberlain (Abby W. Chapman), Hotel Victoria, Boston.
- '46. Miss Louisa S. Fay, 35 West 30th St., New York.
- '49. Mrs. Hezekiah Jones (Eliza A. Jones), Andover.
- '50. Mrs. Jonathan Swift (Almena Jacobs), Andover.
- '51. Miss Hannah E. Whittier, Andover.
- '51. Miss Lucy B. Shattuck, Court St., Boston.
- '52. Miss Susan E. Jackson, Andover.
- '54. Mrs. Geo. W. Colurn (Helen G. Smith), 38 Chester Park, Boston.
- '54. Miss Margaret E. Gray, Andover.

- '54. Miss E. M. Swift, Andover.
- '54. Miss Elizabeth Clough, Andover.
- '54. Mrs. Geo. Ripley (Mary E. Aiken), Andover.
- '54. Miss Emily Carter, Andover.
- '54. Miss Ellen Rogers, Andover.
- '55. Mrs. James K. Bancroft (Fanny Smith), Buffalo, N. Y.
- '56. Miss Frances E. Chandler, Andover.
- '56. Mrs. Wm. J. Pingree (Lucretia P. Howe), Jamaica Plain.
- '56. Mrs. Theo. Van Husen (Arabella J. Manning), Albany, N. Y.
- '56. Mrs. John Byers (Esther H. Smith), 27 E. 37th St., N. Y.
- '56. Miss Emma M. E. Sanborn, Andover.
- '57. Miss Alice Buck, Andover.
- '58. Miss Agnes Park, Andover.
- '58. Miss Charlotte H. Swift, Andover.
- '59. Mrs. Wm. H. Shirrell (†Sarah L. Abbot), Andover.
- '60. Miss Sarah Cummings, 23 Maple St., Worcester.
- '60. Mrs. James B. Smith (Elizabeth P. Lewis), Andover.
- '60. Mrs. E. T. Strong (Annie G. Hervey), Andover.
- '60. Mrs. D. M. Edgerly (†Caroline Cooper), Cambridgeport.
- '61. Miss Ella T. Cheever, Andover.
- '63. Mrs. M. M. Cutler (Ellen P. Holman), West Medford.
- '63. Mrs. James F. Richards (†A. Swift), Andover.
- '63. †Miss Mary E. Towle, Andover.
- '64. Mrs. Wm. Charnley (Amy Morton), Andover.
- '64. Miss Susie W. Smith, Andover.
- '64. Mrs. Selah Merrill (†Adelaide B. Taylor), Andover.
- '65. Mrs. Frederick H. Gerrish (†Emily M. Swan), Portland, Me.
- '66. Miss Hattie E. Manning, North Andover.
- '66. Mrs. W. W. Brown (Lucy E. Montague), Portland, Me.
- '67. Miss Flora E. Vining, Quincy.
- '67. Miss Helen E. Pressey, Winchester.
- '67. †Miss Kate Roberts, 194 Congress St., Boston.
- '68. †Miss Mary A. Spalding, Nashua, N. H.
- '69. Mrs. M. S. McCurdy (Ida E. Morrill), Andover.
- '69. †Miss E. A. Means, Andover.
- '69. Miss Mary Means, 248 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.
- '69. Miss Augusta P. Gillette, Norwich, Ct.
- '70. Miss Anna L. Dawes, Pittsfield.
- '70. Miss G. W. Ray, Andover.
- '70. Miss Mary F. Merriam, 127 Newbury St., Boston.
- '71. †Miss Margaret F. Stevens, Concord, N. H.
- '72. †Mrs. Harrison Parker (Fanny Fletcher), Winchester.
- '73. Mrs. R. B. Benner (Carrie G. Bancroft), Concord, N. H.
- '73. †Miss Ellen F. Chase, Haverhill.
- '74. †Miss E. W. Goddard, Claremont, N. H.
- '74. Mrs. T. F. Pratt (Elizabeth P. Abbott), Andover.
- '74. Mrs. James H. Pettie (Isabella Wilson), Okayama, Japan.

- '74. Miss Hattie P. Baldwin, North Ave., North Cambridge.
- '75. Mrs. Arthur M. Blair (Ellen E. Chamberlain), Montpelier, Vt.
- '75. Miss Clara R. Hood, Derry, N. H.
- '75. †Miss Dora N. Spalding, Nashua, N. H.
- '76. Miss Kate P. Jenkins, Andover.
- '76. †Miss Carrie B. Smith, Andover.
- '76. Miss Mabel F. Wheaton, Care J. S. Morgan and Co., 22 Old Broad St., London, E. C., England.
- '77. Mrs. H. H. Tyler (Catherine S. Buss), Andover.
- '77. †Miss Sarah W. Bird, Cambridgeport.
- '77. Miss Florence W. Swan, Portland, Me.
- '78. †Miss Carrie M. Foster, Andover.
- '78. Miss Addie Eaton, Andover.
- '78. †Miss E. M. Chadbourne, Boston.
- '78. †Miss Julia W. Barnard, Bucksport, Me.
- '78. Miss Lola C. Morton, Andover.
- '78. Mrs. John Martin (Mary W. Adams), Zanesville, Ohio.
- '79. †Miss Amy A. Learoyd, Danvers.
- '80. †Miss Lydia C. Noyes, Atkinson, N. H.
- '80. Miss M. A. Abbott, Andover.
- '80. †Miss Lizzie M. Gerrish, Concord, N. H.
- '81. †Miss E. J. Willcox, Medford.
- '81. †Miss Mary G. Whitcomb, Worcester.
- '82. Mrs. Irving A. Porter (†Alice I. Parker), Reed's Ferry, N. H.
- '82. †Miss Annie F. Frye, Rockland, Me.
- '82. Mrs. Geo. French (†Clara V. Decker), Davenport, Iowa.
- '83. †Miss Elizabeth N. Caldwell, Goffstown, N. H.
- '83. Miss Marion G. Dove, Andover.
- '83. †Miss Nellie L. Hadley, Goffstown, N. H.
- '83. Miss Emily Knevals, 417 W. 70th St., New York.
- '83. Miss Mary A. Decker, Davenport, Iowa.
- '84. †Miss Anna J. Kimball, Concord, N. H.
- '84. †Miss Jennie L. Greeley, Concord, N. H.
- '84. Miss Isabel Anderson, Lawrence.
- '85. Miss Hattie G. Abbott, East Douglas.
- '85. †Miss Ruth A. Hatch, Woods Holl.
- '85. †Miss Matie M. Kuhn, Davenport, Iowa.
- '85. Miss Catherine M. Abbott, Lowell.
- '86. Miss Mary A. Bybee, Indianapolis, Ind.
- '86. Miss Florence J. Marshall, Lowell.
- '86. Miss Emily B. Thompson, Pottsville, Penn.
- '86. †Miss Annie G. King, Calais, Me.
- '86. †Miss Harriet L. Raymond, Haverhill.
- '86. †Miss Grace M. Carleton, Bradford.
- '86. †Miss Florence C. Swalm, Middletown, N. Y.
- '86. †Miss Jennie H. Lanphear, Beverly.
- '86. †Miss Frances T. Swasey, Bucksport, Me.

- '86. †Miss Alice C. Twitchell, Portland, Me.
- '86. Mrs. C. P. H. Vary (†Louise W. Pitts), Newark, N. Y.
- '87. †Miss Eliza L. Atwell, Sewickley, Penn.
- '87. †Miss Mary F. Bill, Cambridgeport.
- '87. †Miss Jeanie Carter, Boonton, N. J.
- '87. †Miss Catherine F. Crocker, Methuen.
- '87. †Miss Jeannie L. Jillson, Providence, R. I.
- '87. †Miss Angie M. Dunton, Bath, Me.
- '87. †Miss Olive Pearson, Reading.
- '87. †Miss Angie Pearson, Reading.
- '87. †Miss Bessie C. Baird, Pottsville, Penn.
- '87. †Miss Emma F. Twitchell, Portland, Me.
- '87. †Miss Hattie H. Thwing, Farmington, Me.
- '87. †Miss Grace P. Smith, Concord, N. H.
- '87. Miss L. A. Richardson, Lawrence.
- '87. †Miss Anna C. Bronson, Crookston, Minn.
- '87. †Miss Alice J. Hamlin, Lexington.
- '87. †Miss Carrie T. Robinson, Thomaston, Me.
- '87. †Miss Lucy A. Ropes, Thomaston, Me.
- '87. †Miss Sophia M. Walker, Hopedale.

On June 14, 1887, Anniversary Day, Abbot Academy welcomed more guests than usual on account of the numerous friends and old scholars who had come to Andover to attend the Alumnae Lawn Party of the preceding day. The programme was as follows :

Music. — Part Song, Hail, Rosy Morn (Kinross).

Essay. — The Story of Camilla, from the Eleventh Book of the Aeneid.
Miss Bronson.

Essay. — Eine Geschichte aus dem Bauernkriege, Miss Crocker.

Reading. — Dick Bullen's Christmas Gift (Bret Harte), Miss Jillson.

Essay. — The Development of Art in America, Miss Atwell.

Essay. — Javert, Le Misérable, Miss Carter.

For two Piano-fortes. — Schlavische Tänze, Op. 46 (Anton Dvořák),
Misses Greeley, Rockwell, Jackson, and Johnston.

Miss Hamlin, the president of the class, delivered the oration, after which the audience repaired to the grove to witness the tree-planting. After the singing of the tree-song the spade was transferred to the coming class; Miss Walkley, the president, accepting it in behalf of the class of '88.

The closing exercises were held at the Old South Church. Appropriate music was sung by the school choir, under the direction of Professor Downs. The address was given by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., of Cambridge. The speaker took for his theme, Moral Beauty, which he defined as that which produces on the mind an effect like that produced by physical beauty on the eye. In pursuance of the subject the speaker called attention to the characteristic of beauty, that it has no sharp lines, but is made up of curves melting into each other. Just so

moral beauty is not found where there are fits of goodness, spasms of quick temper. St. John was a "son of Thunder," but the milder qualities of his nature were so developed that his life became beautiful, even serene. Moral beauty is not external, but comes from the inmost spirit, and God's power alone can make character beautiful. Moral beauty does not come from a false and solemn piety. Some people make a wide distinction between sacred and secular; but every day is God's, and nothing is too trivial for sacred thoughts, nor too trivial to be made beautiful by the spirit in it. The consummation of physical beauty is at maturity; but beauty of character may continue to grow, and its beauty may last forever. We should use the perfect law of God as a microscope on our character; and if we apply this microscope we shall be very humble as it reveals to us our poor, bungling work. A good life is a hidden life, hidden because a good person makes no show; but it cannot be hidden. Its source is in the felt presence of the love of God. The address closed with a few practical counsels to the graduating class.

It seemed especially fitting that Dr. Cyrus Hamlin should present the diplomas, as this was the occasion of the graduation of his fifth and last daughter from Abbot Academy. Mrs. Henrietta A. L. J. Hamlin, also, was a member of the school during the first term of its existence. Dr. Hamlin took occasion to say a few kindly words, urging the need of the faithful, earnest study of the Bible.

After the singing of the graduating hymn the guests gathered in Smith Hall to partake of the bountiful collation provided, and for the pleasant reunion of former graduates and friends of the Academy.

We were more than glad to welcome back Miss McKeen from Clifton Springs, N. Y. Her health is much improved by her Summer of entire rest, and she has resumed her classes with her usual vigor and interest.

Our new teachers, †Miss Mary J. Cole, '76, and Miss Katherine R. Kelsey, are making the studies of physiology and astronomy both interesting and profitable.

It is pleasant to report a large attendance in school this year. The language halls are unusually full, every room being occupied.

We have read with interest the timely and valuable address of Rev. C. F. P. Bancroft, delivered at the first Commencement of Yankton College, Yankton, Dakota, June 8. Its earnest purpose, wise suggestions, and hearty sympathy must have been encouraging and stimulating to the young graduates.

Among the most enjoyable and profitable features of the term has been a series of three art lectures, given in the Town Hall, by Mr. Sidney Dickinson, and illustrated by the stereopticon. By his previous lectures Mr. Dickinson had aroused an unusual anticipation of pleasure in this course. He is a welcome visitor upon the lecture platform—a pleasing speaker, a clear thinker, and an able and discriminating judge in matters

relating to art. Of necessity the ground to be covered called for a comprehensive and somewhat generalized treatment of the subjects in hand; but the chief characteristics of the various schools spoken of were touched upon and illustrated in a clear and helpful way. It would be a source of great pleasure and help to the school if Mr. Dickinson could be heard more often and more fully.

The subject of the first lecture, Oct. 17, was "An Epitome of the Northern School: Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and the Art Treasures of the Czar." The chief cities of Belgium and Holland were visited, mainly with reference to the treasures of art which they contain — the views shown being first of the country as a whole, then of its prominent buildings and the great paintings within them. "The Alps, the Arno, and the Adriatic" was the subject of the second lecture, Oct. 24; and under the guidance of Mr. Dickinson, aided by his well-chosen illustrations, we spent a most enjoyable evening with the Florentine and Venetian artists. The third lecture, Oct. 31, was announced to be upon the "Tendencies of Modern Art and the French Salon of '87," but, owing to a failure in the arrival of the plates upon which Mr. Dickinson depended, he was obliged to substitute another in its place. We enjoyed so keenly, however, our journey with him through "Milan, Sienna, and Rome," that we cannot well regret the accident which brought about the substitution. The main interest of the evening centred in Rome and the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and it was with regret that we saw the last picture — the Transfiguration — fade from the screen, and found ourselves far away from sunny Italy, the abiding-place of those treasures of art.

DRIFTWOOD.

Saturday evening, June 4, Rev. Dr. Griffis of Shawmut Avenue Church, Boston, spoke to us of Japan and the manners and customs of its people. He could speak with great interest, because he was the first American teacher in the government school of Japan; and his long residence there gave him an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the Japanese and their modes of thinking.

Saturday evening, Sept. 17, we were glad to listen once more to our pastor, Rev. J. J. Blair, while he gave us some helpful thoughts on the text, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who worketh in you." We are to work out our own salvation in the common ways of life, "faithful in that which is least"; to work persistently with fear and trembling, remembering that Christ works in us to will and to do. We are to work because our life and influence are needed for Christ, and we have the glorious privilege of working in co-operation with God.

Saturday evening, October 1, Professor G. F. Moore, with great earnestness, brought before us the danger of premature judgment. We are not obliged to form judgments on every subject; and one of the subjects upon which we need not sit in judgment is the character of our

neighbors. In order to form a true judgment of a character we need to know infinitely more than any of us do know. God's command rests upon all alike: "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged." Prof. Moore addressed us again, Saturday evening, November 26. He gave an exceedingly valuable and interesting history of the formation of the Canon of the Old and New Testaments, and their various revisions, speaking very highly of the latest.

October 8, Rev. William B. Wright, formerly of Berkeley Street Church, Boston, spoke to us familiarly on the series of miracles in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew.

Tuesday evening, October 11, we had the privilege of listening to Rev. George E. Post, M.A., M.D., of the Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, Syria. He emphasized the words, "The kingdom of God is within you": illustrating it by those persons who are like rays of sunshine wherever they go, and who seem to carry heaven everywhere. He said, "Don't talk of going to heaven, but try to get heaven into yourself."

Dr. Duryea, of Central Church, Boston, spoke to us, October 22, very impressively, on "What it is to be a Christian." We are to take Christ as teacher, example, and guide, and are to do the work he has given us to do. He spoke of conversion as the shortest way to Christ: and compared it to the door of the house, the entrance at which we should not linger.

October 29, Rev. F. B. Makepeace gave us some helpful thoughts on "What is success, and how can we reach it?" He characterized success as the reaching out with intelligent action in some kind of endeavor, and pursuing it persistently. Success is not the result of luck, but comes from unity of purpose and strength of desire. Everything may come to those who want it with all their heart. Unity of purpose and strength of desire come from a steadfast looking to God.

Saturday afternoon, November 5, Mrs. Selah Merrill, whose husband was recently United States Consul at Jerusalem, told us of life in Jerusalem. She gave a most interesting and vivid description of the journey from Alexandria to Jerusalem by way of Port Said and Jaffa, and of the narrow, dirty streets, the diminutive shops, the flat-roofed houses, the market women of the sacred city: and, in particular, the walk to the Garden of Gethsemane, and the present appearance of this hallowed spot.

Saturday afternoon, November 12, Miss Tapley, a recent graduate of the Monroe School of Elocution, of Boston, gave us a happy illustration of the good work she has done in the school. Her selections were varied, and finely adapted to the quality of her voice. She entered into and reproduced the spirit of the different characters represented, giving a marked individuality to thought and expression. We hope she will meet

with the noblest success in teaching elocution, the work to which she has devoted herself.

Mrs. Hanford spoke in a most interesting way of Syria as a missionary field, at our Saturday evening prayer-meeting, November 12. She described the physical features of the country, the different religions, and the progress which the good work is making there. She left with us for further inspection a large number of photographs of Syrian people and places, which have been enjoyed exceedingly.

A free evening school for drawing was opened in Andover last January, in which all readers of the Courant will be specially interested, since it is taught by †Miss Emily Means, '69. The school originated in the benevolent desire to furnish working men and boys some opportunity for learning a kind of drawing that would be useful to them in their work, and make them more intelligent.

Several gentlemen contributed to the necessary expenses, and a room in the Town Hall was provided, free of rent, by the selectmen. A goodly number of young men and boys joined the class at first, and later some older men were admitted. Excepting a small entrance fee, and a very small sum for materials throughout the year, the school is free.

Its members stood the test of severe work well; and have now met after the Summer's vacation prepared to continue the course. There are at present some twenty in the school, of whom two thirds, perhaps, are plumbers, machinists, and carpenters; the others being chiefly boys in school. They meet each Tuesday evening, and are doing excellent work under Miss Means's teaching, and look forward to next year's work with the assurance of success.

During the Summer vacation the house known as Uncle's Tom's Cabin, because occupied by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and family when the late Professor Stowe was a member of the Theological Faculty, was burned. The walls remained uninjured; and it has since been put in perfect repair. We are glad to say, it is unchanged in outward appearance save its new roof.

Our Thanksgiving recess was very brief, as school exercises began punctually Friday morning at the usual hour. The few who remained here made the occasion one of needed rest, and quiet, pleasant recreation, — a true Thanksgiving. On Wednesday evening we all gathered in Smith Hall for a pleasant entertainment: where, with some delightful music, vocal and instrumental, and the very natural and pleasant acting of a farce, "The New Bonnet," and partaking of refreshments, the evening passed quickly away.

Thanks to the hospitality of Mrs. Stetson, the senior class recently enjoyed a delightful evening at her pleasant home on Main Street.

Saturday evening, Dec 3, Miss Anna W. Bumstead, '75, who has been engaged since 1882 in teaching in the Huguenot Seminary, Wellington,

South Africa, told us of that school and about the mission work in the neighboring stations among the natives. The very modern city of Cape Town, with its paved streets lighted by gas, horse cars, hotels, art and library buildings, its comfortable hacks and carriages, surprised those who had considered Andover a model modern town. But if so much luxury is found in that far off city, and something of it in Wellington, it is not found outside the English Colonies. The need of laborious missionary effort is pressing in all the outlying regions, where worse than darkness reigns.

A peculiarly interesting visit was recently made us by Mrs. Amory Holbrook, of Portland, Oregon, who was a pupil in Abbot Academy fifty years ago. She spoke with great interest and feeling of her life here and of the permanent effects upon character of the influence received here.

The programme of the twentieth annual Draper Reading given in Academy Hall, June 7, 1887, was as follows:

"Algonquin vs. Atlanta," Miss Elizabeth Rockwell; "In the Simplon Pass," Miss Grace E. D. Wanning; "The Mouse-Trap," Miss Sophia M. Walker; "Flying Words," Miss Olivia P. Johnston; "The First Case of Emotional Insanity," Miss Grace P. Smith; "Jean-ah Poquelin," Miss Catherine F. Crocker; "The Two Runaways," Miss Susan F. Chapin; "English Jem's Last Ride," Miss Ethel N. Shumway; "Calvin Green's Great Anxiety," Miss Anna C. Bronson; "The Subscription List," Miss Jeannie L. Jillson.

The character and variety of the selections, and their adaption to the individual reader, made this programme an unusually fine one. The thorough, patient, and skilful training of Prof. Churchill was evident in the rendering of thought and character. The keen enjoyment of the audience must have been some reward to Prof. Churchill for his untiring zeal and persistent labor.

Class-room. — Teacher: "In Dante's Inferno who was chained in the centre at the bottom of the dreadful crater?"

Pupil: "I — I — can't quite remember his name."

Class-room. — Teacher: "When did the Exodus take place?"

Pupil: "The Exodus took place a year and a half after the children of Israel left Egypt."

"Andover can no longer boast of having one historic building. Tuesday morning, November 29, the Mansion House was burned to the ground. It was built about 1780, by Hon. Samuel Phillips, for fifteen years President of the Senate and later Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. In 1789, General Washington was entertained for half an hour or more in its hospitable parlor. In 1812, the Mansion House came into the hands of the trustees of Phillips Academy. From that time onward this famous house has been noted all over the land as a sort of seminary-home for all persons visiting the Hill or public Institutions for

the education of the young. The loss of it will be keenly felt by all old-time visitors. For more than a century it has sheltered and fed and fostered generation after generation of the alumni of its noted schools."

The feeble volume of sound which failed to fill the Academy Hall the first day of school was materially reinforced by a black four-footed visitor. A large Newfoundland stalked into the room and up to the piano just as we began the morning hymn. Lifting up his head, the dog howled most piteously, giving expression to the feelings of the home-sick girls. As his presence rather detracted from the solemnity of the occasion, he was ignominiously led out by the collar.

The owner of a little silky dog was accustomed to have him washed and combed thoroughly every day. To this the little dog objected seriously. Indeed he so far forgot the laws of etiquette that he used frequently to snap at the servant who performed this service. His master heard of this with concern, for he was anxious that his little dog should behave with decorum. So he washed him himself but he snapped even at his master, in return for which he was punished. The household was told to let the little dog severely alone for a week — to pay him no attention of any kind except to give him his ordinary supply of food. The poor creature wandered around disconsolately, looking in vain for a kind word or caress. Finally, unable to bear this a moment longer, he caught the clothes of his master in his teeth and attempted to draw him toward the bath-room. There he leaped into the tub, wagging his tail vigorously, and submitted meekly to an unusually painful bath, owing to his neglected condition. Never after did he offer the slightest resistance to the most thorough bathing and combing.

In the latter part of the Spring Term we enjoyed two very pleasant social occasions. The first of which, the Senior party, given for the benefit of Phillips Senior class and Abbot Senior and Senior Middle classes, was very much enjoyed by those who were so fortunate as to be invited. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's kind and cordial greeting put every one at ease, making one feel at home. Mrs. McCurdy's pleasant parlors were also thrown open for the use of the guests. A few days later Prof. Churchill gave a delightful reception to our Draper readers. Those who have once enjoyed the graceful hospitality of Prof. and Mrs. Churchill know how pleasantly and all too quickly the evening hours passed away.

With what curious sensations we came back this year can be imagined by those who have seen Smith Hall in its new and improved position. As we drove in on the old familiar drive-way between the Academy and Davis Hall, how strange it was to see, instead of Smith Hall, a heap of bricks and rubbish. A homesick and desolate feeling crept over us, but was quickly dispelled as we were whirled up to the door of the freshly-painted structure, which we can scarcely believe was ever Smith Hall. The new central building will probably be begun next year.

On the first Tuesday evening of October the Seniors received the teachers, members of the school, and other friends in the Academy Hall. The hall was arranged as a most delightful reception room, and near the entrance door stood a small table piled with fancy programmes. After a short time given to social intercourse, the varied programme was carried out most successfully. It consisted of piano duets, reading, and songs by different members of the class, and closed by a very amusing farce, in which nearly all the class participated. It was unanimously agreed that the evening was an exceedingly pleasant one.

This term we have witnessed two athletic exhibitions — a tennis tournament and a foot-ball game.

The tennis tournament was the regular contest between Phillips Exeter and Phillips Andover. Although the weather was exceedingly cold, we hardly felt it in the excitement and interest of the contest. Exeter won the cup on the singles, but, through the remarkably cool and skilful playing of a young and very small boy and his partner, Phillips Andover won the doubles. We wished Andover Phillips had been victor in both. The foot-ball game was played by the Harvard Freshman eleven and Phillips, and was a well-contested game, though, we are sorry to say, Phillips was beaten.

We notice the Phillippian has added several pages to its reading matter. It has become a semi-weekly paper, and has enlarged its number of editors. We congratulate the editors on its improvement, and wish them every success in their literary work.

Andover has added to its literary issues a weekly newspaper, styled the Andover Townsman. Many of the most prominent citizens are pledged to its financial success. It has most interesting letters, editorials, and locals, and must be welcomed in every family.

Some of the old scholars may perhaps remember Mr. Pray, the juggler who has visited Andover a number of times in past years. Through the kindness of Mr. Bancroft, we were invited to attend his entertainment this term, given in Phillips Academy Hall. He performed many sleight-of-hand tricks, both amusing and deceptive, and also explained how many were done. He closed his entertainment by throwing bells, knives, bottles, and balls in the air, by twos, threes, and fours, and catching them in all sorts of curious ways.

The first meeting of the Sphinx occurred in November. The entertainment provided was purely musical, and was highly enjoyed by all present. The essays by Miss Baldwin on Beethoven and by Miss Hutchings on Mendelssohn, were exceptionally well written and read. The German Hall Orchestra made its debut, and was heartily welcomed. Many of the new girls among us joined the society, and we hope the increased membership will also increase our interest, so that we may have as enjoyable and profitable meetings all the year as this first one.

Our Christmas gift this year is to go to Hampton Institute, Virginia. We are particularly interested in sending it there, as four of our former pupils, including Miss Lizzie Swift '81, who has recently gone to be an assistant in the Indian Boy's Hospital, are engaged as teachers. †Mary R. Ripley '75, †Julia P. Rockwell '85, and †Mary M. Gorton '86, have entered upon their second year of teaching there.

Abbot Academy has received a valuable present in a collection of butterflies and moths presented by Mrs C. C. Ballwin of Foochow, China. These were caught in the vicinity of Foochow.

We acknowledge with thanks the following gifts from †Mary C. Pixley '78, of South Africa: A battle-axe which has been used by a native, a curiously wrought basket, and a necklace of colorful wool.

The Draper Speaking presented an extremely interesting programme. The first prize was awarded to Richard M. Hotelling, who held us spell-bound by his touching and powerful rendering of the *Famine*, from *Hiwatha*. William F. Poole received the second prize. He delivered a speech of Wendall Phillips, in which he seemed to catch the earnest spirit of the author. The third prize was given to William W. Parker, who in a fine rich voice gave us the exciting account of *Squire Barrowby's ride*. The floral tributes were unusually beautiful.

While anxiously awaiting the decision of the judges, we were pleasantly entertained by several choice and amusing selections, given by the Phillips Glee Club.

Class-room. Hebrew Literature. *Teacher*. — What books of the New Testament were written by Peter or under his personal direction?

Pupil. — Peter wrote First, Second, and Third John.

Hampton Teacher. — How do the natives of South Africa employ themselves? *Pupil* (promptly). — They pursue the Australians and pick out their plumes.

The following composition, his first, written by the youthful son of a Professor in a Theological Seminary will interest and amuse our readers.

SCHOOL.

School though many a boy does not like it is the best thing in the world! Do you hear that little boy? If you say it is not true I say it is. Well if I can't make you believe it one way I will another which is: — When you grow up into manhood what will you do for a living? Well here's a nice little boy what would you do? Well I'll be an author. — An author! What do you mean? Why an author has to write and read and do everything that you do at school. Besides read and write, he has to spell correctly and in a good many places he has to have a little arithmetic example or a little geography then he has to be a good language scholar. What is language? Well language is knowing just when to put a period or any other point and knowing just when to

Have a capital A, B, C, D, or any other capital letter. Well little boy what do you want to be?

†Abby H. Chatterton '86, kindly sent us from her home in Pittsford, Vermont, several samples of Vermont marble, ranging in color from the darkest slate to pure white. These marbles are cut into rectangular and round blocks, and are highly polished on one side, while on the other they are left rough for the benefit of the Geology student.

PERSONALS.

During this term we have seen many faces here familiar in other years, and have gladly welcomed them to the old home. Among them we have noted: Mrs. Holbrook, '37; Mrs. Wm. H. Beard, '60; Mrs. M. R. Tilden, '70; Anna W. Bumstead, '75; †Caroline A. F. Holmes, '71; †Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '78; Florence Hunsicker, '83; †Alfreda Johnson, '84; †Anna Kimball, '84; †Mrs. Laura Whiting, '84; †Matie M. Kulmen, '85; †Mary Newton, '85; Isabel Anderson, '85; Susan Tenney, '85; †Harriet L. Raymond, '86; †Grace M. Carleton, '86; Clara L. Wooster, '86; Ruth Shiverick, '86; †Mary F. Bill, '87; †Jeannie L. Jillson, '87; †Sophia M. Walker, '87; †Catharine F. Crocker, '87; †Harriet H. Thwing, '87; Ethel N. Shumway, '88; Eloise Gallup, '88; Annie Davenport, '87; Esther Dorr, '87.

Fanny Brown, '69, has taken up her residence in Andover.

†Clara Hamlin, '73, has returned from her work in the Constantinople home. She "made an address of great interest" at the meeting of the Bangor Auxiliary of the Woman's Board of Missions.

Mrs. Isabella Pettee (†Isabella Wilson, '74), has returned from her labors in Japan.

Anna W. Bumstead, '75, has returned from Wellington, Africa. Readers of the Courant will perhaps remember the article, in the January '85 number, in which Miss Bumstead describes the situation of the Huguenot Seminary, with which she was connected as teacher.

Elizabeth M. Lyman, '78, in the service of the American Board, sailed from Boston in September for her new home in the Marathi Mission, India.

Julia W. Barnard, '78, has gone to California to spend the winter.

†Susie Lyman, '79, was graduated this year from the Massachusetts Hospital, after two years' study.

†Lizzie F. Swift, '81, has gone to be an assistant in the Indian and Negro Boys' Hospital, at Hampton Institute, Virginia.

Anna L. Prichard, '83, is occupying a prominent position in a Sioux City (Iowa) bank, in which, as well as in other business pursuits, she is attended with wonderful success.

M. Frances Walker, '81, is teaching in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Sioux Falls, Dakota.

Catharine E. Prichard, '83, has been graduated recently, with high honors, from the Woman's Medical College, New York City.

We are glad to hear that, although †Lucia E. Trevitt, '86, was called home on account of the illness of her father, she has been able to return to her work as teacher of History and Literature in the Michigan Seminary, Kalamazoo.

†Anna C. Bronson, '87, writes from her new home in Crookston, Minnesota, where her father is settled in the ministry, that she thoroughly enjoys her Western life: and, while she misses her friends in the East, she has no time for home sickness.

Miss Mary L. Santley, who has filled the position of matron in German Hall for a little more than a year, has been called to teach in the Methodist School at Orangeburg, North Carolina. At her departure the young ladies of German Hall presented her with a valuable gold watch chain. Miss S. R. Carter of Andover takes Miss Santley's place as matron.

If we cannot travel abroad it is pleasant to hear from our friends who are permitted to visit places of classic and historic interest. The latest news received from Miss Wheaton, who is accompanying †Bessie C. Baird, '87, and Emily B. Thompson, '86, is from Paris. They are members of a French family in the northern part of the city, thus enjoying a fine opportunity for the study of French.

Miss Isabella French, who left us last year to become the Principal of Michigan Seminary in Kalamazoo, is meeting with great success in her new work.

A rare treat is in store for us in a visit from Mrs. Kate D. (Smith) Wiggin, '73, whom many of our readers will remember as the author of "Patsy," and who is now visiting in England.

We notice that Rev. Alfred Noon, A.M., husband of Jane L. Taylor (Noon) '74, has been appointed President of Little Rock University, Little Rock, Arkansas.

We clip the following notice of a recently published volume by †Miss Alice French, '68: "Knitters in the Sun."

"Under the above rather far-fetched title, 'Octave Thanet' (Miss Alice French) includes a number of sketches, of Western life mainly, though one scene is laid in Canada, and two in cities on the south coast. Readers will remember several capital stories by this author which have appeared during the last four or five years in the magazines; notably the powerful sketch of Arkansas life, 'Whitsun Harp. Regulator.' It is included in the present volume, together with another almost as strong, 'Ma 'Bowhin.' The volume is a strong one, giving evidence of unusual powers of observation and thought. The dialect studies are excellent.

and include the French Canadian, the negro, the cracker, and the dialect of the dwellers of the bottom lands of Arkansas. It is in the last-named region that the author is most at home, evidently, and one feels that she has gained nothing by attempting to cover so much ground. Her ability to tell a story is not surpassed by any of the short story writers of the day; and it is evident that she is capable of sustained work, not unworthy to be placed in the same rank with 'In the Tennessee Mountains.' The style throughout is clear, and the diction forcible and remarkably simple.

It may not be known to many of our readers that Mr. Draper has sold his bookstore to Mr. J. N. Cole. Mr. Draper has published the Courant from its first issue, and his interest in its success has been grateful and encouraging to its editors. In its new publishers, represented by Mr. Cole, we already find friends whose sympathy will be heartily appreciated.

We are happy to acknowledge the addition to the Art Library of the third volume of the Cyclopædia of Painters and Painting, presented by several former pupils, at the solicitation of †Miss Fannie B. Pettee, '82: also the fourth volume of the same work, given by Miss Susie W. Smith, '64.

We are indebted to Mr. John N. Cole for the new design of the cover of the Courant, which we are sure will please all our readers.

Our readers will be interested to know that the valuable sketch of Mrs. W. H. Vail (†Caroline Hamlin, '66) was written by her cousin, Mrs. Abbott, wife of Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the Christian Union.

We are happy to place before our readers an article from the pen of the popular writer, Octave Thanet (†Alice French, '68).

EXCHANGES.

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Brunonian*, *Rockford Seminary Magazine*, *Newton High School Review*, *College Speculum*, *The Adelphian*, *Haverhill Life*, *The Phillipian*, and *The Blade*.

MARRIAGES.

'79. In Presque Isle, Maine, June 22, 1887, Kate D. Johnson to Arthur N. Wheelock.

'80. In Glover, Vermont, August 13, 1887, Isora A. Gates to Chester S. Phillips.

'84. In Island Falls, Maine, Sarah E. Dorr to Rev. George W. Stearns.

'85. In Bath, Maine, October 5, 1887, Ruby R. Fisher to Frederic N. Sewall.

DEATHS.

We are grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Curtis, the mother of †Phoebe Curtis '86, and Mary Curtis '84. The following is an extract from the Ogdensburg Daily Journal of August 5, 1887: "We have to record the death of Mrs. Emeline Clark, wife of Gen. N. M. Curtis. Very quietly and peacefully she fell asleep, yesterday, the 4th inst., just before midnight. Born near Springfield, Illinois, Aug. 20, 1838, she had nearly completed her 49th year. Her father owned Connecticut for his home, and the mother's family early went west from Virginia to Kentucky. Both settled in Illinois while it was yet a territory, a year before its admission as a state into the union. Mrs. Curtis' educational advantages were of a high order, and her knowledge, tact and judgment shone out in quiet dignity, beautiful modesty and rare devotion to the best interests of her family. Married on March 23, 1863, she was the mother of six children, two of whom died in infancy. The Presbyterian church mourns in her decease the loss of one who was ardently attached to its best interests and who was ready always with counsel and work to help in its charities. She died in the sustaining trust of a clear faith in Christ, and happy in the expectation of the reunion in the better land just beyond the river. So does God give his beloved sleep. Gen. Curtis and family have the hearty sympathy of a large circle of friends both in the city and the country around."

August 23, 1887, at Faribault, Minnesota, John Henry, eldest son of Edgar H. and Frances Ames Loyhed, '81, aged 2 years, 1 month.

It was with deep sorrow that we learned of the sudden death of our neighbor, friend, and former pastor, Rev. Charles Smith. We quote the following from one of the public journals: "He was born in Hatfield Aug. 10, 1818, and belonged to the Connecticut Valley family so honorably celebrated for far-seeing projects of Christian benevolence. He graduated from Amherst College in 1841, and from Andover Seminary in 1845. After a pastorate of five years (1847-52) in Warren, Mass., he was installed over the South Church at Andover, but accepted the next year a call to the Shawmut Church, Boston. He remained there five years (1853-58), afterwards laboring for some time in the newly formed Oak Place Church in the same city. Recalled to his former charge in Andover, he continued here fifteen years (1861-76). He has since resided in Andover, occasionally preaching in the churches of the vicinity, and constantly rendering valuable service to the town. For four years he was a representative to the General Court, and since the adjournment of the Legislature has been engaged in writing the annals of the town for a county history, a work he was to have finished on the day he died. He was a man of strong character and marked talent, and was universally respected and honored for his clear thought and sound judgment as a citizen, as well as for his ability and faithfulness as a preacher, and the integrity and purity of his life."

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The Abbot Courant Advertiser.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

THE WINTER TERM

of the 60th Year

will commence Thursday, January 5, 1888.

THE SUMMER TERM

will commence on Thursday, March 29, 1888.

For information and admission apply to Miss PHILENA McKEEN
Andover, Mass.

For List of Teachers see next page

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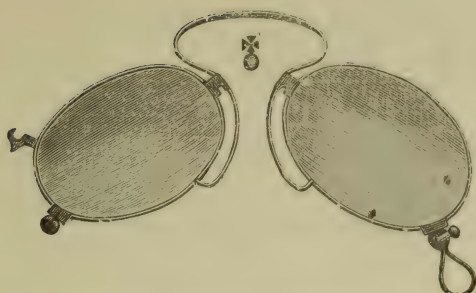
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INDIVIDUALISM IN ART.

THE study of the principles that find expression in art as seen in the different Schools is of deep interest. The Florentine School is especially characterized as sculptural. Form and perspective are the principal objects of study to the Florentine artist. In the Venetian School, on the contrary, color and "spot" are what first strike the eye. The magnificence of the glowing canvas often awakens sensations of delight that are too strong to allow one to make a fair study and analysis of the picture. The reasons for this extreme difference are obvious.

From his very infancy Michael Angelo gazed upon scenes which could not fail to impress and shape the artistic mind. From the stone-cutter among the Fiesolan hills he unwittingly learned his first lessons in sculpture, and from the influences of those same hills he grew into a lover of the beautiful and grand. The valley of Florence, with its winding Arno and the flowers which spread their glowing colors like a mantle over its green fields and rolling hills, was enough to inspire the most prosaic mind. What must, then, have been the grand impulse given to this genius! The fair city of Florence lent to Michael Angelo in his youth her most beneficent influences, both of nature and art.

Eastward, far in the distance beyond the hills of Fiesole, rose the

Monte Senario, upon whose top the white monastery of Servite di Maria could be distinctly seen, contrasting strongly with the dark green of the surrounding foliage. Southward, beyond the lower ranges of hills, appeared the blue tops of the Apennines, which separate Florence from southern Italy. The brilliant clearness of the atmosphere fixed their beautiful outlines sharply and clearly against the deep blue sky. In the city itself the eye of the boy followed the symmetrical lines of Giotto's bell-tower and the fine proportions of the dome of the cathedral, while the Palazzo Vecchi with its embattled roof was inspiring in its strength. In his friends and companions he saw the perfection of physical development. The soft rounded contour of their figures he could plainly trace through their light draperies.

Indissolubly linked with Michael Angelo in our mind are the two other master-spirits of the Southern School, Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael. While each of the great triumvirate is individual in his expression, — Michael Angelo the exponent of grandeur and strength, Da Vinci the interpreter of spiritual thoughtfulness, and Raphael emphatically the painter of beauty and grace, — all three display the same exquisite drawing and sublimity of conception, only to be attained by genius enriched with the most munificent gifts of nature. It is not surprising, then, that Italy produced the greatest artists of the world.

In Venice, as we have seen, the artists are, first of all, colorists. The training of the eye has been very different here from that received in the mountainous districts of central Italy. Looking out in all directions from the "Bride of the Sea" the eye beholds a vast expanse of water. The very streets are water-ways. The glorious Italian sun shines into the clear depths of her canals and discovers all lovely colors — the yellow of the sand, the greens, browns, and reds of the sea-weed, while the sunbeams play at hide-and-go-seek until the splendor becomes almost dazzling. As the tide rises and falls, the bright beams of the sun shimmer and dance over the rippling surface, making the reflection of the public buildings flicker and tremble. Looking so constantly upon these uncertain figures, the eye grows accustomed to dim outlines. The Venetian love of color is shown in her variegated marble palaces and churches. In the richly colored canvases of Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese these influences are plainly manifest.

In the northern countries of Holland, Flanders, and Belgium are found many of the physical features which characterize Venice, the same flatness of landscape and expanse of water. We should

therefore expect to find their art developed in much the same way. But as the differences are very much greater and more important than the points of similarity, we find that the expression of northern art is strongly individual. The same love of color is exhibited in painting the houses bright blues and reds, for in the dull country of Holland the eye craves relief. Reproducing upon canvas the objects seen around them in the landscape and the city, the artists found objects sombre enough. The water of the Dutch canals, not laughing and dancing in ripples as in Venice, rarely reflected a beam of the sun. Like the ocean which they were fighting with dikes and dunes, and which threatened them with its angry roar and swash on every side, it furnished only the gravest tints. The cloud-effects were grand, but not gorgeous. In Rembrandt we see the most admirable mastery of *chiaro-scuro*. His stormy, dull skies are varied by sudden rifts of sunlight bursting through the sullen bank of clouds. The avenues of willows planted along the dikes to strengthen them are often reproduced in these northern paintings, together with the great flapping windmills which lend such a picturesque charm to the landscape. The Dutch people, short, stout, and plain, with their heavy, awkward wraps, appear on the canvas true to nature. The artist cannot idealize these figures. He knows nothing of the beauty and grace of fine proportion and flowing outline. He must conform his ideas to his surroundings. For, as Ruskin says, "so soon as the workman is left free to represent what subjects he chooses, he must look to the nature that is around him for material, and will endeavor to represent it as he sees it."

Thus, as under the influence of the North literature becomes philosophic, and in the South witty and picturesque, so since the time of Phidias and Praxiteles art has felt the subtile power of nature.

It is interesting to remember that this principle is universal: not only the temperament of the artist, but that of every person is formed by physical influences, and even the nations are characterized by their surroundings.

E. R. '88.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Roma, Italia, Feb. 15, 1888,
Hotel de la Ville, Via Babuino.

MY DEAR MISS MCKEEN: We have been in Rome now nearly three weeks, and have enjoyed the time here very much. Rome has changed greatly since I was here four winters ago. The population has increased very rapidly, and building is going on everywhere — great, square, ugly buildings for “flats,” which mar the beauty of the eternal city.

The villa Ludovisi, one of the ancient land-marks, is gone. That is, the estate has been cut up and sold in small building lots, which are being rapidly built over. The Aurora of Guercino is no longer shown; but the little museum is still open, so the sitting Mars and the Juno are not yet cut off from the public. A part of the estate has been bought by the Irish church, or rather college, and the corner-stone of still another church in Rome was laid a few days ago in honor of the Jubilee. Speaking of the Jubilee brings to mind the all-absorbing topic now occupying the Roman mind, and the attention of the thousands of sight-seers and pilgrims who are constantly flocking to Rome — the Papal presents! We have been twice to see them, and my brain is still a wild confusion of gorgeous embroideries, rich laces, magnificent vestments, jewelled crosses, and articles of every sort, those valuable and useful as well as those without value and useless.

To visit “the presents” one must have a special permission. The collection is opened twice a week, and will continue to be till June, when, I am told, the articles are to be divided among the deserving of the church. To go to the collection, we drive around St. Peters, past the coach-houses, and enter the Vatican by the same door through which you will remember entering to see the sculpture, but instead of going immediately upstairs to the Hall of the Caryatides and Rotondo, we enter a series of rooms on the ground-floor opening out to the right and left and filled with the presents. Vestments, altar-cloths, napkins, and plate for serving mass in such abundance, that one imagines every Roman Catholic church in Christendom might have a new outfit, and there would be enough and to spare. Most of these articles are the finest and best of their kind. Altars and “Prie-Dieus” of most beautiful carved wood or mosaics or marble abound. I noticed one altar entirely of embroidery, every-

thing being hand work, the large altar-piece, the coverings and draperies of the altar, thickly studded with precious stones. There was a sedan-chair from Naples, the exterior of carved wood and the lower part of it decorated with emblems of the sea, an anchor, a dolphin, a fishing-net, etc., most artistically grouped; behind, under the seat, above this, plates of beautiful tortoise-shell formed the sides of the chair, and were decorated with a wreath of carnation-pinks, the foliage in oxydized silver, and the flowers in red and pink coral. There are numerous oil paintings, large and small. There is a very large one which seems to be exciting some comment in the artistic world — Judith with the head of Holofernes. She is standing on a stone-wall looking down upon the vast crowd of excited people. But the interest centres in the queenly figure of Judith, which is spirited, dignified, and noble. In one hand she holds the ghastly head, as is usual, by the hair, while the other is raised as in exhortation. It is a great figure, far the noblest Judith I have seen. But I cannot go into details over this remarkable exhibition, only let me mention some of the curious things one sees here, and then hasten on to the Braccio Nuovo, where are placed the gifts from sovereigns. The collection is classified by countries.

Every one who is wise goes early and hastens to the Braccio Nuovo, there are the gifts, as I have said, from sovereigns, princes, princesses, and associations high in the honor of the church. We enter the magnificent hall, not at the end as we used to from the Hall of the Chiarimonte, but in the centre of the side opposite the Nile group. The modest Pudicitia shrinks behind a case of magnificent robes of cloth-of-gold presented by noble Catholic families of Rome, as the Orsini, Corsini, and Ildofrandini. Great Augustus looks quite tame in the midst of so much modern splendor, and hides his marble greatness behind an ancient triptych of the Holy Family, while the youth of the strigil scrapes away quite unnoticed behind the great glass cage where are placed the most precious gifts. The gorgeous mitre sent by the Emperor of Germany occupies the summit of this mound of riches. It is of white silk, gold embroidery, and thickly studded with precious stones, the genuineness of which is not to be doubted. It cost £14,000. Besides, there are seven jewel crosses, the handsomest, I thought, from the princess and ladies of the court of Brazil, perhaps five inches long, its outline perfectly regular and simple and solidly incrustated with diamonds, the centre ones very large. Another diamond cross with diamond chain was from the United States of Columbia; a cross of diamonds and rubies from the Prince Monaco; there was another of diamonds

and sapphires, and another of diamonds and emeralds. Besides in other cases I counted three rich crosses, making in all ten.

Many gifts are yet unpacked and more are constantly arriving. The King of Saxony sent a copy of the Sistine Madonna in Dresden enamel and framed in Dresden china. I thought it the choicest gift of all. There was a large, magnificent diamond ring from the Sultan of Turkey, and a huge, aqua marine ring from some princess, and finally a basin and ewer from the Queen of England, which the Pope used at the Jubilee Mass. This present has excited much comment. It was presented by the Duke of Norfolk on his knees, who had the mortification of discovering, when he saw it for the first time after it was unpacked in Rome, that it was silver gilt, and not the sparkling metal which it represents. It is said to be a copy of some old plate in Windsor Castle. To my untutored eye it looks more like pressed work than hand-work, and in the case with the other magnificent gifts is put rather in the shadow.

Leaving the Braccio Nuovo, and retracing our steps through the labyrinth of rooms, we are again at the entrance; on the left, a few steps lead up to a long room where several remote countries are represented. Hither everybody is directed, who inquires for the United States. One generally meets a distracted looking American girl at the door, who inquires of every passer-by who is likely to be an American, "Excuse me, but have you found the President's gift?" It is said that Mr. Cleveland has sent to the Pope a fine copy of the Constitution, and it is further rumored that he sent a paper weight resting on a cushion embroidered by Mrs. Cleveland. The United States department is certainly very amusing, and consists principally of several cases sent by "Bellinzer Bros., New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati," and looks like a large advertisement of a very flourishing business, as if they had mistaken the Papal Jubilee for an industrial exhibition.

In a glass case in the Hall of the Maps hangs the lace gown which Pope Leo wore the first of January at the Jubilee Mass. It is very beautiful Brussels point. Besides these gifts he received the very substantial sum of thirty-five millions of francs. The Duke of Norfolk alone gave him ten thousand pounds. It has cost the Pope one million of francs to arrange the Vatican for the Jubilee and exposition.

The king and queen of Italy learned by private inquiry that any gifts from them would be refused, and so very naturally sent none. The Pope has forbidden the guards to admit any soldier, or rather officer, in the Italian army to the exhibition; common soldiers may

be admitted, on the theory that they are soldiers by compulsion of the government.

Among these magnificent gifts one comes now and then upon a terribly realistic crucifixion, which I suppose may serve as a reminder of the transitory nature of earthly grandeur to the pious Roman, but which seems to me horribly sacrilegious, and renders painfully vivid the contrast between the Divine Founder of Christianity and the man who now claims infallibility and spiritual and temporal supremacy.

Sunday P.M. We have just come from the Beatification service. It was an experience not soon to be forgotten. A gorgeous spectacle rather than a religious service. The service was appointed at three, we arrived at the Vatican about two, and entering by the right colonnade found a vast company already assembled at the foot of the grand staircase. We waited some time, when at a signal the company was allowed to ascend; whereupon those in front, priests, monks, sisters, and lay brethren and sisters began to run with might and main. A group of sisters of charity in their stiff, fluttering, white bonnets looked like a flock of white-winged birds in advance of a storm. Our part of the multitude were more sedate, and mounted decorously and very slowly, the throng was so great. At the foot of the second flight of stairs we were halted by four of the Swiss guards, looking very formidable with their ancient halberds, brass helmets, and horsehair plumes. After about ten minutes we were again allowed to proceed up the long flight of stairs, through a long room decorated by Paul III, through another with some ancient gobelin, up a little flight of stairs into the brilliant new chapel made by the present Pope.

Imagine a room immensely long and proportionally high and broad. The lofty ceiling, round-arched and "coiffered," and everything white, crimson, and gold. Two thousand wax tapers, in an undulating row about the cornice or grouped in crystal chandeliers, lighted the immense chapel. The effect was enchanting. At regular intervals along each side are two-story boxes let into the walls, lined and draped with crimson and gold hangings. These boxes, like those in a theatre, are called "tribunes." Behind the high altar fluttered a vast blue curtain embroidered with silver stars and lilies. Above it was a huge fantastic frame, of a golden glory and cherub heads, and within this frame was a picture of the person to be beatified to-day, the "Founder of the order of Christian Brothers,"—a monk in a gray gown, being borne upward with clouds and cherubs. In this gorgeous and tawdry, but certainly effective chapel assembled a

vast crowd of people. The men in evening dress standing as closely packed as possible on one side, and the ladies in black with lace veils on their heads on the other.

The service was appointed at three, the pope actually arrived at half-past four, preceded by a train of church dignitaries and attended by the "Noble Guard," indeed a noble-looking band of men, in handsome dark uniforms, steel helmets, and plumes, marching two and two with drawn swords. The Pope, dressed in a long, white satin gown, borne by pages, scarlet cape, and a little white scull cap, walked down the broad centre isle, lined on each side by the Swiss guard. As he walked he extended his right hand with his first two fingers stretched out in blessing. The people pushed forward so, that the guards were obliged to use force in clearing the way. He advanced to the high altar and knelt in prayer at one corner for a half-hour immovable. The canons knelt within the chancel rail, facing out with their open prayer-books in their hands. Then the Pope arose and retraced his steps, the people were still more eager, the guards still more firm in repelling the crowd. In a moment he had passed, but I saw one happy soul turn away with tears of joy in her eyes; she had made her way between the soldiers, and had received the benediction for which she yearned, and in return had kissed his ring. "O," she exclaimed to us in French, with clasped hands, "I am so happy! so happy!" The two lines of soldiers, shoulder to shoulder, pressed a pathway through the multitude, the Pope being between them, otherwise he would have been crushed by the people. He is a slender, delicate, bent old man with quick, sharp, brown eyes and a large mouth. I think he looks more clever, more worldly-wise than his pictures represent him.

† M. F. W. '76.

ABBOT ACADEMY AS RELATED TO MISSIONS.

To the Secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions.

In behalf of Abbot Academy I thank you for your kind invitation to speak in this presence of her "as related to the work of missions."

I am sure you will allow me — so far as I may be able in these few minutes — to give a somewhat general survey of her relations to the work so dear to you and to us, since the field is one, and since, "though there are diversities of operations, it is the same God which worketh all in all."

The Constitution adopted by the Fathers of Abbot Academy

makes very clear the spirit in which the school was projected and the object for which it was founded. It states: "The primary objects to be aimed at in this school shall ever be to regulate the tempers, to improve the taste, to discipline and enlarge the minds and form the morals of the youth who may be members of it. To form the immortal mind to habits suited to an immortal being and to instil principles of conduct and form the character for an immortal destiny, shall be subordinate to no other care."

We are not surprised to learn that, among the eager girls who assembled upon that bright May morning — the birthday of Abbot Academy — was her first missionary. Although it was almost sixty years ago, a classmate writes, "How vividly do I recall her; what a face she had! full of sweet sensibility, where waves of feeling chased each other like the lights and shadows on those mountains, opposite my window. Everything about her betokened a peculiarly fine grain in her make-up. Quietly from her brother's parsonage in the West Parish, Henrietta Jackson came and went, her face flushed with the exercise of her long walk."

Later, as the wife of Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, she crossed the seas to constrain Greeks and Armenians, as she might, to the love of God.

Mrs. Seraphina Hayes Everett was Abbot's next missionary to Constantinople, where her useful life was largely devoted to the Girls' school afterward so well known through Miss West.

More recently, Miss Martha J. Gleason and Miss Olive N. Twichell have been working from house to house in that great city, as they had opportunity, and Miss Clara H. Hamlin has well met the chief responsibility in the Girls' school at Scutari, and is now at home for a well earned vacation.

Mrs. Henrietta Hamlin Washburn, wife of the President of Robert College, and Mrs. Lilian Waters Grosvenor, wife of a Professor in the same college, are having an elevating influence, not less potent than that of their missionary sisters there.

Three of our missionaries to Turkey were residents of Andover. They were Mrs. Sarah (Wardwell) Beebee; who, after five years of cheerful service, died at Marash; Mrs. Martha Tracy Livingstone, who gave ten earnest years to Sivas, and came home on account of her husband's ill-health; and her sister, Miss Rebecca Tracy.

Mrs. Amelia Gould Fuller labored at Aintab, where Miss Harriet N. Childs now is. Mrs. Martha Williams Sherman went to Jerusalem. Miss Sarah Ford, under the Presbyterian Board, went

to Sidon, where her parents and brother had spent many years for Christ. Alice M. Bird, daughter of a well-known missionary family upon Mount Lebanon, is now working with her husband, Rev. William Greenlee, an English missionary to Zahleh, Syria.

A group of Abbot's daughters are in Japan. Maria M. Gove is the true helpmeet of her husband, Dr. Berry, in his efforts for the sick, and in wise schemes for hospitals and training-schools for nurses. Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary and Mrs. Isabella Wilson Pettee, lately reinforced by Mrs. Jane Pearson Stanford, are doing with their might what their hands find to do in the house, or school, or by the wayside, working shoulder to shoulder with their husbands for the great transformation which is going on in Japan.

Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson, born upon missionary ground in South Africa, has transferred her strength and special sympathy to her husband's field in India. Mrs. Emily True DeRiemer spent ten useful years in Ceylon. Mrs. Frances Lewis Scudder and her husband, Dr. Henry M. Scudder, labored twenty years in Madras and vicinity. Mrs. C. Plimpton Adams went to Prague.

In the Sandwich Islands Abbot Academy has been represented by Mrs. Lois Hoyt Johnson, who survived her husband in missionary work there, and Mrs. Martha Cooley Jones, whose husband, Rev. Thomas Jones, was a missionary of the Church of England. Under the Presbyterian Board, Mrs. Harriet Gibson Heron, with her husband, is in Corea, where her love for God and her neighbor have been severely tested and grandly proved. When the cholera was raging in the city many of its victims were brought to Dr. Heron's gate to await his attendance. In his absence the young wife used to go out and administer the remedies of which she had knowledge and comfort the dying as she might. Miss Charlotte M. Adams was suddenly called to her reward before entering upon her work in Syria, to which she was under appointment by the Presbyterian Board.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying some claim upon Mrs. Sarah Foster Rhea, the ardent missionary to the Nestorians, since she was once a beloved teacher in Abbot Academy. The name and work of the lamented Elizabeth R. Beach, once a pupil and afterward a teacher in Abbot Academy, are familiar to us all. While she was at home resting from her arduous labors in Paris, Rev. W. W. Newhall, in behalf of the McAll mission wrote her, "Be assured that in our hearts your name is written first of all the dear Americans who have so nobly helped the mission. What a signal blessing of God that the effort of one frail girl directed by

one busy pastor should have become that of a nation! It is most true that *you* planted the great tree which yields such goodly fruit."

Two who were natives of Andover and pupils of Abbot Academy went as missionaries to the Indians. Mrs. Mary Frye Willey lived a most self-denying but happy life among the Indians at Dwight, Indian Territory, and Mrs. Phebe Jaquith Woodbridge went to the Ojibways at La Pointe, Lake Superior. Miss Anna W. Bumstead has recently returned from foreign work in the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony, to which she gave herself in His Name, though not under the direction of any missionary board.

It is our constant endeavor to lead our pupils to entire consecration to Christ, asking "What wilt thou have me to do," without limitation of time, place, or kind of work. That their "love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all judgment," at the opening of school one morning every week, we take time to hear religious intelligence, gathered from various home and foreign fields and given by pupils. The missionary prayer-meeting, held one evening in the month, is conducted by the young ladies, and is of great interest. We are much helped by old scholars who write us of the lights and shades in the different lands to which they have gone, and make us dwell wistfully upon the picture and the grand opportunity which it opens.

Living in Andover we are greatly favored by frequent visits from returned missionaries, whose looks and words make us believe that even in the hardships incident to their chosen life, they really find that His yoke is easy and His burden is light.

With the returns of Christmas, it is pleasant to the young ladies to prepare what we call our "Christ gift" and send it to Him through the hands of old scholars in missionary fields who make it minister to His poor. A year ago, we sent a box of unfinished work, with materials and many other useful things to Miss Olive Twichell, in Constantinople, and our recent "Christ gift" went to Hampton, Virginia, where four of our former pupils are working. Misses Julia Rockwell, Mary Ripley and Mary Gorton are teaching in the Indian Department, and Miss Elizabeth Swift, as a trained nurse, has a responsible charge in the Hospital.

Many of our pupils have done, and many are still doing, self-denying work in home missionary service and in the schools for colored people in the South.

Our weekly Sabbath offering, made at evening prayers, is divided between the American Board and the American Missionary Association. The weekly contributions are small, but the aggregate has

amounted to several thousands of dollars, and, better still, they have tended to form many young persons to a habit of regular Christian giving. We have been entrusted with many missionary daughters, whose presence has been a blessing to the school. The Lindleys, the Grouts, the Roods, the Wilders, the Pixleys, the Hardings, the Blodgetts, the Hamlins, the Wrights, the Byingtons, the Blisses, the Fords, the Birds, the Schauflers, the Baldwins, and the Williamses have placed their children at Abbot, and thereby have fostered a missionary spirit in many where otherwise it might not have been.

We wish the record of Abbot Academy in relation to missionary work were better; but we thank the Lord of the harvest for what he has done through this instrumentality, and humbly and gratefully commit both the past and the future to Him who can multiply the seed sown and the loaves broken for the multitudes till they shall all eat and be filled.

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

There are two glad times for a birthday, dear,
And one is yours and one is mine:
When Christmas bells ring out good cheer,
Or roses bloom in June sunshine.

There are two sweet birthday wishes, dear,
That I have in my inmost heart for you:
One is for faith that is strong and clear,
And the other for friendships loyal and true.

Two gifts I would have you hold, my dear,—
Two among all, till time shall end:
God's Christmas gift for each glad new year,
And my love for you, my sweet new friend.

L. E. T. '86.

A NEW PHASE OF THE INDIAN QUESTION.

WE have been much impressed by the facts concerning Indian women as given by Miss Alice Fletcher at the late session of the Women's Congress in Washington. It is certainly a new phase of the Indian Question. The writings of Helen Hunt Jackson have made us more or less familiar with the condition and customs of the Indians. Our deepest sympathies have been stirred over Ramona's sad story, and her more thrilling sketch of *A Century of Dishonor*; yet even she failed to give us the true status of the Indian woman in her tribal and family relations. Through Miss Fletcher we learn that the Indian woman may hesitate to pass from the customs under which she and her ancestors have lived, to become a citizen under the control of the laws of the state in which she lives. Civilization — our boasted American civilization — presents some unattractive features to the Indian woman. As an Indian wife and mother she has a large liberty: she does not even lose her birthright name; she holds all her own property in her own name, and she may dispose of it as she chooses. It is true she is the laborer and burden-bearer, but not as a menial or slave. The husband must at any moment be prepared to follow the war-path, consequently he cannot take upon himself any of the household duties, except providing food for his family and protecting them.

The wife is not bound to live with her husband if he becomes tyrannical, and thus she has almost absolute control of family affairs. She has a voice in matters pertaining to the sale of lands and the making of contracts and treaties. Miss Fletcher cites an instance of an old Indian chief who had to retract from a negotiation because his squaw objected to the terms.

With this freedom the condition of women in heathen lands, whom we have considered about on a level with our normal Indian woman, stands out in striking contrast. The women of India have no value only as they can serve their husbands, and live in worse than abject slavery. The Turkish women, shut away from the rest of the world, spend their whole life in absolute, and often cruel, subjection to their husbands, and in a seclusion that belittles, if it does not destroy, the noble faculties of the mind. How wide is the difference between these poor enslaved Eastern women and the wild, free life of the Indians!

The vital question before us is, How much will the laws of the United States benefit the Indian woman when she shall become a

citizen of this great Republic? In many of the states a married woman can hold no property in her own right; upon her marriage it all goes to her husband. Besides property the husband has a right to the children if, in case of unhappiness, the husband and wife have to separate.

The question forced upon us by Miss Fletcher's paper is, Shall we deprive the Indian woman of the freedom she now enjoys, and compel her to submit to restrictive laws? We have no desire to change these laws for the sake of accommodating the Indian woman. The question has a wider application. It touches upon the duty of procuring equal rights for every one, man or woman.

When Miss Fletcher explained our laws to these women, their countenances fell; they shuddered at the prospect before them if they should come under their control. Now they were free; they owned their persons, their children, and their lands. How narrow must this civilized life seem to them, yet how pitifully ignorant and degraded we have always considered them! One step has been taken in the right direction, we think, if acceptance of our laws is the only consideration, and that is educating the children in government schools. In time a new generation of women will take the place of those who now reject civilization, and being brought up under our laws they will naturally obey them. The Indian question is a far-reaching one, and is worthy of the deepest consideration of every thoughtful mind.

S. F. C. '89.

A CHRISTMAS EVE.

ON the banks of the Thames stands an old castle. The sunshine dances merrily over the broken window-panes, plays hide-and-seek amid the towers, and its last rays linger on the ivy covered walls, as if loath to leave them. But when twilight deepens into night, and the breezes hold whispered conversations in its shadow, then bats fly in and out of the shattered windows, and the mist from the river folds it in its moist, clinging arms. Many years ago all this was far different.

It is the night before Christmas. Before the huge fire-place, where the flames of the Yule Log are glowing, is a group of knights and ladies of noble mien. There is fair Lady Margaret, whose eyes, only a few shades darker than her dainty blue kirtle, rest now dreamily on the fire, and then are slowly raised to Sir Hugh, who stands with arms folded looking intently into her sweet face. They

are roused from their revery by a remark from saucy Lady Barbara, who, as usual, is having a battle of words with Sir Francis.

"Indeed, Sir Francis, I am *not* afraid of ghosts; I would like a stroll in 'Ghost Walk' this very moment."

Bonnie Margaret shuddered, "Oh, Barbara, take back those words! I do not believe in spirits either; but that walk is such an eerie, dismal place, I shun it on even the blithest spring day."

"And yet, Lady Margaret, I would pledge mine honor that you would walk through it alone, on the darkest night of all the year, if by so doing you could help a friend in need," exclaimed Sir Hugh.

Sweet Margaret blushed at this praise; but Lady Barbara's black eyes flashed with a peculiar light, as she quickly faced Sir Hugh, and her voice had a mocking sound as she vehemently exclaimed, "Oh yes, Sir Hugh, we all know right well your opinion of Lady Margaret; but I doubt me much if it be the true spirit of bravery which has to be summoned like a slave."

"Well, Lady Barbara," strikes in another voice, "I wager you a pair of the daintiest slippers that can be bought in London town, that you dare not walk, blindfolded and alone, through the unused rooms in the east wing."

Quick as a flash Lady Barbara turned to the last speaker, and, with a low courtesy, held out her dainty hand saying, "Will you kindly lend me your kerchief, Sir Bertram? and Sir Hugh will you bind it tightly over mine eyes?"

Laughingly the two knights obeyed her request, with many a gallant remark: Did she expect her eyes were bright enough through the kerchief to guide her? Had she lured some of the will-o'-the-wisps to uncover their lanterns for her?

To all this she deigned never a word, but held out her little hand for Sir Francis to conduct her to the entrance of the wing. Gentle Margaret begged her to give up the mad freak, but she only laughed and, throwing a light jest back to the gay company, left the bright room.

As they neared the wing, Sir Frances said in a low tone, "I will let you go now, Lady Barbara, but I shall remain here by this door, and when you return I have a question to ask; if you will but answer it as I desire, then can we prove to the merry company below that a great happiness can spring out of this mad freak. For it is foolish in thee, bonnie Barbara, to wander like this. But good-bye, get thee gone, the sooner to return and give me that word I long to hear."

So she left him, and long he stood there waiting. At last, thinking

the delay one of her mischievous tricks, he called her name softly ; but no answer came. He called again, — only his own voice resounded through the empty rooms. Alarmed, he searched for the missing Barbara, calling her by every endearing name ; but still no answer. The guests, who by this time had become curious about the long delay, came trooping up the broad stairway. They, too, joined in the search, at first merrily, then a little anxiously ; but no Lady Barbara !

“Come forth, Lady Barbara, for I own myself defeated ; and let me measure the dainty foot for the pair of slippers from London town,” at last cried Sir Bertram.

Only grim, horrible silence. The alarm became general. The knights led their ladies back to the lighted rooms, but they themselves returned to the search. Sir Hugh pressed Lady Margaret’s white hand as he bade her be of good cheer, for it was only one of Lady Barbara’s foolish jokes. Through the long night they searched for the missing favorite, but in vain. What had become of her ! Slowly it grew into a terrible certainty, Lady Barbara had disappeared. One by one, dazed and awe struck, the guests quietly took their departure. The story spread through all the region round. Long and bitterly mourned friends and lovers for Lady Barbara, and many were the conjectures as to her fate. The castle was empty now, except for Sir Francis, who had never for one hour quitted it since the fatal night. Crazy by his terrible loss, he wandered up and down through the deserted rooms. Whole nights he passed in the east wing calling for his lost love. One morning they found him lying upon the threshold — dead. His hand was tightly pressed to his lips, and when they forced the poor cold fingers open, they found in them a piece of bright satin. With horror they started back. Yes, it was a scrap of Lady Barbara’s gown, which she had worn on that fearful Christmas eve so long ago.

Reverently they laid him to rest, with the piece of satin still clasped in his hand. The mystery has never been explained ; but the people tell of strange sounds proceeding from the deserted castle, and of two figures, which may be seen every Christmas eve wandering, with clasped hands, through the deserted rooms ; and they softly say, “Sir Francis has found Lady Barbara.” C. E. McD.

IN MEMORIAM.

FROM one of the happy homes in Albany, N.Y., on the 11th of April, 1887, passed from earth to heaven one who for several years was Principal of Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass. We refer to Rev. T. D. P. Stone. There are those now living, who grace the highest circles of Christian and social life, as wives, mothers, and teachers, who remember his instructions there, and are grateful for his helpful influence in forming their character. To these former pupils a few memories of his long, busy life may be welcome.

The village of South Cornwall, Ct., is a quiet spot, shut in from the outside world, full of the restful beauty with which nature has enriched it. Here was located "The Foreign Mission School." Its design was to furnish youth from heathen lands such education as should fit them to return as missionaries to their countrymen. This mission school enlisted the interest not only of the noble ministers and laymen of Litchfield County, but of the state and of New England, often drawing them there to watch its work and influence. These men of God found cordial welcome in the home of Rev. Timothy Stone, pastor of the Congregational Church. He was the son of Rev. Timothy Stone of Goshen, Ct. Of this father and son it is said, "They were men who preached the pure gospel, who lived lives of self-denial for other's good, and who were 'mighty in prayer.'" Mrs. Stone was the daughter of Rev. Noah Merwin of Washington, Ct. Her sister married Rev. Ebenezer Porter, who succeeded their father at his decease, and continued pastor of the church in Washington, until he accepted a professorship in Andover Theological Seminary. To this sister Mr. and Mrs. Stone gave their second son in his infancy. He was born July 27th, 1811, and was named Timothy Dwight, for their loved and honored personal friend, then president of Yale College. To this name was added that of his uncle Porter. In the home of his parents he often spent months at a time during his childhood and youth, and Cornwall was always to him the most attractive spot for rest or recreation. He loved the hills he used to climb, the fragrant pines beneath which he gathered the violets, and the scarlet berries of the wintergreen. But more he loved the noisy brook by which he used to wander in the shade of that charming grove. The old house has been remodeled and improved by its late owner, Mr. Calhoun, but its front remains essentially the same. The room at the left, as you enter, was his mother's parlor, and was always to

him, "the room where Henry Obookiah died." When Dwight was seven years old, his mother, hearing Obookiah was sick, had him brought from the Foreign Mission School to that room. There she cared for him through that long fever that ended his life on earth. His body rests under a marble slab in the village burying ground. Visits to that spot, with the oft repeated story of Obookiah's eventful life and triumphant death, together with the presence of Messrs. Bingham and Thurston in his father Porter's family, before their departure to the Sandwich Islands, interested him in the work of foreign missions; an interest which was deepened by earnest efforts for its success through all his life.

His childhood and youth were spent on Andover Hill, in Dr. Porter's family. He was fitted for college in Phillips Academy, and entered Dartmouth at the age of seventeen. Ill health and weak eyes obliged him to give up completing his course of study there. After being confined at home, and almost to a dark room, for nearly two years, he entered the Junior class in Amherst, and graduated in the class of '34.

When in 1838 Mr. Stone accepted the call to become Principal of Abbot Academy, Andover, he came not as a stranger to the place; he had also the experience of many years of successful teaching. Mr. Stone had been carefully trained in the principles of elocution from childhood, and was intimately connected with his father in the preparation of "Porter's Rhetorical Reader." This was the first school reader which presented the principles of elocution, and the aids to teaching them. While Mr. Stone was principal of Abbot Academy, he was instructor of elocution in Phillips Academy and in the Theological Seminary, where he was attending lectures as "Resident Licentiate." In regard to his views of teaching, I quote from a letter written to his father Stone, in Sept. 1838: "When I came to years of reflection, my mind was bent on teaching. At fifteen I begged hard to take a small district school. At sixteen I again begged father Porter, in vain, to let me take a large school in Salem. It was my determination to teach all I could before I settled for life. When I indulged a hope in Jesus, and looked upon the ministry with desire, teaching was still blended with my plan of preaching. The severe affliction with my eyes served to dampen my ardor somewhat, but my hobby still existed, and was always in mind. Every school-house, every satchel of books, every glance at a teacher, brought it fresh before me. I intended to become a first-rate instructor, and then a preacher. But when my dear father Porter died, his last advice to me altered my designs; I then determined to go through the Semi-

nary. But for reasons of which you are aware, I was advised to teach. I was invited to Concord, N.H., as principal of the Concord Literary Institution. I remained there three years, studying my profession with Dr. Bouton, was licensed, spent one year in Plymouth, N.H., have a call in my pocket from Amoskeag, one from Francistown and one other place now brought before me. I do not wish to settle yet. Do not feel ready. I shall probably study at Andover."

Thus was he led to the principal's chair in Abbot Academy, to continue the work he loved. His mind was ever fertile in plans for awakening enthusiasm in his pupils. He led them to think, and to strive for excellence whatever their life-work might be. The record of his success is in the reports of those years, and the memory of his patrons and pupils.

His first pastorate was in Holliston, Mass., where his faithful labors for six years will never be forgotten. The year after was spent as chaplain and teacher in the Reform School, at its opening, in Westboro, Mass. Those three hundred boys found in him a sympathizing friend and helper, untiring in his efforts to inspire them with hope and courage, and to lead them to Christ.

The three following years he was assistant principal of the first Normal School of Connecticut located in New Britain. At the same time, as assistant superintendent of the schools of the state, he conducted Institutes in every county.

Early in 1853 Mr. Stone removed to Norwich Town, and opened a private Seminary, which included a Boy's Family School, a Teacher's Department, High School, and preparatory grades, having in all about two hundred pupils. During five years of arduous school-work there, he preached nearly every Sabbath in neighboring parishes.

In the summer of '58, the sudden death of Mrs. Stone darkened that home to which she had been so necessary. Mrs. Stone was Phebe C. Holt, daughter of Deacon Solomon Holt, of Andover. Mr. Stone felt that he could no longer continue his school; he sold his place and returned to Massachusetts. The next year he married Susan M. Dickinson of Holliston, Mass., and settled as pastor of the Congregational Church at Amesbury, where he continued for nearly three years. The care of his sister's property necessitating his going to Indiana for an indefinite time, and a change of climate needed for the benefit of two of his children, then suffering from lung trouble, led him to ask for a dissolution of the pastoral relation, and he removed his family to Lafayette, Ind. Besides attending to

pressing business cares, during the year and a half of his stay there, he conducted a large school, and was active in the Second Presbyterian Church, of which he and his family were members. These months were full of trial and sorrow. He was called to part with his four children, who died between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five. Their lives had borne witness to their union with Christ, and had awakened fond hopes of their bringing forth much fruit to his glory.

Soon after Mr. Stone's return east, he was settled as pastor of the South Church in Marblehead. There the bereaved parents were again called to drink the bitter cup of disappointment and sorrow. The Shepherd called for the lamb of their flock, then their only one—just old enough to prattle loving words and bring joy to the desolated home. No murmuring word ever fell from that stricken father's lips. As those whom he had fondly hoped would labor in the vineyard of the Lord were called up higher, he was impelled to exert his every energy to do what they longed to do in the Master's service. His faithful and efficient preaching and pastoral labors in Marblehead, Assabet, North Beverly, and Hanover bore witness to this purpose. He often said that, having the blessed knowledge that it was the hand of infinite love and wisdom taking from us our treasures, our best solace for grief was found in laboring for those whom Jesus loves, in trying to bring them to rest in his fellowship, whose grace is "a very present help in trouble." His affections were very tender and strong, his sympathies quick and deep. As he ministered to the sorrowing of his charge, standing by the bed of the sick, burying the dead, comforting the mourner, he so lived over his own griefs, that his sensitive nerves thrilled with anguish.

Neuralgia, his constant foe, obliged him to leave his pastoral charge in 1875. For the next ten years he was engaged in teaching elocution, and in practical temperance work in western Massachusetts and in Albany, N.Y. The last two years of his active life, he resumed pastoral work and preaching, ministering to the Presbyterian Church in Windsor, N.Y. He went from Albany every Friday, returning early the next week. That church filled a large place in his thoughts and affections. When obliged, because of increasing feebleness, to give up going to Windsor, he thought he would try a nearer place of labor. He went twice to the church in Mayfield. The second time he was unable to preach, and came home on Monday, early in November, to go no more out. During the months of weakness and suffering that followed, he was cheerful, patient, and hopeful. He expected to get better and be able to work in

some way for others, after he felt that he could probably never preach again. But his work was done, and he peacefully slept in Jesus. His body was laid to rest in the cemetery in the West Parish, Andover, by the side of those of his family who went home before him. His wife, an adopted daughter, Mrs. G. R. Williams, two daughters, and one son survive him. His son, John Timothy, is a member of the class of '91 in Amherst College, hoping in due time, to be a minister of the gospel.

Mr. Stone was a devoted son, brother, and husband, a fond and indulgent father, a genial friend, and a ready helper. The love of Christ constrained him. Personal ease and inclination were set aside when he heard what he believed to be the call of duty. "Duty first," was always his motto. To him duty was the highest privilege. As a scholar, he loved the classics, and was a constant student of books, of men, and of nature. He wrote much for the press, usually over an unknown signature. He was too actively busy to carry out his literary plans. Numerous are the printed and written testimonials from appreciative friends, of his untiring efforts for the promotion of temperance, of his ability and success as an instructor, and of his power in the pulpit,—power to interest and impress, as he read the Scriptures, and the hymns of Zion,—power as he preached the fundamental truths, illustrating them by graphic delineations of Scripture scenes, by gems from classic authors, and by familiar every-day occurrences.

"The Rev. T. D. P. Stone, for three years pastor of the Main Street Church," says the Amesbury News, "was a fine elocutionist; it was said of him that his reading of the Scriptures and hymns was worth more to his hearers, than the sermons of ordinary preachers. Several of his sermons, while not fully understood at the time of their delivery, proved that the preacher anticipated the events which soon after plunged the nation into war. A little poem, entitled 'Harper's Ferry,' published at the time of the capture of John Brown, pictured the lesson of events to follow; and those who smiled in derision soon heard a 'knocking at the nation's ballot-box,' of a mighty import. His series of lectures to young men and women, were fine productions, while the portrayal of the life of Queen Esther was regarded as unexcelled by any pulpit orator. But the misfortunes of life cast a shadow over a once happy family circle; children loved and cherished sickened and died, and the strong man felt the force of the afflicting hand, and bowed his head. We remember him for his kind words and good counsel. The mystery of the future is revealed to him who spoke often in

mysterious words, and there is now no 'veil of mist between the seen and unseen.' ”

Rev. Henry Darling, D D., President of Hamilton College, N.Y., who knew Mr. Stone more intimately than any of his ministerial brethren during the last ten years of his life, writes, “ God spared him many years, and permitted him to labor long and faithfully in His name. Every one esteemed him for his Christlike character and devotion to his Master's service. In Christ here, he is now with Christ in his everlasting home.”

“ And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them.”

S. M. S.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

SUCCESSFUL as the Lawn Party of last summer proved to be, under the auspices of the Alumnae Association, it was decided then that future social reunions of the Association ought to be of a less general character, if we would stimulate and quicken the love of the Alumnae for their Alma Mater. Accordingly, the meeting of this year took the form of a Lunch Party, and was restricted to members of the Association. The date fixed for the reunion was March 14, the place, the Parker House, Boston. The blizzard modified to a degree the pleasure of the occasion, for it doubtless kept many from being present; but it served, perhaps, to make those living near Boston more painstaking in their efforts to be there. Some fifty ladies were there. Before the lunch was served, there was time for social greetings in the parlor adjoining the dining-room. The table was prettily spread, and the guests were allowed to choose their own seats so that old acquaintance might be renewed during the repast. Later, Mrs. Chamberlin, President of the Association, graciously welcomed the Alumnae to Boston, and introduced Miss McKeen, who spoke of the past, the present, and the future of the school. Inquiries about the A.B.C. scheme for French Hall called forth a report from Miss Merrill, who stated that she was in possession of eight hundred dollars. Many "letters" present gave their experience in attempting to raise money by the scheme, and all agreed to work on with good courage. Mrs. Brown (Miss Montague) and Mrs. Sperry (Miss Learoyd) spoke with affection of their debt to Abbot Academy. Much loyal feeling was aroused, and we all felt that it was good for us to have been there.

We learn with deep regret that the list of the Alumnae present at the Lawn Party, published in our last number, was not complete. Probably the only way to have secured an accurate list would have been to require registration on entering. We ask the pardon of any whose names have been inadvertently omitted.

Although the article on "The Relation of Abbot Academy to Foreign Missions" by Miss McKeen was printed by request in the Andover Townsman, it had been promised to the Courant from the first, and we are happy to give it to our readers as it was presented to the meeting of the Woman's Board in Boston, on the twentieth anniversary of its organization. The introduction fully explains the reasons for its appearance at that time. It has a peculiar value as giving the history of the Mission-

ary work in school, and it furnishes the only complete list of the names of those who have gone forth from school as missionaries.

The studio reception in Academy Hall, Friday evening, May 4, was very delightful. The hall was most tastefully arranged for guests, and the specimens of work in drawing and painting by Miss Means's class reflected great credit upon teacher and pupils. We hope this is but the beginning of like entertainments.

We share in the general regret and sense of loss at the departure of Rev. Leverett Bradley to his new field of labor in Philadelphia. At the same time, we welcome Rev. Frederick H. Palmer to Christ Church. He is brother of Julia Augusta Palmer, '58. Mrs. Palmer is sister of Mr. George Makepeace Towle, and has recently written a book called "The Rector of Deane."

Friday evening, April 27, the German pupils entertained an interested audience gathered in the Academy hall by presenting the following admirably executed programme:

Musik, Rigolette De Verdi (F. Liszt), Frl. Phillips. Prolog, Jungfrau Von Orleans, Frl. Jackson. Musik, Prelude in E moll (Mendelssohn), Frl. Perry. Scene aus Nathan der Weise: personen, Prinzessin Sittah, Frl. Peabody; Recha, eine Jüdin, Frl. Hendryx. Musik, Sanft sei dein Schlummer, mit Violin obligato (A. Randegger), Frl. Jackson, Frl. Phillips, Frl. Perry. Die Geheimnissvolle Fremde (Lutspiel in zwei Aufzügen): personen, Fr. Dr. Pille, Frl. Kespohl; Aurora, ihre Jungfer, Frl. Chapin; Eine Friseur, Frl. Staats; Fr. Bentel, Frl. Guernsey; Fr. Sparsam, Frl. Kuhnen; Fr. Stahlfeder, Frl. Phillips; Fr. Primarius Redetluss, Frl. Gage; Eine Fremde, Frl. Perry; Koechin, Frl. Gilmer. Poesie und Prosa: oder, Die Geheimnissvolle Fremde.

Their adopted tongue seemed as familiar to them as their English, and their pronunciation was all that could be wished, doing great credit to their faithful and excellent teacher, Fraulein Bodemeyer, as well as to their own earnest efforts.

We find it difficult to fitly express our deep regret that Fraulein Adelheid Bodemeyer must leave us at the close of this year. Her refinement and beauty of character, and her general culture, her power of awakening enthusiasm in her pupils, and devotion to her work have admirably fitted her for her position. Our most hearty wishes for her future happiness will follow her to her new home. We are happy to say that one of her friends, Fraulein Marie Heitmüller, of Göttingen, is to take her place. She is an accomplished scholar, and has been a successful teacher in Germany and Scotland.

The school library has received a handsome book entitled "Gleanings from the Sea," from the author, Mr. Joseph W. Smith, of Andover. Its very readable pages are generously illustrated by photographic views that lend great interest to the descriptions.

The school is greatly indebted to Mrs. B. B. Edwards for two valuable additions to its library, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Encyclopedia Americana*.

Mr. Baermann opened the thirteenth season of Abbot Academy recitals with a programme of great beauty and excellence. It began with the lovely E flat major sonata, opus 27, number one, followed by the great sonata in F minor, opus 57, known as the *Appassionata*. These were followed by a group of three of Chopin's pieces, which showed this romantic writer in varying moods, and were thoroughly enjoyed. Perhaps the crowning glory, certainly technically, was the last number upon the programme, the *Don Juan Fantasie* by Franz Liszt. It was played with great brilliancy and splendor, from first to last, after which Mr. Baermann received an ovation. We all look forward with great eagerness to his coming next year.

We hear that Mr. M. C. Gile, who married †Josephine E. Richards, '77, is soon to build a house on Bartlet Street.

We are sorry to lose Miss Cole from our board of teachers. In the short year she has taught here she has endeared herself to us by her spirit for earnest work and her quick and generous sympathies. Pleasant rumors have reached us of a new home, where our best wishes will follow her. †Miss Anna J. Kimball, '84, of Concord, N.H., is to take her place.

DRIFTWOOD.

We learn through a Dedham paper of the success of a musical entertainment given in the M. E. Church of Dedham, under the direction of Mrs. L. A. W. Fowler, who also took parts as accompanist and soloist. She was a music teacher at Abbot in '59. Mrs. Fowler has also written for the *Boston Transcript* an interesting account of a visit made by three hundred of the Ladies' Aid Association to the State Prison in Sherborn.

At our Saturday evening meeting, Jan. 7, Dr. Barnum of Kharpoot, Turkey, gave us some exceedingly interesting incidents of his thirty years labor near the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. He mentioned as among the proofs of the good being done there, the twenty-four churches of twenty-five hundred members established, the college for students of both sexes, and last, but not least, the great change wrought in the homes of the people by the enlightenment and elevation of the women. Dr. Barnum spoke to us also Friday morning, Jan. 20, on the parable of the vine and the branches, found in John xv. 1-8.

Jan. 28, we had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Leverett Bradley once more before he left Andover. He was earnest and practical in his presentation of truth. It has always been a delightful and useful exercise when he has spoken to us. We most heartily appreciate his kindness in speaking to us so often in the midst of his pressing cares.

Tuesday morning, April 10, Rev. E. A. Lawrence, grandson of the late Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods of Andover Theological Seminary, who has been making the tour of the world for the purpose of seeing the exact condition of mission work in all lands, spoke to us of work among women, as he saw it. Mr. Lawrence spoke again Friday, April 13, telling us of the work carried on at Marsovan, Turkey, among the Armenians, Greeks, and Turks. He emphasized the fact that the principal work of the missionary is to establish churches here and there, from which as centers the influence spreads in every direction.

Sat. April 14, Dr. Selah Merrill addressed us on the parable of the mustard seed. He spoke of the desire in every one for the best, a desire which is often unsatisfied, but which may be met by dint of patient persistent effort, by the best work which makes true the words, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof."

Friday morning, May 4, Miss Lizzie B. Pearson from Pao-ting-fu of North China Mission, formerly a resident of Andover, spoke to us with great interest of the condition of the Chinese women, and of the marked development of character in some who have become Christians.

The evening of May 5, we had the pleasure of listening to Rev. Frederick H. Palmer for the first time. He spoke of the scholar's aim taking his text from Proverbs xviii. 1. Character is the end which all seek, but it is only by making "friends with law" that one can develop the highest character. Christ himself is the head, and all the lines of our petty lives converge in him.

Annie Rockwell, '84, in company with her mother and sister, is spending some time in California. We give below some extracts from a letter written by her.

"For a time we are pleasantly settled in a home in the beautiful city of Pasadena. The old mission of San Gabriel is not six miles distant. I hope to find there the altar-cloth that Ramona mended so beautifully. The bells still ring out every Sabbath morning, and service is held in the mission. The Camulos Ranch is some distance from the mission. The other day I met a very interesting lady who was boarding with a lady at whose place Helen Hunt Jackson remained for a time during her stay in and about here, and she told me Ramona was simply an imaginary character, but that thirty years ago there was a bright and intelligent Indian, named Alessandro, whose business was horse-training, and who finally was unjustly accused of stealing a horse. This is supposed to be the fact that suggested the story and the termination of Alessandro's life. I was up at the mountains this last Tuesday, and found some manzanita wood — Ramona's cradle, you remember, was made of that. It is very pretty, something like polished mahogany. I am sorry I have discovered Ramona to be a myth, for I loved to fancy her roaming all about these beautiful hills in company with Alessandro.

"In January mother and I were going into Los Angeles on the train, and

my attention was drawn to a familiar face, yet I could not place it, and I would not speak. Since then my *Courant* has come, and now I am convinced it was Miss Julia Barnard, and that I had seen her at Andover. Going in to the city our car was thrown off the track, and after some pulling at the bell-rope I succeeded in stopping the train. It was she who came to me, and said, 'You ought to have a "pass" over the Santa Fe road as long as you live in California, for you have averted what might have proved a serious accident, as the train was quite under headway.'

"I have said nothing about the beautiful wild flowers. I never saw so many in my life. Only yesterday I was out in the fields, and picked nine kinds in a square foot. They are most beautiful and delicate. I wish I might send you a box full."

The Annual Speaking for the Means prizes at Phillips Academy took place Tuesday evening, May 8. The orations were written with thought and care, and the delivery was very good. While the judges were making their decision, the Glee Club and Orchestra sought to beguile the tedium of waiting with music. Among so many orations of nearly equal merit it must have been hard to give only three prizes; but the judges at last awarded the first prize to Marshall Putnam Thompson, whose subject was St. Augustine; the second to Fred Wadsworth Moore, and the third to Edmund Anderson Bird, both of whom spoke on the subject, *Has the Mugwump come to stay?*

We clip the following from the *Southern Workman* and *Hampton School Record* of April:

"The School had the pleasure of visits last month from good friends, old and new. Miss Anna L. Dawes received enthusiastic welcome, on her own account and as her father's daughter, heartily expressed to her by one of our Indian young men at the meeting of the Indian school. She gracefully responded with kind and helpful words, and her generous offer to shake hands and speak with each, gave her enough to do for the next half hour." Two articles by Miss Dawes '70, "An Unknown Nation," published in *Harper's* for March, and "Frederic W. Myers, Poet and Critic," in the *Andover Review* for March, have received most favorable notice.

It is rumored that some members of the faculty of the Theological Seminary are to spend the summer in Europe. Dr. Bancroft has received a gift of \$1000 with the hope that he will use it for recreation in this or foreign lands. Dr. Bancroft gave a very interesting address at the Old South church Easter evening.

Our library has been very acceptably enriched by a gift from the Senior class of a complete set of Thackeray's works. There has been a long-felt want of this author's works, and the givers find a hearty response of gratitude on every side.

The Harriet Beecher Stowe house has been rebuilt inside almost as it

was before the fire. It will be used for the present as a hotel under the charge of Mr. Carter.

The Senior class enjoyed a trip to the Boston Art Museum in the middle of the Winter Term. Their object was to study sculpture, beginning with the Egyptian and coming down to modern times.

The course of lectures upon Shakespeare's plays given in the Town Hall by Mr. Henry A. Clapp on four successive Tuesday evenings in February proved of the highest interest to students of Shakespeare. Mr. Clapp divided the poet's creative life into four periods. As illustrating the first, he chose "Romeo and Juliet"; the second, "Henry IV."; the third, "Othello"; and the fourth, "A Winter's Tale," each of which formed the subject of a lecture. Mr. Clapp's high appreciation of Shakespeare's thought, his discrimination of character, and his keen sense of beauty fit him admirably for his work.

Two meetings of the Sphinx have been held since our last issue. The first was a Longfellow evening, poems being read and illustrated by tableaux vivants. At the second meeting the veritable Mrs. Jarley appeared with her "wonderful and life-like collection of wax figgers."

Saturday, March 17, the Senior class spent an interesting afternoon at the gymnasium of Phillips Academy witnessing the annual athletic exhibition.

The early part of last term we enjoyed two very pleasant entertainments given at Phillips Academy. The first was a reading by Miss Marion Stearns of Boston. Among the many selections admirably rendered the Chariot Race from Ben Hur was especially fine.

Jan. 13, Mr. James E. Murdock gave a reading at Phillips Academy. Prof. Churchill's introduction of Mr. Murdock as "the Nestor of us all" prepared us to listen with great interest. Mr. Murdock's selections from Macbeth showed his masterly power of interpreting thought. Miss Drew sang with great sweetness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson (Abby F. Hamlin '56) are to sail the first week in August for Constantinople, where Mr. Anderson is to take a professorship in Robert College.

† M. Mary Nevin, '84, is still abroad with her mother and sister. They have journeyed this winter from Germany down through Venice, Rome, and the principal cities of Italy, and back through Switzerland to Germany. They expect to return to America this summer or fall. The following, from a private letter, will be of interest to her friends.

"After Naples came Capri and Sorrento; what a host of recollections these names bring back! Handsome men, women, and children; bare feet, beautiful brown skins, big black eyes, and gay colored kerchiefs; and oh, the fascination of them all, and the free and easy life! The blue grotto was even bluer than the paintings. The donkey-rides and

walks, the boat-rides on the sapphire blue bay — all memories most entrancing. And Sorrento — it is a little paradise of beautiful gardens, oranges and blossoms, lemons, bowers of roses, sea-breezes, and sweet perfumes."

I should like to be a teacher because my tribe needs that. When I go home I shall have a little house, room enough to ten or twelve scholars in — then I will teach them so they will learn enough to go to white schools — then will be easy to them to understand English. When I teach I will say to them, "What are the eight parts of speech?" If they will said, "Noun, pronoun, adjectives, verbs, adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections." Then I shall say to them again, "What is a noun?" If they will said, "The noun is a word used as a name," then I will say to them, "Very well, I will excuse the class early this time because you have such a good lesson this morning." I hope God will help me and this story will come to be true.

LAMBERT, Hampton, Va.

A funny little mistake made by an Indian boy in writing "made" for "maker," reminds us of the old song:

"What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice,
That's what little girls are made of."

He says:

"Tinsmith is made of dustpan, cup, and teapot;
Tailor is made of pants, vest, and coat;
Blacksmith is made of iron shoes."

EXCHANGES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the following exchanges: *College Speculum*, *The Adelpian*, *High School Review*, *Rockford Seminary Magazine*, *The Brunonian*, *The Speculum*, *Res Academical*, *Haverhill Life*, *School News*, *The Jabberwock*, *The Young Educator*.

PERSONALS.

We are always glad to welcome back former pupils. Since our last issue the following have visited us: † Alice B. Gardner, '78; Mary D. Woodman, '80; Mrs. Anna Duryea Denny, '82; † Annie D. Frye, '82; † Nellie L. Hadley, '83; Helen Holmes, '84; † Mattie Kenneson, '85; † Harriet Raymond, '86; † Alice C. Twitchell, '86; † Grace M. Carleton, '86; Isabel Jewell, '86; † Molly F. Bill, '87; † Emma F. Twitchell, '87; † Catherine F. Crocker, '87; S. Eloise Gallup, '87; Sadie Pettee, '87; Mary Bachelder, '88.

† Miss Anna W. Dwight, '71, has entered the sisterhood of St. Margaret's Home, 17 Louisberg Sq., Boston.

Mr. Wm. Hilton, a former resident of Andover, who died in Boston, Dec. 25, 1887, left a legacy of \$10,000 to Abbot Academy. His wife, Esther A. Ward was a pupil here in 1842.

Dr. Wm. Ryder, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has accepted the professorship of Greek Exegesis in the Theological Seminary, and will enter upon his duties next September.

† Minnie L. Merrill, '84 is teaching in Fitchburg, Mass.

We are sorry to hear that, on account of serious illness, Rev. Dr. Bronson, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church, Andover, has been obliged to give up his recently assumed pastorate at Crookston, Minn., and will remove to St. Paul.

Mrs. Charles Smith has sold her residence on School Street to Mr. H. J. Canfield, and has removed to Rochester, N. Y.

† May G. Field, '84, is teaching in Turners Falls, Mass.

† Lucia E. Trevitt, '86, will be unable to return to Kalamazoo, Mich. for another year, on account of illness in her family. She has enjoyed her work there very much. We are not surprised to learn that Miss Isabella G. French has been remarkably successful as principal of Michigan Seminary, Kalamazoo.

We hear that † Julia P. Rockwell '85 is to close her connection with the school in Hampton, Va. at the end of the school year. Mrs. Gorton and † Mary M. Gorton '86 will return to Hampton for another year.

We have received a call from Mrs. E. A. Lawrence (Margaret O. Woods, '29), one of the first day-scholars of Abbot. Mrs. Lawrence has presented the school with a copy of her recent work, "The Tobacco Problem." We here take the opportunity to say that we should be very grateful to any author among the former pupils who would send the school a copy of her work, containing her autograph.

Miss Minnie T. Kittredge, '70 has been spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Bancroft, of Phillips Academy.

March 28, Annie Elizabeth French gave a public reading at Steinert Hall, Boston. Miss French has been graduated from the Boston School of Oratory.

We are grateful to Mrs. Stone for the interesting and faithful portraiture of her husband, Dr. J. D. P. Stone, who was formerly a principal of this school.

A little grandson of Abbot Academy was punished one day by his mamma because he had been naughty. Leaving him alone in his room, she said, "I would tell God all about it, and ask him to forgive me." When he came down, smiling and happy, she asked him if he had done so. "No mamma," said he, "I thought perhaps you wouldn't want anybody to know it outside the family."

Among our recent visitors are: Miss Mary E. Sweetzer, '67, and Miss Lizzie H. Pennell, '83.

Many old scholars will be interested to hear of Lucy H. Tilton, '60. Her first husband and eldest son died suddenly, by accident, and not long after, she lost her only remaining child, a son. She has since married, and with her husband, Mr. Gott, and her little daughter, has a pleasant home in North Cambridge, Mass.

MARRIAGES.

'78. In Chicago, Ill., Sept. 3, 1887, † Francis L. Howard, to Dr. H. J. Brainerd.

'78. In Sewickley, Pa., Feb. 23, 1888, Mary J. Atwell, to Wilmer B. Finkbine.

'83. In Whitefield, N. H., May 1, † Alice M. Stebbins of Newbury, Vt., to Van Herbert Dodge.

'84. In East Thetford, Vt., June 14, 1887, † Mary I. Brickett, to Chas. S. Willmot.

'87. In Framingham, Feb. 4, Annie C. Davenport, to John M. Merriam.

'87. In North Adams, Jan. 3, Grace R. Whitaker, to Lindsay H. Shepard.

In Boston, April 10, Mary Lawrie to Walter J. Buck, son of Mr. E. G. Buck, formerly a trustee of Abbot Academy.

DEATHS.

In Woods Holl, Feb. 16, Chas. E. Hatch, father of † Ruth A. Hatch, '85.

In Glastonbury, Ct., Feb. 25, Mrs. Mary J. Staats, wife of Rev. Henry T. Staats, and mother of Emily Staats, '88.

In Peoria, Ill., Jan. 29, Mittie, sister of Belle Wilbur, '88.

In Philbrook, Montana, March 31, Cora S. Matthews, '82.

In Hartford, Ct., March 5, Rev. W. S. Karr, Professor of Systematic Theology at Hartford Theological Seminary. Dr. Karr was the father of † Mary Karr, '75.

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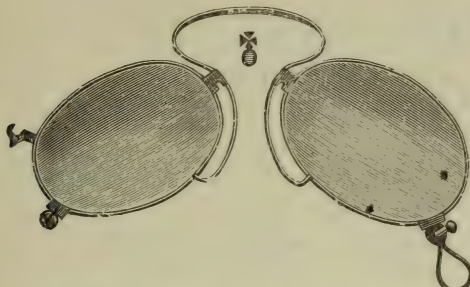
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THE ABBOT COURANT.

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NO. 1.

STUDIES IN ART.

I. RUBENS.

To be a great artist a man must possess that fulness, reach, and activity of mind which constitutes greatness. Rubens was a master artist. Magnificent seems to be the only adjective descriptive of him; it alone expresses the effect of his color; even his faults are magnificent. The fertility and invention of Rubens — distinctions which he shares with Raphael, Albert Durer, as well as Shakespeare — are by some considered a defect in him; but with him, as with others, "to live was to produce."

Rubens learned to talk in three languages; his mother speaking to him in their native Flemish, his father in Latin, and his tutor in French. When, at an early age, he entered the studio of Professor Van Noort, he took with him what rarely falls to the lot of an artist, a classical education; and, despite the master's violent temper and rough ways, the apt pupil remained with him four years. Under the training of this able painter and good colorist he thoroughly mastered the technical part of the art on which the future success of his life was essentially based. The next four years saw him in the studio of Venius, a better artist and a very different man from Professor Van Noort. — learned and cultivated, kind and courtly in manners.

In the seventeenth century Italy was the centre of art, and all the abundant masterpieces of the great native painters were found there. The artistic nature of young Rubens arousing within him a strong desire to behold the works of the far-famed colorists, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, and others, he bade farewell to his accomplished master and cordial friend, and, taking a tender leave of his home, set out upon what was then a long journey. It is easy to picture to ourselves the young student, radiant with health and beauty, his spirits aglow with expectation, descending the southern slope of the Alps, whither he was bending his way, towards the plains of Lombardy. In person, as well as in mind, nature had richly endowed Rubens. His figure was finely proportioned, his head was superb, his forehead broad, and his eyes large and luminous. With such rarely beautiful features and noble and commanding air, he won the admiration of all observers. But, while admitting that his art alone richly entitled him to that recognition and attention from the princes of the land which he received during his seven years residence in Italy, it must not be overlooked that the beauty of his person and his richly cultivated mind contributed largely to this favor.

From Italy he returned to his native land, and established himself in Antwerp, where he opened a school and attracted a large number of pupils. He became as popular in Antwerp as he had been in Italy. His works of art and his society were sought for by princes and monarchs, by Clara Eugenia, Mary de Medicis, Philip III. and Philip IV. of Spain, and by Charles I. of England, who overwhelmed him with favors. He was recognized as the master of his age. In the capacity of a teacher the influence of Rubens was strongly felt through Antwerp and Flanders. To be admitted into his studio as a pupil was considered a great favor; and, as he made his pupils his assistants, he received only those who had unusual talent. Among the most famous of his pupils were Anthony Van Dyck and Teniers. Besides these, Rubens had a crowd of rivals and imitators.

Different periods of artistic development may be noticed in the works of Rubens. The early constraint broadens into his later freedom, when he obtained greater results with far less apparent effort. His flesh tones, which were yellowish, and his shadows, which were brown, became natural and more distinct; and the works which he produced after his return to Antwerp are soft in color and clear in outline. The "Assumption" corresponds to his first period, and his second is illustrated by the "Battle of the Amazons,"

where the contest is taking place on a bridge, and the air resounds with the cries of the dying victims.

Two of his greatest works are the "Descent from the Cross" and its companion piece, the "Elevation of the Cross," by some considered equal with the Descent. With the one, the tragedy is there in all its significance and grandeur, but the agony is over: in the other, the agony fills the eye and appalls the heart. Among the nine figures which make up the picture not one but is to be recognized for truth. The movement of the body, expression of the head, — everything is conceived with judgment, and executed with fidelity. One is profoundly impressed with its grand, central light against the dark background, its masses of color, its distinct and massive divisions. Certainly the scene is powerful and grave; it is serious, and produces seriousness. The Descent is in itself a school of painting; and had Rubens but produced this one work he would take his place among the greatest masters of his art.

The affluence of Rubens shows itself as that of a powerful master in classical mythology and sacred and profane history. In each of these provinces he has left masterpieces. In his pictures there is freedom and wonderful perfection; especially is there life, the very condition of excellence in art; excellence being in proportion to intensity of action.

Was Rubens a religious artist? Some critics call him a pagan. Rubens painted biblical and ecclesiastical subjects, as Leonardo, Titian, and Michael Angelo painted them, because there was a demand for such works of art; churches and convents being, in those days, not only the chief patrons, but requiring a large canvas — just those which give a great artist his best opportunity. Rubens and Raphael are not religious painters in the sense that Fra Angelico is; he is but a religious painter, and had Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael been like him there would have been no renaissance in the sixteenth century.

The works ascribed to Peter Paul Rubens are about eighteen hundred. Though much of the actual labor was performed by his pupils, there is something of himself in them all.

We have seen what Rubens was as an artist. Passionate movement, keen delight in action, and deep and strong sentiment are the elements of his style. As a man he was highly cultivated, a noble patriot, and an accomplished cavalier.

When, in the month of May 1640, the word flew from Antwerp that Rubens was dead, Europe mourned that she had lost one of her greatest lights. In Antwerp an unwonted gloom settled over

the town. When the tidings reached Spain, the grave Spaniards grew graver. Charles I. of England had loved Rubens. On him the news fell like a blow, and deepened the darkness that was gathering around the doomed king. The career of Rubens, so nobly closed, finds hardly a parallel in the history of art for its eminent success in achievement, in brilliancy, and in fame. Coleridge says, of the power of thought and color in Rubens, that a large masterpiece of his is "one vast and magnificent whole, consisting of heaven and earth and all things therein." E. F. S '88.

II. VAN DYCK.

A man of noble birth and princely surroundings, of rare beauty and fine education, chivalric in spirit and adored by his fellow-students, sought after and feted by kings, both at home and abroad — such was Anthony Van Dyck, one of the greatest of Flemish painters. Surely he could not have been placed in more advantageous circumstances for development. His artistic genius early displayed itself. When a mere youth he entered Rubens's studio, where his powers rapidly developed. His extraordinary skill is shown by the following anecdote. During Rubens' absence one day, his pupils bribed the servant to give them access to the studio. In crowding too near the easel on which stood "The Descent from the Cross," one of them accidentally fell against the canvas, disfiguring the arm and knee of the Virgin. They were filled with consternation, fearing the consequences of their master's wrath when he should discover what had happened. At length they resolved that some one must repair it, and chose Van Dyck as the ablest among them. So skilfully did he accomplish his task, that some days passed before Rubens discovered the work of the young artist, and then he allowed it to remain on account of its excellence. Soon afterwards the pupil became Rubens' assistant, and this, as well as the fact that he was admitted to the Guild of Painters when only nineteen years of age, is a proof of his unusual artistic ability.

In 1622, Van Dyck left Rubens to travel in Italy. In Venice he made a careful study of Titian and Giorgione, whose influence is distinctly shown in those pictures painted while there. The realistic forms were laid aside for those more refined, and his flesh-tones were subdued. He made only a short sojourn in Rome on account of the jealousy of his fellow-students, and consequently his style of

painting was little, if any, changed by that atmosphere. Two years were spent in Genoa, where many of his paintings still remain.

It has been said that Rubens was jealous of his pupil's talent, and advised him to devote his time to portrait painting only, fearful lest he might develop such power in historical painting as would render him a rival. True or false as this may be, Van Dyck spent the greater part of his energies in portraiture; although this might have been due in part to the fact that the English, with whom the prime of his life was passed, were more partial to this branch of art. Called to England by Charles I., he spent the rest of his life there, doing his best work under this king's patronage. No family has been so often and so accurately portrayed on canvas as has the Stuart, by Van Dyck. Charles so admired him, that he presented him with a gold chain from which hung a picture of the monarch set in diamonds, gave him a fine residence in a most desirable part of London, and conferred upon him the order of Knighthood within three months after his arrival.

The courtiers were not slow in following their king's example, and showered honors upon him. Pictures of the king alone, the queen alone, both together, and with their children were finished with amazing rapidity. Thirty-six pictures of Charles and twenty-five of Queen Henrietta still exist. He was fond of painting those who dressed in rich velvets, silks, satins, laces, and jewels. A meaner garb had no charms for him. The scarlet velvet, blue silk, or white satin worn by Queen Henrietta fairly shimmered in her portraits. One instantly recognizes the very material of the garments worn by Van Dyck's models. The soft drapery of these fabrics, falling in graceful folds, he delighted to reproduce. Yet Van Dyck was no less skilful in depicting the face itself. He was as scrupulous in choosing the best view of his model as in giving the true expression of momentary passion and permanent character. Every detail of dress and feature was most carefully observed: and to obtain a more thorough study of his subjects, he often invited them to dine with him that he might watch them under varying circumstances. All the portraits of Charles I. show the same frank face with regularly cut features, the pointed beard equalled by none except Van Dyck's own, and a combined expression of princely dignity, grace, and pride with, perhaps, a slight touch of sadness. In the equestrian portrait of Charles, Van Dyck displays his skill in representing animals, and this is still further seen in the portrait of General Moncada, where the horse upon which he is seated is so lifelike, that one almost expects him to step from the picture. In

fact, this is considered the finest equestrian portrait in the world. We are all familiar with the pictures of the sweet children of Charles. One of the most pleasing is that in which Prince Charles, seven years of age, dressed in scarlet, with his sister Mary in white satin, and James in blue silk are standing together in a most graceful attitude, with two pet spaniels at their feet. Each bright, childish face has at the same time a dignity becoming youthful princes. Even the spaniels have an aristocratic air about them.

The picture of the Pembroke family is the largest Van Dyck ever painted, and, although so many figures are grouped together, each is individual as if most accurately represented. Lady Venetia Digby was a favorite subject with the artist. In one portrait, where she is represented as Prudence the artist so mastered his subject, that it was said, "It would be next to impossible to perform an unbecoming action while it hung in the room." After her death he painted her lying on a couch, with a faded rose at her side: and so complete was his mastery of the difficulties that her pallor alone suggested the sleep of death. Besides the numerous court portraits, Van Dyck left a large collection of pictures of warriors, statesmen, and other celebrities. No one has so faithfully represented English beauty.

Although Van Dyck painted few historical pictures, he has left some that are excellent. "The Crucifixion," now in the Mechlin Cathedral, is perhaps his greatest work of this class. The Christ is depicted on the cross between the two thieves, with an expression of divine love and patient endurance, together with intense physical suffering. Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "This, perhaps, is the most capital of all his works in respect to variety and extensiveness of design, and judicious disposition of the whole. In the efforts which the thieves make to detach themselves from the cross, he has successfully encountered the difficulty of the art, and the expression of grief and resignation in the Virgin is admirable. The picture on the whole may be considered one of the finest in the world, and shows the highest idea of Van Dyck's powers. It shows that he had truly a genius for historical painting if he had not been taken off by portraits." That Van Dyck had an inclination towards historical painting, is evident from his ambition to paint something large, as the ceiling at White Hall, and again at the Louvre. However, his desire was never granted, owing to a disagreement in regard to the price. We cannot tell what latent power he might have developed, had he had an opportunity.

If a comparison be drawn between Rubens and Van Dyck it

should be in regard to quality, not quantity. Van Dyck was undoubtedly inferior in scope of ideas, but he was unparalleled in that which he did. In correctness of drawing, transparent coloring, and elevated conception of form and expression Van Dyck was unsurpassed. Rubens excelled in boldness of conception, but gave less refinement to his figures. He depicted momentary action, whereas Van Dyck delighted in more quiet scenes, showing nature susceptible to sweetness and sentiment. Excess in form and color was avoided by him. He softens the turbulent in Rubens, adds height to the forms that Rubens makes too short, in a word, gives an air of refinement to the whole picture. In painting a lady's wrist, a slender hand, a finger with a ring upon it, or a delicate fabric, Van Dyck far excels Rubens. All his work reveals the delicate, refined nature of the man. He puts himself into his pictures, and thus naturally imparts feeling to his figures. As a portrait painter he was unequalled. Rubens was inferior to him. Titian alone approached him. His portraits have immortalized his name. To him we are indebted for that school of painters that came later, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and their followers. Van Dyck may be said to have been the founder of painting in England.

Cowley awards him no undeserved praise when he says in his elegy on this prince of portrait painters :

"Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
 Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
 Or those who saw 't; for none his works could view
 Unmoved with the same passion which he drew.
 His pieces so with their live objects strive
 That both a picture seem, or both alive.
 Nature herself, amazed, does doubting stand,
 Which is her own, and which the painter's, hand:
 And does attempt the like with less success
 When her own work in twins she would express.
 His all-resembling pencil did outpass
 The mimic imagery of looking-glass.
 Nor was his life less perfect than his art;
 Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.
 There was no false or fading color there;
 The figures sweet and well-proportioned are."

E. J. S. '88.

ABBOT ACADEMY GROUNDS.

"Andover!" shouts the brakeman, and the train stops. We no sooner land than a small boy walks along with us, telling us that the barge will take us directly to the Academy. We follow this small specimen of humanity, and are soon seated in the aforesaid barge.

Such a lovely old town as Andover is! The streets are very wide, and the trees arch over them. The houses are, many of them, old, but kept up in very good order. Soon we turn into a yard where there seems to be great commotion. At the left is a large red brick building, which before this term stood facing the street, and is now moved back of one of the halls and raised one story. Four large pillars hang from the eaves, with no support for the base. I was calmly gazing on the large white dome of the Academy (for so it was) when I was suddenly jerked back, my head knocked against the back of the barge, and my neck almost broken. I had no sooner recovered my composure than I was sent sliding forward into the middle of the barge. By this time I thought I would like to ascertain whether the roads were hard wood or macadamized. We arrived at the door of Smith Hall, and then, as it was late, I went up into my room to dream of "Home, Sweet Home" and the dear ones I had so recently left.

The next morning I was awake and dressed before the rising bell sounded through the halls. I was a *new* scholar! The first thing I did, after rising, was to look out of my window, which faces the street. What I saw was a grand upheaval of mother earth. I thought I was in the land of modern mound-builders; for the lawn in front of the house was covered with grass-grown mounds, some of them very large.

After breakfast we took our half-hour walk, and I managed to make my way under derrick-ropes, over piles of rocks, and somehow found the street. I asked the girls the reason of this chaos, and was informed that it was the beginning of a new dormitory for Abbot Academy.

Every morning for two weeks I sat at my window studying, or, rather, making brave attempts at it: for every few minutes I would hear a great deal of calling and gruff ordering, and out would pop my head to ascertain the meaning of it all. A large, rectangular plot of ground was being dug up. Dump-carts, drawn by poor, tired horses, were carting the earth away; more dump-carts were bringing in large stones. Two derricks were stationed, one at either

end of the rectangle. A large stone would be fastened to the lifter of the derrick: then a man would begin to turn a crank, a-la-hand-organ, and the massive stone would slowly move, and in five minutes be laid in its place and mortared on as part of the foundation.

Like Jack's bean-stalk, the building grew, and it grew, and it grew; and now the chaos which existed on my arrival has taken a definite form. By the first gate stands French Hall: then we follow the drive, and pass the new building which is in process of erection. Still farther back, just in front of the beautiful grove, is Smith Hall. Then the driveway curves, and we again face the street, passing the Academy and German Hall.

When *all* our new buildings are up, they will face a court or square, and the French and German Halls of to-day will be removed. The buildings, when finished, will be a great ornament to the grounds, and Andover will be more proud than ever before of her Abbot Academy.

D. S. P. '91.

ABBOT ACADEMY OF '94.

MY DEAR ALICE:

It seems impossible that four years have passed since we bade good-by to Abbot Academy. That was in the spring of 1890. What a brilliant class we were! and how forlorn without us the teachers must have felt at the opening of school in the following fall! The one drawback in the otherwise perfect arrangements for the Commencement exercises of that year was the condition of the grounds. Draper Hall was completed; but bricks, pipes, and lumber adorned the place where one would naturally look for lawns.

Such are our remembrances of that happy and yet sad day. But when I visited there last month I found everything changed. I arrived in Andover about half past ten o'clock. The station had a very familiar look; and I felt a thrill of excitement as the carriage dashed up School Street at a rate which showed me that there was an altogether different specimen of a quadruped propelling the vehicle from the one of 1890.

"Draper Hall," announced my driver, and handed me out with the grace of a king. I touched the electric bell, and Joanna, looking as pleasant as in former years, opened the door. I handed her my card, and while she was gone tried to compose myself enough to view my surroundings. Such pretty, homelike parlors! and the

tête-a-tête by the fireplace had such an inviting look! I remembered with pride that these rooms were furnished by the classes of '90 and '91. Another example of our good taste!

Very soon Miss McKeen entered, and, after a warm greeting and a pleasant chat about old times and old scholars, kindly asked me if I would not like to go over the hall. The invitation was gladly accepted, and from the moment we started I was in a maze, everything is so different from what it used to be. In the first place, I started for the back stairs; but Miss McKeen said, "This way," and I followed her. A small specimen of humanity opens a door for us, makes a very deferential bow, then closes the door, and we begin to rise. An elevator in Abbot Academy! Those dear old back stairs, up which I have stumbled so many times, are a thing of the past. We step out at the first landing into a pleasant corridor with doors on either side.

This floor is devoted to sleeping-rooms and studies. To every two girls are assigned two rooms; one may be used as a study and the other as a bed-room, or each girl may have an apartment to herself. Some of the rooms which we visited were perfect little homes in themselves, and I was led to inquire if the new girls could possibly have such severe attacks of homesickness as in the days when we were in school. But I was told that the disease still appears at the beginning of the school year.

On the third floor is a suite of rooms, over the door to which is carved the name of Lilian Holbrook, whose memorial they are. The large parlor is for musical receptions, and is exquisitely decorated and furnished. I especially noticed the superb grand piano, the gift of Mr. Downs. From this beautiful room open the practice-rooms, whose walls are padded, so that now girls are not driven nearly distracted by the medley of scales, waltzes, and finger-exercises. We lingered in the pleasant rooms a short time, then proceeded to the fourth floor. Here are studios filled with everything necessary for the work to which they are devoted. Such beautiful views as are to be seen from the windows ought to make a poet, if not an artist, of any girl.

After wandering about for some time, we returned to the first floor, and visited the library. The shelves are filled with choice volumes, and one section with books whose authors, once scholars here, have presented them to the school.

We really had taken quite a journey, and I was glad to rest for a few moments in Miss McKeen's reception room. From the windows of this pleasant room I had a fine view of the grounds and

buildings. The buildings face the quadrangle. Draper Hall stands a little back from the old site of Smith Hall, and is a handsome brick building with terra-cotta trimmings. The old French and German Halls have been moved away, and the Academy stands back of where German Hall once stood. Two stone cottages, the gifts of former pupils, are now occupied by the students of French and German. They are very unique in design, and add much to the general appearance of the institution. The lawn slopes gradually to the sidewalk, and is bright and gay with shrubs and foliage plants.

But the carriage has come to take me to the station. I say good-by to Miss McKeen, and with a feeling very like that of envy towards the girls who are so fortunate as to be scholars in such an institution I leave the grounds.

C. E. MCD. '90.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

"But certain men clave unto him and believed, among whom also was
Dionysius the Areopagite."

"Dionysius unto his faithful friend
sends greeting.

The day was wondrous fair in Attica.
Bright Eos, smiling goddess of the dawn,
All clad in saffron robes and dewy wreaths,
With rosy fingers touched the night's dark cloud,
And brought sweet sleep to weary Phosphorus.
Soon Helios followed in his golden car;
And as his steeds high in the heavens climbed,
The earth was bathed in quickening warmth and light;
Blue was the sky, and far as eye could see
Aegean's waves reflected all the hues.
Poseidon was at peace, and all his nymphs
Guarded our shores; while Notus ruled the air.

"Fairest of Grecian lands is Attica!

And of all cities Athens is most fair!

O friend, my heart was stirred to praise and prayer.

But which of all the shrines should be my choice?

Whose statue should I deck, whose favor crave?

On yonder hill Athene's temple stands,

Its snowy marbles wrought with master art;

And high aloft, gleaming like burnished gold,

Her warlike image guarded sea and land.

On either hand the statues graced the way.
 Here was Apollo, here the Queen of Love,
 And here the altar sacred unto Zeus.
 A hundred gods, with hundred attributes!
 Whom should I choose—to whom pour out my soul,
 And give my life a living sacrifice?
 Which should I choose—love, power, wisdom, truth?
 Olympian Jove, or Hera, Venus, Mars?

“Alas, no *one* my needs could satisfy!
 Perchance there is a God above them all,
 One who will hear my prayer and fill my soul,
 Who blends in one each gracious attribute.
 And then did I recall an altar old,
 High on the hill of Mars, which bore the words,
 ‘Unto the unknown God,’ and hastening there
 I laid my garland on that throne, and prayed.
 Lo, as I knelt, I heard a wondrous voice,
 So rich in love and human sympathy,
 My heart responded as to music sweet.
 And friend, the blessed words I heard were these,
 ‘The unknown God declare I unto you!’
 And when I turned, I saw no Grecian sage
 Or priestess, but a stranger from afar.
 Again he spake, and to my soul gave peace:
 ‘Know ye, oh seekers after highest God,
 He dwelleth not in temples made with hands,
 And needeth not the garlands that ye bring.
 He giveth life to all, and hath made all;
 He wills that you should seek and find the Lord.
 He is not far from every one of us.
 In him we live and move, as sang your poets:
 We are His offspring; and is the Godhead
 Like unto silver, gold, or graven stone,
 Wrought by the art of man’s device? Repent!
 This God hath set a day when He will judge
 With righteous judgment all the world, by Him
 Whom He ordained, and raised from power of death.”

“At this the crowd did mock, but some drew near
 And begged to hear again of these great themes.
 While I, O friend, clave unto him with joy,
 Believing in this God of life and death.

Speed thy return, and may my God be thine!”

Written from Athens, and sent by the hand of the
 slave Theseus.

E. M. C. '78.

GÖTTINGEN.

To the German pupils of Abbot Academy. Göttingen must have a peculiar interest as being the home of two beloved teachers, Miss Adelheid Bodemeyer and Miss Victoria Heitmüller.

Through a smooth and level stretch of land, over which the railway train rushes to its destination, the river Seine quietly and slowly wends its course through fields and fir forests, and flows through the city of Göttingen not far from its source.

Years ago a fort raised its grey walls above the plain, and bayonets flashed beneath the rays of the noonday sun as the guards paced their hourly rounds. Now its ruins only make the city more picturesque. To-day the smoke from Göttingen's thousands of chimneys rises, not from within the walls as in those days, for the number of its inhabitants has increased to 22,000. Its streets have been lengthened, and buildings erected until the formerly strong walls, built as a protection to the fort, now lie within, rather than without, the city, partly in ruins, and covered with trees which shade a broad walk running around its top, from which can be had a fine view of the city and its surroundings.

Looking over the dead level of the country, the eye at last rests, with a pleasant sense of relief, upon the Harz Mountains looming up in the eastern, and the high Hagen and others in the western horizon. A traveller returning from Switzerland might call these picturesque mountains simply hills, but resting in the plain to which they seem to have rolled from some distant mountain range, and to have stopped by the force of gravitation rather than by the existence of any obstacle impeding their progress, they present a majestic appearance. The ruins of many old castles are seen upon their heights, whose aspect and situation bring to the mind the wierd tales of grim old barons and beautiful ladies, and mysterious legends of thrilling interest that tell of strange sounds, sudden disappearances, nightly revels, and ghostly scenes.

Göttingen itself is an attractive little city, with its manufactories, fine business blocks, and splendid stores, its wide streets lined with beautiful new residences. The old city with its uninteresting and not very picturesque buildings is gradually disappearing; a burgher of the eighteenth century, could he revisit it, would not recognize it to-day.

A street lined with stately trees, called the Allee, leads from the

railroad station through the town, and is remembered by every one who is acquainted with Göttingen, as one of its most fashionable thoroughfares. Passing along the Allee one cannot fail to notice the elegant library, built within the last few years, which contains a large number of volumes and manuscript taken from the old library building, which was once a church. Wilhelmplatz, in which there is a fine statue of William IV., was the location of the old theatre, which was burned down two or three years ago. A new one is being built outside of the wall to the left of the Albani Thor.

But it is as the seat of the Georgia Augusta University that Göttingen is chiefly known, and its University ranks among the highest in Germany. It was founded in 1734 by George II., and dedicated in 1737, and has become the national university of Brunswick and Hanover. Over eleven hundred students, wearing caps that distinguish the different corps to which they belong, throng the streets and answer the bell which summons them to their daily tasks. Seventy professors form the faculty of the University: among whom may be mentioned Meissner, Rosenbach, Swartz, and Tollenus. William IV. left a large sum of money for the building in which the Council of the University meets. Degrees are conferred in the Aula, which is gaudily painted, but handsome and effective.

The old Museum of natural history, which was unworthy of the University, has been replaced by a large new one, which contains, among other curiosities, a valuable collection of skulls of natives from all over the world, dresses from the South Sea brought by Captain Cook, and some paintings, all left by Prof. Blumenbach. The University is in possession of one of the finest botanic gardens in Hanover, and its observatory, now quite old, was recently under the charge of the well-known Prof. Klinkerfuesz, popular among young and old for his originality and keen wit.

This University can boast of having sent into the world such men as Bismark, the Humboldts, Heyne, Eichorn, Ewald, Müller, Weber, Gervinus, Huren, and the brothers Grimm, and through it alone Göttingen would become famous.

But it is not the University alone which makes this little city so full of life and gayety. The streets are noisy with the rash of vehicles, and the passing to and fro of the students on their way to their classes. Now and then a soldier, in his bright uniform, enlivens the scene, as he obeys the summons calling him to the city.

The gay life of soldiers and officers, and the literary atmosphere created by the University, lend a charm to Göttingen, which is decidedly social in its tastes.

But Göttingen has an added interest to us. Our steps would turn to the noble Weender Chausse, on which we should find the home of Fräulein Bodemeyer, and not far away, on an adjoining street, the home of Fräulein Heitmüller, where we should be most warmly welcomed.

M. E. P. '89.

IN MEMORIAM.

NESTLED among the Green Mountains of Vermont, amid its grand and picturesque scenery, seven miles north of Manchester, is situated the charming town of Dorset. It is now a favorite summer resort, and hallowed by many sacred associations. Here lived and labored for many years the Rev. William Jackson, D.D., of blessed memory, with his beloved family, one of whose daughters, Henrietta, became the companion of Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, Missionary to Constantinople, and whose character and life-work are so beautifully portrayed in her choice memoir. "Light on the Dark River." In the rural cemetery of Dorset, lies buried the beloved Mrs. Dr. Prentiss, also of blessed memory. "She rests from her labors, and her good works do follow her." Her grave is so frequented that it seems almost like some favored shrine.

In one of Dorset's peaceful and quiet homes of genuine Puritan stock, was born, March 8, 1771, Asa Farwell, son of Gurden and Anna Farnsworth Farwell. His father was a model farmer, and his son was a most devoted helper in all that pertained to the home and the farm. It was his delight to make maple sugar, and when the season for it came, he scaled the mountains, and in the presence of the primeval trees of the forest from which exuded the sweet, pure sap, he helped in all that pertained to the perfection of the sugar; sometimes remaining alone all night to care for the boiling sap. This filial feeling so influenced him in maturer years, that he relinquished his fondly cherished plan of going on a foreign mission with his friend, Rev. Edwin Bliss, so many years a successful missionary in Constantinople, that he might still minister to his beloved parents by his presence at least twice a year. He ever felt that one son, should be in constant communication with the home. This decision he never regretted.

Mr. Farwell's special preparatory course for college was begun under the supervision, and with the assistance of his beloved pastor.

Dr. Jackson, and afterwards supplemented by continued study at Burr Seminary, Manchester, Vermont. Mr. Farwell graduated from Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1838, and from Andover Seminary in 1842. In the Spring of 1842 he was approbated by the Andover Association.

From May 1842 to Nov. 1853, he was principal of Abbot Female Academy. In this position he had marked success. He had taught very successfully at different periods, while pursuing his education. His heart was with his school at Andover. In his succeeding years it was his delight to live over again in a retentive memory his school life there. Abundant testimony has been received since Mr. Farwell's death, from former pupils now living that his work for them was well remembered and appreciated.

During a portion of the years 1849 and 1850, Mr. Farwell travelled in Europe, and while absent, wrote a series of letters which were published in the Congregationalist. Mr. Farwell was twice married, the two wives being sisters, Hannah and Mary Ann, daughters of Chester and Linda Warriner Sexton of Springfield, Mass., of good Puritan descent. The first Mrs. Farwell died in Andover, Sept. 4 1849, greatly beloved and lamented. They had two children, William Holden Farwell, who died in infancy, and Hannah S. Farwell, who still survives.

After leaving Andover, Mr. Farwell was ordained in April 1853, pastor of the West Congregational Church in Haverhill, Mass., and remained there, greatly beloved as a man and a minister, till 1866. It was a crisis in that church when he was settled there, and blessed results followed. Eighty-six were added to the church during his pastorate. The ministry and ministering were mutual, and that dear people still live in precious memory. In 1866 he went West with his family, and was settled in Bentonsport, Southern Iowa, situated on the beautiful Des Moines river. This church was founded by the members of the noted "Iowa Band" many years ago, and became self-supporting through the generosity of Mr. Seth Richards, now of Oakland, California.

In 1871 there came to him, he thought, from the Superintendent of Home Missions in Nebraska, Rev. Mr. Merrill, a loud and imperative call for help. He heard, and answered by his personal presence and that of his family, as soon as possible; and was stationed at Ashland, Nebraska, in Saunders County, twenty-four miles from Lincoln, and forty-four from Omaha, on the B. and N. Railroad. "Beautiful for situation" is this charming inland town, or city, situated on both sides of Salt Creek, which a few miles below

empties, with the Wahoo, into the treacherous Platte River. This church deserves more than a passing notice. Eight Christian men and women, from different denominations, were gathered into a Congregational church. Of course, there were five women and three men. In less than a year one lady member died, one family removed to another place, and one of the male members was excommunicated because of change of evangelical doctrine; but the church grew and flourished. It was a new enterprise, and the people seemed glad to come both to church and Sabbath School. The present Lieutenant Governor of Nebraska, Hon. H. H. Shedd, with his accomplished wife, have been active members of this church. He has from its beginning to the present time been its Sabbath-School superintendent, its chorister, organist, and holds other responsible positions; while there were other judicious persons to aid and sustain the pastor. This church has become self-supporting. Mr. Farwell had also two out-stations, and sometimes three, — Rock and Gar Creek, twelve and eight miles from Ashland. This church can truly say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." It should be mentioned that during the grasshopper raid of two or three years not one Congregational minister left his field of labor and turned his steps backward. Going West then meant sacrifice — a blessed sacrifice.

In 1877 Mr. Farwell left the beloved Ashland church to accept a cordial, united call from the Trustees of Doane College, at Crete, Nebraska, to assist as professor there. He did work which was helpful and approved the first year; but the second his health failed, and the family returned to their Ashland home as soon as practicable; and in 1881 left the West, returning to dear old Dorset for rest for a year.

In 1882 the family removed to Ludlow, Vt., being called there as their son, Charles Gurden Farwell was Principal of Black River Academy, a flourishing institution in that place. In this peaceful, quiet, happy home his life went out. He died suddenly, of paralysis of the heart, May 14, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Oh mystery of mysteries;
And there let it rest.
Till heaven's bright visions
Arise on the blest.

In the words of a valued friend and brother minister, Rev. Leander Thompson, of Woburn, Mass., "There have doubtless been many men of more showy, and among a large class of people of more popular, talent than this modest man of God; but for sound scholar-

ship and solid good sense, for clear and scriptural views of the evangelical faith, for sincere and devoted piety, and for honest and faithful service as a minister of Christ very few men have excelled him ; and the mountains among which he was educated and spent his last days are not more firmly fixed in their ancient seats than he was upon the rock of evangelical truth. It is not too much to say that those who knew this devoted Christian minister will not soon cease to feel deeply a conviction of their loss." Mr. Farwell had six children, four of whom, with their mother, survive him.

M. A. F.

Long Island, N. Y.,

Nov. 2, 1888.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

IN his noble gift of twenty-five thousand dollars to Abbot Academy, Mr. Warren F. Draper has carried out the generous purpose of many years, to give the Academy some substantial aid. It has been the plan of both Mr. and Mrs. Draper — for Mrs. Draper has been one in sympathy and generosity with her husband — to build the Recitation Hall so much needed by the institution. But the more pressing need of this Central Hall, and the fact that only about two thirds of the requisite sum of money had been pledged, led Mr. Draper to change this plan, and give the amount as above stated for this building, on the condition that the remaining sum of three thousand dollars should first be raised. The hall will most appropriately be called Draper Hall. This name has a pleasant sound, for it speaks of a devotion to the interests of the institution, measured by years of constant service on its board of trustees and as its treasurer, and in the almost daily oversight of its affairs.

Anniversary week opened with the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class, delivered by Prof. Taylor of the Theological Seminary, in the Old South Church. The text was taken from John xii. 3, "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." In opening, Prof. Taylor said that this immortal record of Mary's devotion to her master gives to every age, to every people, the Master's ideal of true womanhood. The costliness and the fragrance of the offering symbolize the great sacrifice to be made, in order to reach this ideal: and its priceless influence when attained.

Among the most prominent characteristics of true womanhood are the insight of personal knowledge, beauty of moral conduct, tenderness in domestic life, serenity under social trial, generosity in sacrifice, Christian faith and philosophy, and the immortality of holy inspiration. Each of these was illustrated by pictures of noble Christian lives, by allusions to honored teachers, and famous men and women still living.

Then followed an eloquent appeal to the graduating class, that this, their graduation Sunday, might witness the gift — even more precious than Mary's — of themselves to the Lord. "The Master has come and calleth for thee." The entire discourse was full of rich suggestions, and its truths can never be forgotten.

"And what is so rare as a day in June!"

The exercises of our anniversary fell upon such a day. In the presence of the friends and alumnae of the school the following programme was carried out:

Music. — Solo and chorus. Gypsy Life (Schumann).

Essay. — Rubens, Miss Stratton.

Essay. — Hermann and Dorothea, Miss Decker.

Reading. — "Posson Jone" (G. W. Cable), Miss Rockwell.

Essay. — Van Dyck, Miss Smith.

Essay. — La République Française, Miss Stow.

Music. — Capriccio Brillante (Mendelssohn), Miss Phillips.

Orchestral part on second piano.

The oration by Miss Walkley closed the exercises in the Hall, which were followed by the planting in the grove of the class tree, a young and sturdy purple beech. Around this the tree-song, written by Miss Puffer, was sung, and the spade was transferred by Miss Walkley to Miss Grace Wanning, the President of the incoming class.

The closing exercises were held at the Old South Church. The music, as usual, was furnished by the young ladies, under the direction of Prof. Downs. The address was given by Prof. Geo. H. Palmer, of Harvard.

Prof. Palmer said that Matthew Arnold had called America an uninteresting land. The speaker believed that Mr. Arnold had been misled in a way which might also mislead young people; and his object was to show how this might be avoided. In Mr. Arnold's opinion, two things make anything interesting — beauty and distinction. According to such a standard, America is indeed uninteresting. It is the standard, however, which is wrong. What interests people to-day is not the complete, but the incomplete — that in which the striving for completeness may be seen.

Mr. Arnold said that perfection of life was the interesting thing. He was placing before him the old Greek ideal, which is far different from the Christian ideal of to-day. It is not perfect life, but *life itself*, which is of chief interest. The Christian of to-day is interested not in the strong and the perfect, but the weak and helpless. To these two ideals the speaker directed the attention of his hearers.

He granted that in the old world life was more complete, according to Mr. Arnold's standard; but if life was made for action and development, then America is the most interesting country in the world. We should look upon life just as God looks upon it, and do our utmost to improve it, instead of seeking always the complete. We should take an interest in everything, especially the things of which we have known least: always adding to our knowledge.

Prof. Egbert C. Smyth presented the diplomas, with words of valuable suggestion to the graduating class.

We left the church with a feeling of sadness, which could not be kept back, as we thought that those who had been so long among us, who had

been so noble in character and so true to themselves and the institution, were no longer members of the school.

On the return to Smith Hall a bountiful collation was served, and a most enjoyable hour spent in conversation with the trustees, the friends and alumnae of the school, and the citizens of Andover.

In the afternoon the alumnae adjourned to the Academy Hall to attend their annual meeting.

The Alumnae Association, which met, as usual, immediately after the Anniversary Dinner, was well attended by resident and visiting Alumnae. The old board of officers was re-elected, and a committee of five — Miss Mary Means, Miss McKeen, Miss Alice Buck, Mrs. H. H. Tyer, and Miss Dora Spaulding — was chosen to arrange for a mid-year meeting of the Association. The increase in membership during the year shows that old scholars are alive to the well-being of Abbot Academy, and gladly enter this "body-guard of the school."

The twenty-first annual Draper Reading occurred June 8, 1888.

The first selection on the programme, "The Rev. Mr. Holt's Opportunity," read so admirably by Jessie E. Guernsey, was an eloquent and impressive funeral sermon, with scarcely a reference to the deceased. It represented, in a most amusing way, to what extremities a minister is sometimes obliged to resort.

"Michel Lorio's Cross," the touching story of a poor despised man in order to save a sweet little girl, seemed particularly adapted to Nellie O. Walkley.

Next came "The Monk's Magnificat," which taught that the imperfect singing of a pure heart is far more pleasing in the sight of Heaven than all the polished notes from impure lips. Adeline G. Perry's rich, full tones, as she chanted the "Magnificat," showed the wisdom of assigning to her the selection.

The rollicking humor of one of Frank Stockton's stories, read by Miss Mary Stow, left no possibility that the listener should be confined long upon one train of thought.

Miss McDuffee's rendering of "The Slave's Way to Freedom" led all hearts back to the time of our country's awful peril.

A sculptor's vain search in distant lands for the wonderful clay which should give him honor and wealth, and his final discovery of it beneath his own hearthstone, was told by Olivia P. Johnston, in "The Sculptor's Quest."

"A Conversational Quicksand," by May B. Hutchings, gave to the audience some of Mark Twain's ridiculous blunders.

Miss Grace Wanning stirred all hearts by her appreciative rendering of "A Leaf in the Storm," a pathetic incident of the Franco-Prussian war.

The reading of "Posson Jones," one of George Cable's characteristic sketches, by Miss Bessie Rockwell, showed how thoroughly she entered into the spirit of the author.

Susan F. Chapin, in "The Bishop's Vagabond," seemed to bring before the audience the very characters she represented in her accents. This selection, the last of the programme, was written by "Octave Thanet," — Miss Alice French, of Davenport, Iowa, — who took the prize at the first annual Reading.

The judicious mingling of the ludicrous, the pathetic, and mirth exciting, and the harmony shown between the mind of the writer and the reader, gave evidence of Prof. Churchill's wonderful skill in suiting the selection to the reader.

On the day before Commencement Miss McKeen threw out the first spade of earth from the cellar of the new building, and she was followed by the other teachers and Mr. Downs and the pupils. The following day the Alumnae took their turn at the spade.

The Academy grounds this year are a bewilderment to old and new scholars alike. Yet, to old scholars at least, their chaotic state is amply atoned for by improvements in progress. The rapid growth of Draper Hall is an inspiring sight after so much weary waiting; and to the class of '90, the possibility of spending one term in its pleasant rooms when completed, although only a possibility, is yet a delightful one. The old Academy building in its new location, back of South Hall, and facing Abbot St., and with its added story is scarcely recognizable. That such an old building could be moved so far without so much as jarring the casts on the shelves in the Hall, seems a marvel.

In the new lower floor there will be a gymnasium and a room for the scientific apparatus. The old gymnasium is divided into three rooms, two of which are to be used for the classes in Botany and Geology. We hope to have these rooms for use next term. The plan is to have all the buildings in the future face the quadrangle; and though we dislike to see the trees in front of the Academy's former location fall, the proposed smooth lawn from the street to Draper Hall will atone for their loss.

How in a Courant paragraph can we even attempt to express a tithe of our sense of the void in our school-life, made by the absence of our beloved Miss Kimball? It was a surprise to learn this vacation of her marriage to Dr. Harlow, of Woburn. We returned to school feeling that something would be lacking. Miss Kimball has been to very many Abbot girls an ideal teacher. She had such rare power in arousing and maintaining the interest of a class in its work, in inciting a girl to do the best of which she was capable. Some of us used often to say, "Is there anything that Miss Kimball cannot teach?" as we learned of one study or another which had at some time been her work here. Yet to each of her classes she brought that same quality of teaching, indescribable, yet needing no description to those who have been fortunate enough to be in her classes: always the same enthusiastic, inspiring teacher, making any study pursued with her something never to be forgotten. Mrs. Harlow will always be our Miss Kimball to her girls; and we are glad to know

that she will be the same to us, although now Mrs. Harlow, and no longer in her accustomed place in school. Our sincerest, tenderest wishes for her happiness follow her.

We have been deeply shocked to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Harlow's father, which must cast such a shadow over the brightness of her home.

The pleasant rumor comes to us from over the water, that Fräulein Bodemeyer will make us a flying visit this winter as Mrs. Howard, and a most loving welcome awaits her.

Our new teachers, Miss Mitchell, Miss Heitmüller, and Miss Kimball, have entered with such earnestness into the work and every-day life of the school, that it seems almost as if they had been with us for years.

DRIFTWOOD.

"Growth" was the subject of an interesting discourse given by Prof. Ryder in our evening meeting, Oct. 7. He said that we sometimes think that the process of growth is a constant symmetrical progression, the first form, being permanent, simply unfolding. This is only a part, perhaps the least important part, of growth. Just as a blossom ceases to be a blossom, and becomes something very different, as there are changes in desires, relations, and wants in passing from childhood to womanhood, so there are like changes in the religious life. There comes suddenly or gradually a time of transition from childhood to maturity, when one begins to think for himself and can not accept the authority of others. How shall we pass through this state of transition with as little shock as possible?

First, Maintain from first to last an unquestionable consecration to the great moral principles, that ought to direct our lives. Have a high ideal of what right and duty and truth are.

Second, Be sure that through this experience we maintain the spirit of devotion. We need not give up prayer, even if we doubt the existence of God; but without any hypocrisy, may pray in uncertainty, seeking after God.

Third, Approach the question from a Christian's point of view, remembering that our most valued friends, and the general drift of the reasoning of scientific men are in confirmation of the great facts of religion.

Fourth, Keep active in religious service; to see religion working, strengthens our faith in it. The best cure of doubt is work. We ought not to regret the transition, for there is more strength, vigor, and aggressive force in the maturer faith. Religion will bear investigation, and we can give a reason for the faith which is in us.

Rev. J. W. Chickering, D.D., Secretary of the Massachusetts and Congressional Temperance Societies, was with us Nov. 8. He spoke to us for a few minutes at morning prayers of the importance of temperance.

not only in the narrower sense, but in the widest sense — temperance in all things.

Miss Virginia Dox, of the New West Education Commission, spoke to us Nov. 20, on mission work in our great north-west. There are wide fields of labor open both among the Indians and the Mormons. Another class consists of the cow-boys and miners, in whom are often elements of a higher manhood only waiting for development. Miss Dox mentioned some of these cow-boys who are now earning money in order to come East to college. Besides these classes there are the Mexicans, and the Pueblo Indians still worshipping the sun-god Montezuma, yet calling for teachers which the Commission is unable to send.

Miss Agnes Park very kindly told us something Nov. 8, of a meeting of the Society of "The King's Daughters" in Boston, which she attended. Mrs. Barthol, President of the society, spoke first of the origin of the tens. While on a visit to England her attention was drawn to a society of sisters, devoted to doing good, working in an admirable spirit, yet wearing a gloomy costume. After returning to America Mrs. Barthol talked with Rev. E. E. Hale on this subject, who suggested forming circles of ten. Later, in New York, she decided to act upon this advice, and to form tens with Mr. Hale's mottoes, "Look up, and not; down look forward, and not back; look out, and not in: and lend a hand," and the motto, "In his name." Mrs. Barthol spoke from the 13th, 14th, and 15th verses of Psalm xlv., which is called "The King's Daughters'" Psalm. The circles are no longer confined to tens, but may be of any desired size, with any Christian aim. Solitary members are also welcome. There are now about forty thousand King's Daughters, in thirty-eight states and several territories. They are found in Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Asia, Turkey, and Australia. The badge is either a cross or purple ribbon, or both. The wearers need not be church-members, though it virtually means the same, and leads to it. Great care should be taken that they be not worn carelessly. Connected with the society of the King's Daughters is that of the King's Sons, wearing the same badge and having the same mottoes. There are several circles of King's Daughters in the school, so we were all interested to hear this of the society's growth and work.

The Senior Class have made an important and valuable contribution to our art library, as follows: The Life of Raphael, in two volumes, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle: and also the Life of Titian, in two volumes, by the same authors; last and greatest, a superb copy of Rembrandt, including his life and a large number of his choicest etchings, admirably reproduced by photogravure, retailed at twenty-five dollars. Thus they have enlarged not only their own opportunities for study, but those of all succeeding classes. We are justly proud of the art library of Abbot Academy, and should be glad to show it to our friends.

Many will be interested to learn that the French Hall Building Fund now amounts to about fifteen hundred dollars. Owing to the multiplicity of "schemes," it has been impossible to carry this one out *to the letter*; but we still hope that there are many incomplete returns to be made, which will greatly increase the present fund.

A fine photograph, handsomely framed, recently appeared in one of our parlors. It is a portrait of the late Mr. John Smith, sitting with easy dignity in a comfortable great arm-chair in his library, with his desk at his left. It is a beautiful picture of venerable Christian old age, and it is particularly gratifying that dwellers at Smith Hall should have opportunity to become acquainted with the face and form of one of the brothers whose benefaction is memorialized by the name of this hall. The picture in its frame is a welcome gift from the widow of Mr. John Smith.

Miss McKeen has a fine portrait of her sister, Miss Phebe. It is a wonderful reproduction of her beauty and sympathy, her brilliancy and refinement. It was painted by Mr. Edgar Parker of Boston.

Tuesday morning, Nov. 6, Miss Mary F. Farnham, of Stellenborch, Cape of Good Hope, spoke to us of her life in South Africa, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Among many amusing incidents, she told us that the Dutch girls, at their entrance into the school where she is a teacher, in all their ignorance were unable to walk well, and even had to learn to go up and down-stairs; so that now she has come to measure the degree of cultivation by the manner of walking. As they become more intelligent, they learn to walk more gracefully.

Friday morning, Nov. 2, the school had the rare pleasure of listening to one of Rev. Mr. Puddefoot's characteristic talks, full of interest, bubbling over with humor, and yet deeply in earnest. Our attention was held from the first by his vivid description of one week's work among the lumber districts of Michigan. We were led from laughter to tears by glimpses of the humorous and pathetic sides of the life of a home missionary. Assuredly we shall not forget his earnest words, nor the insight that he gave us into a work of which we have known so little.

At our evening meeting, Nov. 3, we listened with great interest to the helpful words of Dr. Bancroft in preparation for the observance of the Lord's Supper. He spoke of our not feeling satisfied often with our interpretation of the symbols of the communion, nor with what we get from the service. Still, "This do in remembrance of me" is neither appeal nor invitation, but a plain command, binding upon every Christian. In the fulfilment of the requirement we shall find a blessing. It is not worth while to struggle with its symbolism; we get the most from the service when thinking least of the symbols. If we get the idea of our fellowship one with another, with God, with the church, and the world, involved in the service; if we remember what Christ has done for us, and what the living.

personal Christ is now doing for us; if we look forward to the world to come, to the perfecting of our character and our faith, we shall begin to grasp the meaning of the service. Like the Bible and the church, the sacrament will become more and more dear to us as we enter into it with more prayer and stronger faith.

We learn that the Rev. F. B. Makepeace, pastor of the Free Church, is soon to leave Andover. We remember with pleasure his kindness in addressing us in our Saturday evening meetings. In common with the citizens of the town, we have been much indebted to him for the People's Course of Lectures. We wish him every success in his new pastorate in Springfield.

Our Saturday afternoon exercises have furnished a variety of entertainment. Oct. 13, we spent a pleasant afternoon with some of the rulers of Germany. A fine copy of Richter's noble portrait of Queen Louise of Prussia, draped with the colors of Prussia, stood upon the easel, and Miss Spencer read an interesting essay upon her character and influence, as widely felt, through her children and grandchildren, upon the German empire. There was another essay and a report, upon the present emperor and his father, given by Miss Kuhn and Miss Chickering. In closing, the "Kaiser Blumen Lied" was sung by Miss Jackson, accompanied on the piano by Fräulein Heitmüller, after a translation of the song had been read by Miss Guernsey.

The afternoon of the political debate, Oct. 27, was exceedingly enjoyed. First came the campaign speakers, Misses Winegarner and Carter; one to arouse our enthusiasm in the Democratic, the other in the Republican candidate for President. Then followed two speeches for each side, — Misses Strong and Bancroft representing the Republicans, Misses Jones and Gilmer the Democrats, — setting forth the arguments in favor of each party. Both political parties were well sustained, and the debate was a very even, as well as interesting, one.

Nov. 6, the school showed its patriotism by decorating windows with flags and appropriate colors. The Republican colors predominated; but the Democrats made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. During the morning each party held a caucus, and in the afternoon a regular town meeting was held in the Hall. Miss Mabel Strong was chosen moderator by ballot, supervisors chosen in the usual manner, and after a speech by the moderator the balloting for Presidential Electors began. The supervisors may perhaps be criticised for having too much confidence in the honesty of the voters, judging from the stuffed ballots found in the box, and the fact that some individuals appeared at the ballot-box more than once unchallenged. They may perhaps be pardoned, however, for not expecting such signs of a depraved nature in any member of the institution. After various speeches and a good deal of good-natured fun, voters were induced to confess, and the number of ballots made accurate. Nine votes were cast for the Democratic candidate, one for the Third

Party candidate, and seventy-two by the Republicans. This did not include all the members of the school, as some few were not present.

The class of '79, following the example of the three preceding classes, gave a most charming reception to the school, Oct. 19, at Smith Hall. All the rooms on the lower floor were thrown open to the guests. The rooms were beautifully decorated; one, entirely Japanese, was especially attractive, with its gay colored lanterns, panels, and fans. The Seniors themselves were transformed into classic Greeks, picturesque gypsies, and the no less picturesque Japanese, and made charming hostesses. One pleasant feature of the evening was a conversation party, which was greatly enjoyed, notwithstanding the difficulty of discussing for five minutes the question, "Does the incubated chicken love its mother?" and other topics as original. In a dusky corner of one of the rooms was a gypsy tent, where three charming gypsies told fortunes in the dim light. The occasion was one long to be remembered, and leaves the school most pleasantly indebted to the Senior Class.

Oct. 19, we attended a tennis tournament, the contest being between Phillips and Exeter. The playing in the singles was excellent, Andover winning. The last sets of the doubles, in which Exeter won, we were not able to see. As long as we could stay, we thoroughly enjoyed the playing, although our minds were somewhat distracted by a foot-ball game in operation at the same time.

The rain that came down so freely Nov. 10, the day of the Phillips-Exeter foot-ball game, was a disappointment to all of us who hoped to attend the game. Through the courtesy of Dr. Bancroft, all who were to go to the campus were allowed to watch the game from the Academy windows. The campus looked like one vast marsh; but the playing was excellent, notwithstanding — the game being a hotly contested one. Poor Exeter was obliged to go home with a score of 10 to 0 in Andover's favor — a fact which did not seem to grieve the Andover boys, judging by the jubilation that followed the victory.

We are anticipating very much pleasure in January in a course of lectures by Mrs. Downs, to be given in the Academy Hall. The subject is Gothic Architecture, and there will be three lectures illustrated by the stereopticon. Through the kindness of Mrs. Downs, the proceeds of the lectures are to purchase a valuable art work for use in the Senior Class, under whose auspices the lectures are given.

Several entertainments and addresses given last term we mention now, since they came too near the close of the school year to be noticed in the June Courant.

The Academy Hall was well filled Friday evening, May 18, with those eager to hear Mrs. Downs' description of her recent trip to the sunny South. At the earnest request of the young ladies, Mrs. Downs kindly consented to give the lecture to help defray the expenses of the Courant.

With her we visited the Capitol, the President's church, the Potomac bridge, Fortress Monroe and the soldier's graves. We caught glimpses of Washington and his family at Mt. Vernon; of General Lee and family at Arlington. We enjoyed the colored children in their schools, with their bright songs and merry sports. Familiarity with the places visited only increased the interest of the listener. And when at the close of the lecture we were left at the mouth of Mammoth Cave, we were even more eager than before to see its wonders through her eyes; and we have the promise of another such delightful evening, when with her we can wander through its chambers, and see its remarkable and beautiful formations.

Mr. Ernst Perabo gave the last of the Thirteenth Series of Abbot Academy Piano Recitals, and a charming concert it was. The Town Hall was well filled with an eager and appreciative audience, who gave the gifted artist a warm reception. Indeed Mr. Perabo never played better, his quiet and prepossessing manner, his broad and sympathetic touch making the afternoon one long to be remembered. We look forward to the next series with great interest, as we hear they are to be more than usually attractive.

The last two weeks of the Spring Term were filled to overflowing with gaiety and hard study.

On the evening of May 29, Mrs. Stetson's pleasant home presented a lively scene. Among the hundred guests assembled were many from Abbot and Phillips Academies, who filled the brilliantly lighted rooms with merry laughter and chatter. We fear Mrs. Stetson's graceful hospitality will be sadly missed next year.

President Bancroft's Senior party was richly enjoyed by those Abbot girls who were so fortunate as to be members of the upper classes.

The reception given to the Draper readers and the members of the Senior class by Prof. and Mrs. Churchill was another evening to be always gratefully remembered. Many of us had the unlooked-for pleasure of meeting and shaking hands with Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. What undergraduate would not look forward to the privileges of a Senior in Abbot Academy.

Phillips' Draper Speaking, Monday evening June 4, presented, as usual, a most pleasing programme. Although some in the audience were not wholly satisfied with the awarding of the different prizes, they sympathized with the judges, who must bestow honors on only three speakers, when so many were deserving of praise. The first prize was given to James W. Husted, whose spirited address upon "The Fourth of July, 1776" was well received. The second prize was won by William W. Parker, who imitated the Irishman to perfection in "Shamus O'Brien," moving the audience to alternate tears and laughter. Sidney E. Farwell received the third prize for his spirited rendering of Browning's famous "Hervé Riel."

The 12th of June was made memorable by the base-ball contest between Phillips and Phillips Exeter. It was thought that fully fifteen hundred persons were present. On the one side or the other it was an almost continuous cheer, as some momentary advantage was gained. For some time the game stood 6 to 1, in favor of Andover; but, in the seventh inning the Exeter boys made three runs. The last two innings we watched with bated breath, and one and all breathed a sigh of relief when, at the end of the hard-fought battle, the score remained 6 to 4, in favor of Andover. Staid old Andover has not seen the like of the celebration which followed for many a year. The nine and others in two large coaches draped in "blue and white," accompanied by the Andover band and several hundred people, marched through the streets. The jubilee closed at midnight with a bonfire on the campus.

The lectures of the People's Course this year opened on a night so very stormy that none of us attended the lecture, which was "upon Time" by Principal Walter D. Scott, D.D., of Phillips Exeter Academy. Some of the lectures have fallen below the highest standard, while others have been enjoyable and profitable. One of the latter was the lecture on Berlin by Rev. W. L. Gage, D.D. He gave us a very vivid idea of Berlin as it is. Prof. John Fiske of Cambridge gave his excellent lecture on Benedict Arnold, Oct. 29. This was another of the really valuable lectures in the course. Nov. 19 was another very rainy Monday evening so that ex-Governor Long had only a small audience to hear his lecture on Lincoln. It was a lecture that repaid any effort to hear it. The two concerts and the lecture by Col. Price, though they cannot be said to have contained nothing praiseworthy, still scarcely met our reasonable expectations. The last two lectures, by Prof. Comstock and Mr. Dickerman, we shall not be able to report.

EXCHANGES.

We take pleasure in announcing the following exchanges: *Brunonian*, *Phaethra*, *Res Academical*, *Speculum*, and *Jabberwock*.

PERSONALS.

We have been glad to welcome among us this term these familiar faces: Mrs. Harriet Woods Baker, '32 (first day-scholar in Abbot Academy). Mrs. †Carrie Hall Bird, '77, Miss †Ellen F. Chase, '73, Mrs. Lilla F. Chase Blodgett, '88, Mrs. Sarah Puffer Douglass, '80, Miss Kate R. Gage, '88, Miss Maude M. Foster, '88, Miss †Maria P. Hitchcock, '86, Miss †Caroline A. F. Holmes, '71, Miss †Annie G. King, '86, Miss †Mattie Kenneson, '85, Mrs. Frances A. Kimball Harlow, Mrs. †Fannie Fletcher Parker, '72, Miss Carrie A. Ladd, '79, Miss †Grace P. Smith, '87, Mrs. Sarah Wilcox Waterman, '70, Mrs. Grace Whittaker Shepard, '87.

Miss Harriet Newell Childs, '76, made us a short visit in the spring. She gave us an interesting talk upon her work in Turkey, and showed us

photographs of a number of her pupils. After a rest and vacation in this country, she returned to Marash, Turkey, where she was married to the Rev. H. N. Mead, a missionary of that station.

Miss †Clara Hamlin, '73, Assistant Principal of the Constantinople home for girls, visited us in May, and gave us a very pleasant picture of her home, and interested us in the details of her school-life. We were particularly amused by the following extracts from her talks:

"I thank you for those books which you gave me, whereby I may elevate to the paradise of salvation from the curiosity of this world." — *From a Composition by a Girl in the Constantinople Home.*

"I can't be good! My heart is narrow, and I can't arrange my character." — *Remark by a naughty little girl when reproved for bad conduct.*

Miss Childs and Miss Hamlin returned to Turkey by the same steamer. We have it upon good authority that Miss Hamlin is soon to leave her position, and marry the Rev. Mr. Lee of Marash.

Miss Mabel Wheaton, so recently one of our teachers, has returned from her year of travel abroad, and is now with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Kittredge, in Boston.

Miss †Bessie E. Baird, '85, and Miss Emily Thompson, who were with Miss Wheaton, have returned to their home in Pottsville, Pa.

We are glad to see that Mr. Draper's injury was not so serious as was at first feared, and that he was able to be out on the second day after the accident.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Farwell for writing the interesting sketch, in this number, of her husband, who was so long connected with this school.

Miss †Julia Rockwell, '85, and Miss †Elizabeth, '87, are both at their at their home in New Britain, Ct., this year. Miss Julia is teaching literature, history, and grammar in the State Normal School; and Miss Elizabeth is devoting herself to the Kindergarten System.

Mrs. Gorton and Miss †Mary, '86, have entered upon their second year's work at Hampton, Va.

Miss †Fannie Decker, '87 has been studying at the New York Art Institute.

Miss †Frances S. Marrett, '85, has begun her third year's work as teacher in Perkins' Institute, South Boston, and enjoys her position very much.

Miss †Isabel Anderson, '85, is travelling abroad.

One of the little granddaughters of Abbot Academy has the unique idea that she has a good self and a bad self. Her naughty self she calls Rachel. The following is a prayer she offered after having been reproved:

"Please God make this little girl good. Don't let Rachel come any more. Send Rachel off into some other little girl — no — little *boy*! Please God, don't let the snarlies come in my hair: but send them where Rachel goes. Amen."

We give, too, the following remark of the same little girl:

"I know who made me, mamma, God made me. God knew just how to make peoples, — didn't he, mamma? He knew jus' where to put their eyes in."

Miss †Jeanie L. Jillson, '87, is studying Elocution in Boston, in reference to fitting herself for teaching.

Milton P. Higgins has gone to assist in establishing a school of technology in Atlanta, Ga., similar to that in Worcester, Mass., with which he was connected. His wife, Kittie E. Chapin, was graduated from Abbot Academy in '68.

Rev. W. F. Slocum, of Baltimore, Md. — whose wife was Miss Mary G. Montgomery, a teacher at Abbot Academy in '76, — has been chosen President of Colorado College.

Miss †Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's, '58, first literary success is stated to have been a story, written when she was only thirteen, and published in the *Youth's Companion*.

We are sorry to learn that the house of Mrs. Grace Whittaker Shepard was partially burned on Sept. 25. It is now rebuilding.

Mrs. Saunderson Hines has recently formed an elocution class in school, and her pupils are very enthusiastic in their work. The class consists of seventeen or eighteen members, and meets Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Mrs. Hines is a graduate of Tilden Seminary and the Monroe School of Oratory, and was a former Principal of Drury College, Missouri.

Just before the election a little five-year-old boy exclaimed, at the dinner-table:

"We are all Republicans here, so we can eat ham."

"Why?"

"H-a-m spells ham, and H-a-M stands for Harrison and Morton too."

†Mamie Nevin, '84, has returned from a two-years' trip abroad, having spent the greater part of the time in Germany, and one winter in Rome.

The August Century contains a sketch of the life of George Kennan, by Miss †Anna L. Dawes.

Mrs. J. W. Twichell, who has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Hale (†Mary Delight Twichell, '73) for some time, is now spending a year in Constantinople, with her daughter, †Olive N. Twichell, '76, who has been engaged in mission work there for the last seven years.

The November number of the St. Nicholas contains † Octave Thanet's, '68, latest work, "The Peace Loaf," a short story for children. The story is made all the more interesting to its readers by illustrations from Miss Jessie Hill.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, was a most interesting surprise to Andover. The bridegroom, Mr. Herbert Dickerman Ward, a graduate of Phillips Academy and the Theological Seminary, is the son of the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D., one of the editors of the Independent. Mr. and Mrs. Ward will spend the winter in Hampton, Va.

This summer a little six-year-old boy, when waiting rather impatiently for his mother's assistance in some little matter, was told, "I'll help you if you'll just give me a chance." That night, after the customary petitions of his evening prayer, he added, "And please, God, give mamma a chance."

Miss Adele Shaw, '86, with her brother, started for Europe in September, for a year's travel and study.

The church at Dennyville, Me., has received from Mrs. †Abby Stearns Spaulding, '68, a beautiful communion service, in memory of her father, Rev. J. H. Stearns, D.D., formerly pastor there.

Miss Charlotte Strickland has sold her residence in Bradford, Vt., and gone to Dresden to spend an indefinite period of time in the school of her friend Fräulein Immisch; where she will teach English, as well as enjoy life in Germany, with which she is already so familiar.

We have heard of Mrs. †Nellie Emerson Carey's, '77, return home for a restful vacation, and hope we may soon see her among us.

A little sister of one of our Connecticut girls was sent, some time ago, to the Public Library for a copy of Bryant's translation of the Iliad. She returned without the book, saying that, as the librarian said she had no Iliad except Homer's, she didn't get any.

At the recent annual meeting of the New Hampshire Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions in Manchester, N. H. Mrs. †Henrietta Learoyd Sperry, '68, gave the address of welcome.

Miss †Edith Ingalls, A.A. '82, has recently taken honors in Latin, German, and English Literature at the annual examinations of the University of Virginia. Miss Ingalls is teaching with great success in the public schools of Louisville, Ky.

†Elizabeth F. Swift, '81, who completed the course of training for nurses at the Worcester Hospital two years since, has recently graduated from a special course at the McLean St. Hospital, Boston. She shows an unusual aptitude for the profession which she has chosen.

On the evening of Oct. 11, we were present at the marriage of Miss

†Lizzie Tyler, 81. at the Old South Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. J. Blair, in the presence of many friends and relatives.

Mrs. Harriet Woods Baker, whose non-de-plume is Madeline Leslie, has presented ten volumes of her works to our library. Among them is the well-known book, "Jim, the Scissors-grinder." Mrs. Baker was one of the first day scholars nearly sixty years ago.

For a long time after leaving her chosen work in Sidon, Syria. †Sarah Ford, '81. was completely laid aside by illness. She is now so far restored as to fill an important position under the direction of her friend and physician, Dr. Delia E. Howe, in the Bethesda Spring Hospital at Waukesha, Wisconsin, where Dr. Howe is in charge.

In the death of Mr. John Byers, of New York, Abbot Academy has lost not only a valued Trustee, but a kind friend. A few years since, when, in conversation at his own table, some then recent benefactions to Andover Theological Seminary and Phillips Academy were spoken of, Mr. Byers exclaimed, with emphasis, "It is Abbot Academy's turn *next*; yes, it is *her* turn!" And Mrs. Byers immediately responded: "I will give the first thousand dollars toward the new building," and she did. Afterwards Mr. Byers gave two thousand dollars in the regular subscription list. When a special effort was made in New York, these friends showed a hearty interest, and Mrs. Byers served actively upon a committee for raising money for new buildings. At the Semi-Centennial — a loyal Alumna — she had given one thousand dollars to found a scholarship in memory of her beloved Principal, Miss Nancy J. Hasseltine. The presence of these friends with us always brought cheer and courage. But we forget our own loss in the death of Mr. Byers in our sympathy with the dear wife, who is struggling so bravely with her great sorrow.

Rev. G. S. Dickerman — husband of Elizabeth M. Street, '63 — has written a delightful memorial volume of her parents, the late Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Owen Street of Lowell, Mass.

A farewell reception was given to Rev. Charles Anderson and his wife, †Abby F. Hamlin, '66, of North Woburn, on the evening of July 23, 1888. A large number of friends were present, who presented him with a purse of \$335, as an expression of their love and gratitude to him for his devotion to them during the fourteen years of his pastorate. He goes to a professorship in Robert College, Constantinople.

Two sisters who occupy opposite chambers in the third story are in the habit of carrying on long conversations late at night. In reply to their mother, who begged them not to chatter so, the young Greek scholar replied quickly, "Why mother, this is the Attic dialect."

We are glad to hear that our trustee, Rev. E. G. Porter, who has been making a trip round the world, was most cordially entertained in Seoul, Corea, by Dr. and Mrs. Heron (Hattie Gibson '79).

We learn from the Townsman that †Fannie Bell Pettee, '82. is now a governess in the Sandwich Islands. Extracts from her letter published in the Boston Journal gives a most pleasing account of her life in Jamaica.

Houghton and Mifflin have published and illustrated in very pretty form "The Bird's Christmas Carol," written by Kate Douglas Wiggin '84.

MARRIAGES.

In Chicago, Nov. 8, †Florence I. Rowley, '85. of Andover. to John H. Richdale, Derby, Eng.

In Washington D. C., Oct. 27, 1888. †Mary Lyon Douglass ("Daisy") to Henry B. F. MacFarland.

In Boston, Mass., Sept. 13, 1888. Mrs. Abbie Chamberlain to John R. Poor.

In Goffstown, N. H., Sept. 13, 1888, †Nellie Lawrence Hadley, '83. to Henry Leonard Rowell.

In Millbury, Mass., Oct. 4, 1888, Florence Elizabeth Waters, '73. to Henry Ayling Phillips.

In East Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 20, 1888. †Elizabeth Stuart. Phelps, '58 to Herbert Dickinson Ward.

In Honesdale, Penn., Sept. 27, 1888. †Helen Butler Holmes to Edward Coe Mills.

In Boston, Oct. 4, 1888, Jeannie Hortense Porter, '85. to Charles Albert Adams.

In Constantinople, Turkey, Sept. 20. Harriet Newell Childs, '76. to Rev. Willis Mead.

In Woburn, Aug. 2, 1888, Miss Frances A. Kimball to Hon. John M. Harlow, M.D.

In Andover, June 13. Miss Lilla Frances Chase, '88. to Mr. Edward Wilder Boutwell.

In Andover, Oct. 11, 1888, †Lizzie A Tyler, '81, to M. Edwards Gutterson.

In Rockford, Ill., Nov. 14, 1888. †Annie Delia Rockwell, '84, to John Kleber Wetherby.

In Helena, Ark., Dec. 5, 1888, Miss Margaret Redford, '86, to William M. Neal.

DEATHS.

Within the last few weeks we have been pained to hear of the sad afflictions which have fallen upon several who have been connected with the school in the past.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to those members of the class of '88 who have been so sorely bereaved: Miss Nellie O. Walkley in the loss of her mother; Miss Fannie Decker in the death of her father.

We take the following from a Davenport paper: "William H. Decker was born in Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 16, 1827. When he was twenty-five years old he went to California in search of health and gold, returning East in 1857; and in 1859 he married Miss Sarah A. Munday, daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Davenport, Iowa. Here he was soon established in business. Mr. Decker was one of the kindest employers, and his advice in any business in which he was interested was highly valued. He leaves a wife and six children; three daughters among them having been pupils at Abbot Academy. The city feels a personal loss in his death, and the family receives the sympathy of a large circle of friends."

In Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 13, 1888, Mr. George H. French, father of †Alice, '68, and Fannie French, '51.

Again we quote from a Davenport paper: "The death of Mr. George H. French is a loss deeply felt in Davenport, where for thirty-two years he has been a manufacturer. Mr. French was a man of remarkable ability and of notably fine presence. He was very active in all advance movements, and the city realizes that in his death, it loses one of its strongest and noblest citizens."

In New Haven, Conn., Sept. 12, 1888, Rev. Samuel J. M. Merwin, father of †Minnie Merwin, '68.

In Mont Clair, N. J., July 24, Martin N. Day. Mr. Day was the husband of †Henrietta Walker, '66

In Minneapolis, June 4, 1888, Mrs †Lizzianna Creighton French, '76.

This extract we take from the Congregationalist: "Mrs. French was born in New Market, N.H., September 24, 1858, and on May 10, 1877, she was united in marriage to Dr. Alger W. French. The first years of her married life were spent at her beautiful home in Portland, Me. Here she resided until failing health cast a cloud over her life. All that medical skill could do failed to remove the cloud. At last her husband, as a last resort, accompanied her to Minneapolis; but the change failed to produce the desired result.

"Nature added to her attractive personal appearance and graceful manners a most amiable disposition, and made her a general favorite. She leaves a bereaved husband and a mother to mourn her loss."

News has been received of the sudden death from heart-disease of Carrie Hopkins Beck, '73. She was at Stuttgart, Germany, and leaves three children. She died in August.

In Andover, Nov. 2, William Henry Foster, father of †Carrie M. Foster, '78.

In Glastonbury, Conn., Mary Edwards Goodwin Williams, mother of Mary Edwards. *Mary Edwards Williams*

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

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THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

MAY B. HUTCHINGS '89. JESSIE E. GUERNSEY, '90,
CORA E. McDUFFEE, '90.

Business Editors.

GRACE E. D. WANNING, '89. EDIE DEWEY, '90.

VOL. XV.

JUNE, 1889.

NO. 2.

ART IN HISTORY.

“Seraphs share with thee
Knowledge; but art, O man, is thine alone!”—SCHILLER.

THE nineteenth century is often called a period of decay in Art. It is lamented that we have no great modern paintings; that although in certain pictures the figures are so graceful and well-drawn, and the painting is so exquisite as to challenge admiration, yet they do not appeal to man's noblest nature as do the pictures of the “Old Masters.”

Masters indeed they were, who mixed their paints with their own thought and life; and this is the secret of the influence which their statues, often stiff and conventional, their paintings, often crude both in color and in outline, have over us, though centuries have elapsed since they issued from the master's hand.

A man is not a poet because he can produce rhymes by the sheet; a poet speaks in verse because he must. The heart of a musician must be attuned to his instrument,—every chord of his being must vibrate in sympathy with it, before he can develop those exquisite harmonies which thrill the souls of the listeners. And so the artist must live his picture before he can paint it; the statue must be a part of his very life before he can carve it.

In the palmy days of Athens the value of the individual life was nothing. Life, strength, beauty, wealth, honor, all belonged to the state, to be used by her in loving and grateful service to her gods. Hence arose those noble statues of the deities, whose calm and majestic figures express the master's hand and thought. No mere hireling carved those grand and awful figures, so passionless in their repose. Only a man who believed in them and worshipped them, who saw them in all nature, who prayed to them for help, could so express them.

In those days truth and honor were rewarded, and falsehood and dishonesty were publicly shamed. "Monuments to dishonor" were erected on the Acropolis and along the public ways, that men might know that the gods and the state punished not only treachery, but deceit and even disobedience. In after years, when men lost faith in their gods, they lost the supreme motive for art. Their deities were still represented, but they were no longer the calm, grand incarnations of Justice and of Truth, but human beings, like their authors. When a nation loses its religion it loses its heart,—its very life.

It was but a step from a humanized god to a deified man, and this step was soon taken. Conquering emperors received the worship once given to Jove; the ghastly spectacles of the amphitheatre blotted out all remembrance of the noble contests of the Olympic games; the horrible shrieks and groans of dying beasts and men drowned the peans of the ancient heroes. Rome, now the mistress of the world, settled herself to inglorious and enervating ease and luxury, which eventually left her, like her own Colosseum, a glorious ruin, her pillars broken, her arches fallen, her music only sad memories,—a ruin most solemn in its warning to all coming time.

With the decay of the nation came the decay of art. Men craved excitement—something to stir their enfeebled natures, and to satisfy this desire for the emotional they had recourse to the artist. Thus were produced the voluptuous Venus de Medici; the noble Gaul in the last throes of the death agony, with every muscle strained to its utmost tension, yet suffering no word or groan to escape his close-shut lips; the Laocoön writhing in the serpent folds, from which we shrink in shuddering horror.

But these were only the last convulsive efforts of Art before she fell back, cold, and apparently lifeless. What was there in the Roman state to make her live? All the life-giving power had gone out of her. Love, mercy, purity, honor, had long since fled; the stern old Roman justice was buried beneath the profligacy and avarice of the Empire.

It was only when the fresh, sweet breath of the spring-time of Christianity infused new life and vigor into the nations of the earth ; only when He came, who is the Light and the Life of men, bringing the day to the people groping in the blackness of the long night of ignorance and superstition ; it was then that Art, seizing her palette, with stiff, cramped fingers sought to praise Him who is the source of all life.

But it is only since the tenth century that any really grand works of art have been produced. The lowest ebb in the moral history of nations marks the year 999. Education and the arts were at a standstill ; public morals were a disgrace ; the whole Christian world was in a state of utter stagnation, due in great measure to the popular superstition that this last year of the tenth century would close the records of time. But when that year had rolled slowly away amid the breathless expectancy of all nations, and on the morning of the new century the people, much to their amazement, found themselves still on the earth, and saw that the sun rose and set as usual, — then they aroused from their lethargy and began to bestir themselves. Literature, Art, Commerce, Science, — all came crowding forward ; Religion, too, resumed her sway and the world again resounded with the busy hum of industry.

Now arose those marvellous creations, the Gothic churches, which stand as lasting monuments to man's untiring industry and skill. All classes and conditions of people gave their treasures to adorn these noble buildings. With ready hand Science helped to rear them ; Commerce poured out his shining gold to carry on the work, and Art brought her most beautiful devices, her most fantastic imagery, her noblest and grandest conceptions, to crown the whole. The Crusaders gave the fruits of their conquests, — quaint arabesques and beautiful stuffs, silks and gold and pearls from that gorgeous land of the Orient, now open to the people of the western shores. And, dearest gift of all, here they brought their dead who had given their lives that the sacred soil, on which their Saviour's holy foot had trod, might not be profaned by the sacrilegious touch of the Musulman. And here they left them lying in solemn state, clothed in the armor which had resisted to the last the deadly spears of the Saracens ; their shields, useless now forevermore, reposing at their feet ; their palms uplifted as in the act of prayer ; lying in that calm and deep repose which not all the wars and tumults of the world can shake, with the softened radiance from the rich old windows shedding perpetual peace and benediction upon them, and the glorious notes of the deep-toned organ chanting their solemn requiem.

These Gothic churches are a living embodiment of the spirit of the times. They are freedom and aspiration carved in stone, leaping from buttress to buttress, from roof to tower, from tower to pinnacle, ever soaring higher and higher, ever striving after the unattainable. They breathe a spirit of unrest and striving which is an outcome of the age.

It was freedom which awakened the life that pulsed through all the world; freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, freedom of action spoke in the mighty names and deeds which make the fifteenth century a blaze of glory.

The fall of Constantinople had given an impulse to learning; the invention of printing endowed thought with wings. The self-consciousness of the individual, the responsibility of individual judgment, that heretical doctrine which men for centuries had scarcely dared breathe to their own hearts, began to be proclaimed from the pulpits, and thundered in the very ears of the Vatican.

With this awakening of all life and elevation of mankind, this larger tolerance and these broader views of rights, Art also broke away from the conventionalities of her former years, and with mighty strides kept pace with the times.

What the age of Pericles was to sculpture the sixteenth century was to painting — the grandest period the world has ever seen. Nature, so long a sealed book, was now opened, and every man might read for himself. The artist did read, and caught her very spirit, reproducing it in those mighty pictures which to-day, even in their age and decay, thrill us with conscious sympathy. Painting was firmly established as the pre-eminently Christian art. Sculpture was too cold and still for the passionate warmth of this time; it was too limited in its scope to satisfy the vivid imagination of this age, still new to the exercise of thought, still eager in the pursuit of liberty.

“ Shall man, such step within his endeavor,

Man’s face, have no more play and action,

Than joy which is crystalized forever,

Or grief, an eternal petrification ?

On which I conclude that the early painters

To cries of “ Greek Art, and what more wish you ? ”

Replied, “ To become now self-acquainters,

And paint man, man, whatever the issue.

Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,

New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters ;

To bring the invisible full into play,

Let the visible go to the dogs,— what matters ? ”

So thinks the poet, and so apparently thought the “ Old Masters,”

for instead of following the ancient Greek sculptors, they painted the men and women of the day. The very perfectness of the statues is wearying, but these men and women live and suffer and rejoice to-day as they did when first they stood forth at the artist's touch, three centuries ago. The divine humanity of the Saviour and the sacredness of the home-life were represented as their influence was appreciated more and more. Motherhood was glorified and childhood exalted. The heavens were opened and lay about the infant Jesus, and angels came and went on messages from the Father, or knelt in adoring worship at the feet of the Holy Child. The humblest daily tasks were ennobled, for who could call any work menial in which the angels themselves took part? Those were quaint conceits of the German artists, — those pictures in which the weary and over-worked mother was relieved by chubby little cherubs who stood on tiptoe to hang out the clothes which had just come from the wash-tub (unpoetic, but alas! a strictly necessary feature of human life), while others ran to fill the basket with chips for the fire; or brought great pails of water; or swept the house with a broom too tall for the little hands to wield; or gently rocked the cradle and sent sweet dreams to bring the smiles to the baby lips. It was sacred subjects that the artists liked best to handle, and in all of them there is a depth of feeling, a strength and tenderness, an underlying force which can be understood only through an acquaintance with the period in which the artists lived, and this period, as we have seen, was one of thought and freedom.

In following the course of painting down the ages, we are impressed anew with the truth that as the world is so its work must be. For example, in early Christian art Mary is simply "Mary the mother of Christ," — a human mother exalted through her child alone. Gradually, however, she is raised above the common throng, and with the child in her arms is seated on a step. Next, a canopy is erected over her, and she is enthroned. Higher and higher she ascends, till now, her feet resting on the clouds, and attended by the glorified saints and all the hosts of heaven, "Mary, mother of Christ," has become "Mary, Queen of Heaven." The veneration for the human mother "blessed above all women" through her divine child alone, has become Mariolatry.

We have thus traced the history of Art to the very summit of its glory, and now must come its decline. Here, as elsewhere, Nature's stern law holds sway; there must be constant increase or decrease, — never a state of rest. Through the very strength of Art crept in her weakness. Love of Nature, the striving after her spirit, degen-

erated into mere imitation, and idealism gave place to realism. Instead of the broad, free handling of noble themes, a pettiness of style was developed, a care for minute detail, and a choice of subjects descending sometimes almost to vulgarity.

But we have seen that public sentiment is the measure of excellence, and that no man can rise far above the age in which he lives. Therefore let us not blame Art that she has fallen, but mankind, rather, that it has degraded her. Now, however, when the strife between good and evil is becoming daily more earnest; when noble men all over the world are devoting themselves to the grand cause of humanity; when Science stretches forth her hands to lighten every burden for the weary worker, and the pen of the wise and good is doing so much to ennoble life; when all powers are moving onward and upward, shall Art not aid in the glorious struggle? We believe that her influence will be only another factor in this strife, and that she will again be herself, great and glorious in thought, in feeling, and expression.

E. K. J. '89.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

OF course Tom and I were the best of friends, and have been since the day I fell into the ditch and Tom gallantly rescued me. We had made mud pies together, jumped fences, climbed trees, and had even quarrelled till both of our faces were scratched almost beyond recognition; but we had always "made up," and so strengthened the tie which bound us.

My father fairly idolized me, and if I wanted anything I was sure to get it by "asking father." Mother said it was foolish to pet the child so; but nevertheless I received just as much petting, in a quiet way, from mother as I did from father.

Father was always telling me about his mother. Such a beautiful old lady, so grand and dignified and reserved! I actually thought of her as with a halo around her stately head.

The time came when I must go to school, and to school I went, and with Tom. Oh, those long walks! In summer Tom carried my books, in winter he drew me on his sled. As time went on and lessons grew harder, Tom came over in the evening on pretense of helping me. I wonder if mother knew how little studying was done on those happy evenings. How innocently we conjugated the verb "to love"!

One unlucky day my married sister, whom I scarcely remembered, came home for a long visit. Oh, how much Marion saw to find fault with in Tom and me! It was dreadful! Simply shocking! How *young* we acted! How useless I was! What could I do? Could I sew? I had learned to do nothing, absolutely nothing of woman's work! Marion finally awoke father and mother to the fact that I was seventeen and Tom a year older. It was decided that I must go to some fashionable boarding-school, and in an incredibly short time I was packed off. How lonesome I was for father and mother and Tom and the good old times! My only consolation, when homesick, was to go up into my room and open a tiny box and take out a little scratched and battered ring which Tom had worn ever since I could remember. He had given it to me as a parting gift. I thought I would wear it; no one would notice it, although it was a gentleman's ring.

My cousin, a very fashionable young lady from the East, was also attending the same school, and I roomed with her. She was very agreeable, but I did wish she would not talk quite so much of our grandmother. My father talked enough about that venerable lady. Cousin Ruth said she had once seen this wonderful woman, and she was always extolling her goodness and dignity.

Every week had brought a letter from home, and much to my joy, a few words from Tom. He was at college.

Vacation was close at hand, and I was looking forward to the time when Tom and I should meet again.

One day a letter came to Ruth from her mother, asking her to invite me down to spend a few weeks with her. I accepted the invitation although I would much rather have gone to my own home, if the truth were told.

We arrived at Ruth's home in the afternoon. The manor house, for so it was called, had been in the family for many generations. Here, this wonderful grandmother had lived from the time she was born till the day she died. Over the front door was a porch with large pillars of some architectural pretension. The knocker was a black serpent with its tail in its mouth. It seemed funny to have a knocker instead of a door-bell. All the rooms had an air of old-fashioned elegance.

After taking our supper, we went into the parlor and there on the wall was a picture of that saint-like and wonderful grandmother; one of whom I had been taught to think with reverence as perfect in all her ways. The picture was painted when grandmother was young and was indeed beautiful. But let me confess that the halo round the head gradually disappeared when my eager questions were

answered. The curls and jewelry and furbelows and puffs were something in my eyes very gaudy and gay.

Did grandmother go to school? Yes, until she was thirteen. Till she was *thirteen*! And her granddaughters must go till they are twenty! Then I asked if grandmother went to parties. Yes, and used to go on sleigh-rides with a crowd of young folks and not get home till morning. My father's mother! And she had no chaperone? No one to look after her on such occasions? But her granddaughters are thought very much out of the way if they don't have a chaperone everywhere they go. Did grandmother dance? Oh, yes! When dancing was dancing, not the quiet gliding steps her granddaughters have learned, but a hop, skip, and jump. Then with a blush, for I confess to thinking of Tom: Did she have lovers? Oh my, yes! And how old was she when these same lovers appeared? She did not know exactly, but she was married when she was seventeen.

Now my grandmother fell from the pedestal where I had placed her, never to be worshipped again. She was just like other women after all. Tell me no more of the days when girls were perfect. Take the little ring out of the box; let me wear it in sight of day. Why should I not follow in the footsteps of one so good and beautiful, and in the years to come be loved, honored, and revered, one worthy of imitation?

"Now pardon me, I'd like to ask

Of those who make this fuss,

What was so good in grandmamma;

What is so bad in us?

"You say she pieced a score of quilts

In patterns very fine;

But was there one so pretty as

This "crazy quilt" of mine?

"Her bread and cakes were nice and light,

Her pies were beat by none;

Mine too, I've learned at cooking-school

What grandma learned at home.

"'Tis plain to me that those grand dames

Whose praises most are sung,

Were jolly girls with crimps and curls,

Who married very young.

"That periods repeat themselves,

And when you've had your say,

The girls of old are very like

Us sinners of to-day."

A LETTER FROM JAMAICA.

“Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, and Porto Rico are the principal islands of the West Indian group. More than one third of all the sugar produced in the world, comes from these islands ; beside sugar-cane, bananas, cocoanuts, and all other tropical fruits grow in abundance.” Thus, and thus only, read my Primary Geography of long ago ; the advanced one was brevity itself on the West India Islands, and general literature is far more fond of other fields.

An occasional sentence here and there, Philip Franeau’s well-colored poems, and the papers in Harper’s Monthly for July, August, and September of 1888, had taught me the little I knew of this part of the world, until I found myself steaming into Port Antonio’s peaceful, glassy harbor one day last October. The first sight is more like a beautiful dream than a reality, the deeply sapphirine water breaks on a snowy beach, fringed with feathery palms, the land rises abruptly into lofty and sharply defined hills, which in their turn are transformed into grand old mountains, well named Blue Mountain range, for the distant peaks look cerulean enough, till they disappear in fleecy clouds. The busy town itself, with its picturesque old-time Spanish houses, veranda-embraced, its spires and towers, and over all, the vine-covered ruins of an ancient Anglican church, looking down like a mentor, gives one the impression of its having climbed up the heights until it was tired, and stopped to rest decades ago.

Over and above all this scene, are constantly flying the great black buzzards — the scavengers of Jamaica. They always impart a mournful aspect to the landscape, but are worth more than a dozen boards of health to the island, and there is a fine of five pounds for killing one. The black people have quite appropriately named them “John Crows,” and everybody else has followed their example.

Jamaica is one hundred miles long and about fifty in width, and was one of the early discoveries of the Western Hemisphere. On his second visit to the New World, in 1494, Columbus sailed into one of the island harbors, which is known as Columbus’ Cove. Here he repaired his ships and took possession of the island for Spain. The stories he and his crew told of the beautiful land soon brought adventurers to its shores, and shortly Spanish mansions sprung up, plantations were cleared, the natives became slaves, and prosperity and luxury grew apace. The Indians called the island Zamayca, which signified woods and water, but the name was corrupted by the Spaniards into Jamaica. Port Roy was the leading town, and at

the beginning of the seventeenth century, contained fifteen hundred elegant buildings, and was a beautiful, as well as busy mart; still vice and immorality prevailed to such an extent that it seemed like the judgment of God, when the terrible earthquake of 1602 buried the city and many of its inhabitants beneath the waves of the Caribbean Sea. The place was never rebuilt, but later, Kingston grew up five or six miles from the old site.

In 1662, during the reign of Charles II., England took Jamaica from the Spaniards; thereupon the natives, who had been enslaved, withdrew to the mountain fastnesses, and styling themselves the "Maroons," like the Highlanders among the crags of Scotland, kept the English at bay, until they were recognized as free. Gangs of slaves were brought from Africa, and the sugar-mills and rum-distilleries prospered.

In 1838, however, there came a severe check to the idle, wealthy English land-owners, in the shape of the emancipation of the slaves. The poor creatures had been brutally treated in the majority of cases, were ignorant, and almost like animals, such was their degraded condition. An old-time nurse told me she had seen a slave hung for secreting a Bible, his head fastened to a pole as a *warning* to others and the Good Book itself reduced to ashes. It reminds us of the days when Westminster Bridge was made awful with the ghastly heads of the poor victims of the executioner's axe, and the smoke from the Bible fires blew over England.

The proprietors of the estates soon found that their incomes were cut down twenty, thirty, fifty, even sixty per cent, land decreased in value, and matters went on from bad to worse, till about twenty years ago, when the Boston Fruit Company commenced extensive negotiations with the island, the estate-holders began importing coolies and Chinamen, and the star of hope rose for Jamaica. Notwithstanding the progress is slow, and as yet the morning has barely dawned, it gives promise of a golden day, and that not far in the future.

The fair island, with its "sweet romantic vales," its majestic scenery, bright flowers, delicious fruits, fairy ferns, chameleon waters, fresh sea breezes, and hot mineral springs, is a winter paradise.

An English lady, the daughter of an earl who was governor here fifty years, speaking of her childhood in Jamaica, said, "My days spent there were like a beautiful dream."

Of course there are many English, Germans, Scotch, and Americans resident here, but the highways are full of black, brown, and

yellow people. Some of the quadroon girls are exceedingly pretty, and the coolie babies look as if they had walked out of some of Murillo's pictures of the Madonna.

The morals of the people are wretched, only about forty per cent of them being legally married; and this sad state of affairs is by no means confined to the lower classes. It was only the other day, a prominent Custom House official said something about his family to a gentleman. "I did not know that you were married, Mr. B.," was the reply. "Oh yes, I am married, but not *churched*, you see," said the custom official blandly.

The picturesque limestone houses in which the "buchra" or *white* people dwell are usually perched on the tops of hills, away from malarial districts, and where both sea and mountain breezes are ever rustling the overhanging palms. Many of the roads leading up to these "great houses" as they are called, are too steep for carriages, so horse-back riding is really a necessity. Of every Jamaican it might be said, as of Chaucer's Squire,

"Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride."

The creole p^âtois is quite unintelligible to the uninitiated; it is a queer mixture of many tongues with English for a ground-work.

If you want to know the truth about these West Indian Islands, avoid such heretical books as Anthony Trollope's *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, or James Anthony Froude's recent work, *The English in the West Indies*. On good authority, I am told that that the latter wrote his book before leaving England, then made a brief cursory trip here, which supplied him with *filling*. There are many amusing discrepancies, and more glaring falsehoods; so though the book may be charmingly written, it is far from correct. He even regrets that slavery is abolished, and laments to see the *ruins* of so many once prosperous old gin-mills!

Despite the libels upon it, the moral degradation and ignorance which exist, Jamaica is a beautiful land, well deserving its title of "Gem of the Antilles."

F. B. P. †'82.

PSALM CXXI.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

I.

Far o'er the waste of bare, low-lying land,
To the dim, distant hills I lift mine eyes;
All night I've watched; from out the silent skies
No hope doth come,—they are as brass. No hand
Doth grasp mine own, to save; no voice command
The darkness to roll back, the stars to rise
For me. To all my prayers for help no one replies;
Only the hills watch with me, as they stand
Calm in their strength of ages; there appears
No help from them,—no cries shake their repose;
But lo, e'en as I gaze through mist of tears,
The curtain of the dark rolls back, and glows,
Behind the hills, the morn in quivering skies;—
I looked for stars, and lo, the sun doth rise!

II.

Forgive, O God, that I did dare to say
"God hath forgotten; no cries for help he hears."
That I should dare to think, through all these years
His hand hath led me lest my foot should stray,
He would forget me now in this my day
Of sorrow and of anguish, when my fears
Drove me unto his breast; though through my tears
I could not see his face,—could only pray
"O Father, hear me, save me, lest I die!"
As o'er the hills the glorious morn doth break,
So o'er my night of soul his love doth dawn.
God doth not sleep; he ever hears our cry,
And he will save us for his own dear sake,
And after night will surely come the morn.

E. K. J. '89.

OUR "TEN."

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, and school was over for the day in the High School at T——. In the dressing-room a little knot of girls was collected, all talking busily; "I think it will be real nice," said one. "When will we —" began a second girl, when a third chimed in with "And we'll meet at my house and organize, to-morrow."

So it was settled, and the following day, ten of the High School girls met in the pleasant parlors of Marjory Deane's home to organize a circle of King's Daughters. "I suppose we ought to have an object," said Lou Ray, after they had chosen a name and motto for their circle. "Yes, of course," responded Julie Roberts, "I suppose we mustn't gossip, all tens have that for an object." "And let's have another too," said Marjory; "Suppose we try to do a kind deed every day." "And it is nearly Christmas time, and we might do something for some poor children," suggests another. "Let's do as Madge says first, and see about the Christmas plan afterwards," said Lou, and so the meeting adjourned.

The next day Marjory's little sister came to her mother full of a "grand plan." "You see, Mamma," she explained, "Madge and the rest of the big girls have got a Society, 'a ten,' Madge calls it, and they call themselves King's Daughters, and try to be good, and do nice things for other people, and — King's Daughters means God's daughters, doesn't it?" she finished hesitatingly. Mrs. Deane nodded. "Yes," pursued the child, "and Millie Ray and I want to have a society too, can't we? We're most six, and — and — and very little girls can be God's daughters, just as well as big ones, can't they?" Mrs. Dean smiled down on her "most six" years old daughter very lovingly, and said she thought they could, and so Ruthie and Millie became King's Daughters and wore their Maltese crosses very proudly. ∩

As Christmas-time drew near, it became a matter of great deliberation, as to what they should do for the poor children. "We must do something you know, Millie, 'cause the big girls are going to," said Ruthie decidedly. The next meeting of their 'ten,' or rather 'two,' was at Millie's and during the discussion of the important question, Millie's father, who was a doctor, entered the room. "Want to do something for the poor children," he said, "then why not do something for some of my hospital children?" and Ruthie and Millie clapped their hands delightedly. "But what, Papa, tell us

what," cried Millie excitedly. "Well," said her father slowly, "there is one child who wants a letter, she is always saying she wishes some one would write to her, she is very lonely." "Poor thing," he thought as he spoke, "she will not live to enjoy anything very long."

"We could do that couldn't we?" said Ruthie "better than anything else perhaps, because we haven't any money." So the next day the two children went to work to write the letter. It took them a long time, but at length it was finished and sealed, and one morning Dr. Ray took it with him as he started to make his daily visit to the Children's Hospital. "Here's a letter for Miss Carry Reed," he said cheerfully, as he came to the bedside of one of the children, a little mite of a girl, with black hair and great black eyes which looked out from a face, white as the snowy coverlet. "For me?" gasped the child, and taking it eagerly in her thin hands, she tore it open and commenced spelling it out, very slowly, while the flush on the thin face deepened, and the black eyes grew bright. And this is the letter.

"To the little girl in the hospital. — Deer little girl: we thot we wood rite to yoo 'cause we are King's Dorters and that meens God's Dorters and we want to do sumthing nice for sumbody Christmas. Peeple most always do nice things for other peeple Christmas, like givin' 'em things, dimund rings and seelskin cloks that Millie's papa gave her mamma. Mi mamma says praps why peeple give presents is because Jesus gave himself to us Christmas, we don't know very much 'bout it, or we would tell you, only little girl, if you love him, when you die you will go to Heaven and see him. We had a luvly time Christmas. There was a big tree at our church and we went and had oranges and candie and Millie got a dol and Ruthie got a box of pensils all colurs, and we had a Christmas dinner and a big turkkey and cranberry sorse and lots of things; and you won't ever tel if I tel you, will you little girl, but I et so much that I was sik and had to go to bed. Good-by little gurl, we didn't know how to write this very wel, 'cause there was too of us, but we hope yoo wil like it, and it was Ruthie who et to much diner and was sik.

Your little frends, Ruthie and Millie."

There were tears in the doctor's eyes as he turned away from the bedside and spoke to the nurse, a sweet-faced woman who stood near. "She is very low," he said. "Yes, very," was the response, "she can scarcely live till morning, I think," and the doctor, glancing back at the child, shook his head and hurried away.

That night was Christmas eve. All the evening, Carry lay hold-

ing her letter tightly clasped in her thin fingers. Towards morning, she called to the nurse. "Nursie," she asked in a feeble voice, "Will I go to Heaven if I love Jesus?" "Yes dear," came the answer. "I've heard about him — a little — in the Mission School, Nursie." "Yes dear." "And the letter says — if I love him — I'll go — to Heaven, and I *think* I do." There was a pause, then the child murmured "I think — I'll — go to sleep — now." She put the letter under her pillow and closed her eyes. An hour later the nurse came back to the bedside, and found little Carry sleeping the sleep of death. The letter which was under the pillow, she gave to the doctor, and he still has it. c. '92

THE SHRINES OF ISE.

THE home newspapers doubtless chronicled in due season the assassination of Viscount Mori, the Minister of Education, on the very day on which the Emperor promulgated the constitution, which gives to the Japanese people a moderate constitutional government, as soon as it goes into operation. The coincidence of these two events has no political signification. The assassin, Nishino Buntaro, was a religious fanatic, and the bloody deed was to avenge some fancied act of disrespect to his religion on the part of the Viscount at the shrines of Ise not long before. This has brought these shrines into prominence, in countries which had never before known of their existence, and so I think you may like to know what we saw there during a recent visit.

Eighty miles from Kyoto by jinrikisha, is Yamada, the headquarters of the Shinto faith, and an old town in the province of Ise. Its streets are narrow and picturesque, the houses all standing gable-wise to the street, and affording a delightful prospective of oriental tiling, deep eaves, and artistic proportions. The quaint old town not being in the line of travel, is little touched by modern improvements, and is still pretty much as it was in the time of Daimios.

In Yamada, and the adjacent Uji, are two of the most famous and hallowed shrines of Shintoism. "Two great divine palaces," they are called, and have been for ages the centre and stronghold of the Shinto faith. On the border of the town is Geku, founded in 478. Naiku, three miles beyond, was founded 4 B.C., and in it, we are told, is hidden the original sacred mirror, which, in the Shinto my-

thology, is said to have been forged out of metal from heavenly mines, and bestowed by the sun-goddess on the founder of the Japanese imperial dynasty, Jimmu Tennō. The deity is supposed to reside in the mirror, which is found in every Shinto temple,—all the others are copies of this one at Naiku.

These Ise shrines are to the Shinto believers what Mecca is to the Moslems, what Jerusalem was to the Jews. In the spring and summer hundreds of pilgrims pass through Kyoto on their way to worship at these shrines. The pilgrims are dressed in white, and wear wooden gaiters, and large umbrella-shaped hats of rush straw, which protect them from sunshine and rain. They carry fan and bell, and over the shoulder hangs the fringed straw rain-cloak, which is said to be an inheritance from the Portuguese.

Little of the stateliness of architecture, or of the splendor of European cathedrals is found in any of the Japanese temples. Kyoto is called the “city of temples,” and here we see many a temple famous for its size, its fine carvings, gilding, and lacquer, or for the art treasures which it holds. But the architecture of these two temples at Ise is characterized by rigid, almost rude, simplicity, and is of the most primitive Shinto style. There is no wealth of color, ornament, or carving; no elaborate gateways or gorgeous altars. Except that the main posts are supported on hewn-stone blocks, instead of entering the ground, and that the floors are raised, the buildings are similar in form and structure to the ordinary Japanese hut. This was oblong, and made by placing poles of trees, with the bark on, upright in the ground, with transverse poles to make the frame, and rafters of bamboo. The two larger rafters at each end projected and crossed each other like two bayonets, and in the notches thus formed was placed the ridge-pole. The sloping roof was of grass-thatch fastened down by heavy poles. This was the model for these early temples. Wood and thatch form the materials; brass, bronze, and iron, scantily used,—where two beams intersect, or on their ends,—are the sole ornaments. The fences are of plain wooden posts; the gates are hanging screens of white silk; the open torii are of bare round logs. (The *torii*, resembling two T-shaped crosses with their ends joined, are conspicuous objects in a Japanese landscape, one or more always being found at the approach to a shrine.) There is no color but the brown and drab of thatch and weather-worn wood-work. The very lamps for the service of the temple are made of coarse white paper, decorated only in black, with the chrysanthemum flower, which is the crest of the “Son of Heaven.” There are a few simple emblems displayed, like the rice-straw ropes, hang-

ing slips of notched paper (*gohei*), and sprigs of the sacred "*cleyera japonica*."

The sacred mirror is never seen by human eyes. It, and its copies, are kept each in a spruce box, shrouded in a wrapper of plain white silk, and covered by a wooden cage, which again is covered with a silken mantle. Within the box reposes the mirror in a sack of brocade, or rather in a succession of sacks, for so soon as one begins to perish with age, a new one is added without removing it.

Their worship is of the simplest form. Two or three white-robed priests call the deity's attention by strokes upon a gong, or by clapping their hands twice, recite short prayers and formulas, bow the head, and retire. For sacrifices, there are daily offerings of water, rice, fish, salt, and fruit and vegetables in their season. The pilgrims who visit these shrines cannot pass beyond the white silk screen at the fourth torii.

The buildings looked to me sadly neglected. The thatch was seedy and withered, and grasses were growing on it here and there. But I learned that this was intentional. The buildings and fences are never repaired. Heat and cold, sun and rain, moss, lichen, and decay are left to work their will on them. But beyond that everything is kept scrupulously neat. Not a thing is out of place; not a weed disfigures the wide walks and gravelled spaces; not a scrap of dirt of any kind is where dirt ought not to be. The buildings themselves are not, however, of great age, dating back to only 1869. The entire structure of each temple is renewed every twentieth year. Not by pulling down one set and building another in its place, but by the expedient of having precisely similar sites, contiguous to each other, and occupied alternately; so that one set is not demolished until the new one is ready. The workmen were busy when we were there building new shrines at both places. Each successive structure is an exact copy of the last one, and we are quite sure that those we saw are genuine copies of the identical buildings that prevailed in Japan before the birth of Christ. Besides the temple proper, there are other buildings within the enclosure, built in the same style. There are oratories, and store-houses, where are kept the precious silken fabrics presented to the temple. Outside the enclosure there are smaller temples, — the temple of the soil, the temple of the sun, and others, and small buildings where the priests sell little slips of paper with the god's name on them. These the pilgrim treasures as charms, or regards as objects of worship. Then there are the stables where the sacred horses are kept. Be-

fore the stables are rows of little plates of beans and other things, and by paying a few *rin* we could enjoy the pleasure of feeding the horses who were whinneying and neighing to attract our attention.

The forest groves which surround these shrines are magnificent, especially at Naiku, whose trees are called the finest in Japan. There are dense ranks of cryptomeria, spruce, camphor, and the *Keyaki*, with its beautiful tint and grain, which is much used for furniture. Here and there one of the largest trees is encircled by a straw rope, showing that its great antiquity has invested it with sacredness, and that it is worshipped by the pilgrims as the abode of a spirit.

At Naiku, too, is a beautiful clear stream, the Isuzugawa, reflecting the overhanging maples in its waters, and spanned by picturesque rustic bridges. The pilgrims bathe in this river before approaching the shrine.

To the ordinary sight-seer these temples, characterized by such severe simplicity, can have but little attraction. But to one who sees in them ancient historical landmarks, and who would learn there something of the character of the old religion of the Japanese, before there was any admixture of Buddhism with its idols and ritual, there is a charm about these rude shrines denied to many more pretentious monuments.

J. P. S. †'76.

Kyoto, Japan, March, 1889.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

As we recall the brothers and sisters best known to us in literature, we turn most naturally to Charles and Mary Lamb. We always think of the two together; we may almost doubt whether the one could have been to us what he was without the other. The gentle Elia, in whose rare, inimitable essays the world has found such delight and profit, was much indebted to his cheery sister, his true "help-meet." She had been a lonely child misunderstood by her parents, and had lived a lonely life within herself, disturbed by no more sympathetic words than her grandmother's oft repeated question, "Polly, what are those poor, crazy, moythered brains of yours thinking always?" Her little brother Charles, born when she was eleven years old, was a godsend to her, and her devotion to him began then, to continue through life, — a devotion amply repaid

by Charles. He was only a young man of twenty-two when he gave up all his plans to devote himself to the care of his sister, whom he took from the asylum on his own responsibility. Their life together was an exceedingly pathetic one, broken as it was every year by the sad period of separation when the dreaded attack fell upon the sister. Lloyd tells us of meeting the pair coming across Hoxton fields together weeping, and of learning that Charles was accompanying his sister to the Asylum. These times of separation were a sore trial to both, while they made the remaining time seem all the more precious. In a letter in which he speaks of Mary as "from home," Charles says, "Meantime she is dead to me, and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think lest I should think wrong, so used am I to look up to her in the least as in the biggest perplexity. She is older and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She lives but for me."

Mary Lamb was a rare character. Her letters are incomparable, so full are they of good sense and bright sunshine. She had no small share of Elia's quaint wisdom and charming style, and any one who has begun his acquaintance with Shakespeare through those exquisite tales by the brother and sister must grant that they are veritable classics which children will ever love. Talfourd says of Mary, "She was remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of all her acts and words." Hazlitt used to say that he had never met with a woman who could reason; and had met with only one thoroughly reasonable, the sole exception being Mary Lamb. Charles's appreciation of his sister is familiar to all who have read the tributes to "Bridget" in the Essays. Remembering the sad tragedy which lay behind her, and the dread malady constantly threatening her, there appears a real heroism and strength of character in one who, in the face of all this could keep a cheerful home for Elia, and a heart ready with sympathetic help and inspiring words for all her friends, with such a lively interest in all their joys and sorrows. There is much of pathos and inspiration in the life of Charles and his sister, it was so full of pain and sorrow for themselves, so unfailing in hospitality, so unlimited in patience and thoughtfulness for all around them.

Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy are two entirely different characters, though the four were the best of friends. There was nothing of the pathetic in their relation to each other in their life at

Grasmere until late in life, when Dorothy's malady assumed the form of a decay of physical and mental energies, which made her dependent upon her brother's care. Neither gave up any definite life plan for the other. They simply loved each other, were an inspiration to each other, and filled out each other's lives. Dorothy was happy in her brother, she lived for and through him. It is not Wordsworth's fault that we so often fail to realize how much he was indebted to her. Many a beautiful tribute has he given to her poetic, delicately strung soul, which opened to him so much of tender beauty that otherwise would have escaped us.

"Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang;
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Of fragrance independent of the wind."

"But thou didst soften down
This over-sternness; but for thee, dear friend,
My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood
In her original self too confident,
Retained too long a countenance severe;
A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds
Familiar, and a favorite of the stars;
But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
And teach the little birds to build their nests
And warble in its chambers."

To Dorothy we are indebted for sustaining his soul through the season of bitter depression which followed the overthrow of his high hopes for France. Her cheerful, bright spirit restored him when he was in danger of becoming a gloomy misanthrope; as he expresses it, "Maintained for me a saving intercourse with my true self." Her nature was as truly a poet's nature as his; many a sentence taken from her diaries kept during their journeys together in Scotland and elsewhere are as graceful in prose as are his in poetry. Doubtless she might have written well herself, had she given herself to composition as she did to her brother. There seemed to be a perfect understanding between the two, and they took great enjoyment in each other's society. Yet Dorothy's greatest service to her brother, and so to us and to all time, was that softening of a nature naturally too stern, which he expresses so exquisitely in the lines quoted. The sharp lines of his nature and therefore of his work, needed just the toning down that she could give them, by imparting

to him her own gentleness, her own quick perception of the quiet beauties of life and nature. Our debt to her is indeed great.

What a different union existed between Augustus and Hannah Neander. We say at once that the author of the "History of the Jewish Church" surely could have needed no assistance from a sister, even as bright as Hannah. She was one of the women whom the world cannot get along without, not exceptional as a scholar, but blessed with an abundance of good sense, and the very kindest of self-denying natures. They were called the "Neander children" by the inhabitants of Berlin, and he at least deserved the name. It really seems as if he absolutely could not have lived without Hannah. His absent-mindedness has become a proverb, and many are the comical anecdotes told at his expense. Whether or not we believe the story that he walked a long distance with one foot in the gutter and the other on the sidewalk, until terribly alarmed because of his apparent lameness; certain it is that Neander would never have been able to release himself from the charms of the Church Fathers long enough to have thought of the wants of the natural man, had not Hannah carried him food when she knew he must need it. She was his housekeeper, managed his finances, entertained his guests, kept his working hours free from interruption, entertained him during his evenings, in short, supplied every lack in his profound yet childlike nature, and took care of him in a motherly, sisterly way. She was bright and witty, and has been called "A gayly bound supplement to the learned, thoughtful, pious book of her brother." A capital hostess, she entertained unwearily the students who week after week had the good fortune to sit at Neander's table. All through his life she was his support and guide, and during the four years after his death she felt as if her life had gone with him.

Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn form another instance of a peculiar life-long attachment between brother and sister. As children they received together their five-minute music lessons, practised together, and vied with each other in the rendering of difficult music. A little later they composed together, and in the music earliest published the work of the two cannot be distinguished. Fanny was an accomplished woman, and especially gifted as a pianist, her playing strongly resembling that of her brother. Their close intimacy was broken only by her death, which occurred very suddenly during the rehearsal of some choruses for the second part of Faust, composed by her at her brother's suggestion. The blow fell upon him with a fearful shock. For a long time he had been overworking. This

sudden overwhelming sorrow proved greater than he could bear, and his own death followed close upon hers.

Still another famous instance of a sister's devotion is seen in the life of Caroline Herschel. There seems to be almost no line of work in which she did not render most valuable assistance to her brother, William Herschel, the astronomical genius. She left her home in Hannover when William was a music teacher and concert director in Bath, England, with the expectation of being trained to sing in his concerts; but although her musical development helped to make his enterprise a success, it was only the beginning of her valuable and life-long assistance to him. She aided him very materially, not only by becoming herself the first singer in his concerts and by giving instruction, but by copying an almost incredible amount of music. All this she did while at the same time performing the duties of astronomer's assistant, and of a housekeeper distressed by dishonest servants, — the "poor, prima-donna-housekeeper," as she was called. Still more necessary to her brother did Miss Herschel become. After the pension of the king left him free to carry on his astronomical work, she shared in both the manual and mental scientific labor in which they both delighted. Often she read to him while at his work, and sometimes gave him food by mouthfuls, when, for instance, he had been polishing a seven-foot reflector for sixteen hours together. She taught herself mathematics, and with the most perfect accuracy performed the necessary calculations from his observations; in her diaries there are many statements such as "calculated one hundred nebulae to-day," "calculated two hundred to-day." She was herself capable of valuable work as an astronomical observer, as the eight comets discovered by her with the "seven-foot Newtonian sweeper," given her by her brother, prove. These discoveries seem the more remarkable when we know that by far the greater number of her "sweeps" were made when stationed close by her brother, ready to be constantly interrupted to run to the clocks, bring instruments, measure the ground, take down observations, and to do countless other things. In a letter which announces the discovery of her first comet, she says, "For these last three years I have not had opportunity to look as many *hours* in the telescope." For fifty long years, until her brother's death in 1822, Caroline Herschel thus "minded the heavens," and everything else as well, for her brother. She was an indefatigable worker, and freely gave her life and strength to aid him in his noble work. The scientific world owes a debt of gratitude to Caroline Herschel for such unselfish devotion and

valuable assistance given to a brother so eminently worthy of her self-sacrifice and love.

These are only a few brothers and sisters thus intimately related, whom the world has loved and honored. Countless others unknown to fame have lived, whose self-sacrifice, devotion, and oneness of spirit have been equally remarkable. Surely there is something in the relationship of brother and sister that can be found nowhere else. The bond between them, strengthened by years of companionship in the same joys and sorrows, is above the claims of passion and the demands of alien interests. One in associations, one in memory, they come to be one in sympathetic labor, until their communion with each other has a completeness which none but a brother and sister may enjoy.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

As the weeks of the Spring Term pass, the Academy grounds take on new and interesting phases in a gradual development towards better things. The temporary confusion is the sign and promise of so great improvement that it is a source more of pleasure than of annoyance to the friends of the school. The Academy has apparently become wonted to its new position behind South Hall, and the work of filling in and grading around it is going steadily on. The embankment in front of its old position is being levelled as fast as the earth can be used in grading up around the new building — Draper Hall, — the special object of interest in the eyes of all at present. Its third story is well under way under the hands of forty-two masons and twelve carpenters, and the prospect is that the roof will be reached by the last of June. The building is of brick with brown stone and terra-cotta trimmings, with a frontage of 156 ft. and a depth in the L of 166 ft. It will be of three stories in the front, four in the rear, besides the story directly beneath the roof, which is to contain a suite of rooms fitted up for studio purposes. Eleven music-rooms with padded floor, ceiling, and walls, will occupy the northwest end of the third story. Two of the pleasantest rooms on the first floor will be the library, 20 by 29, and the reading-room, 18 by 36, looking out towards the old oak and the sunset. The special feature of the new house, one which every old scholar will appreciate, is the arrangement by which each two pupils may have two rooms, a study and a bedroom, opening into each other and into the corridor. There will also be a number of single rooms for those who prefer them. It will be hard to find a boarding-school building more convenient and thoroughly pleasant than this promises to be. Our gratitude to the donors increases with the laying of every brick. It is expected that the house will be ready for furnishing by the middle of the coming winter. Where are the old scholars, who, either individually or as classes, will undertake the furnishing of one room or two, as several have already made known their intention of doing?

It may not be generally understood that the sum of \$3000 is yet lacking to make up the amount necessary by the conditions of the offer to secure the gift of \$22,000 from Mr. and Mrs. Draper. The loss of that gift means the stopping of all work upon the new building. Must we face that as our alternative?

Recently, in looking over a desk which had not been opened for a long time, Miss McKeen found, inscribed in Miss Phebe's handwriting, a box containing various early donations to the building fund. Acknowledgment is hereby made to the generous givers. The gifts are marked as follows: "The first penny towards a new building for the A. F. A. Donated by Miss Hattie Davis, Mar. 8, 1866. Table of Miss P. F. McK." "Gold at 31 3-4 premium. First silver opportunity to erect a new seminary for A. F. A. Presented by Louise White, Mar. 8, 1866." "Lida Wood for the New Building." "Kate E. Brown, the indefatigable." "Lone Star, to go into the new edifice of the A.F.A. Given by Mary Marsh, Mar. 8, 1866." "Wager won by Rebecca Davis on a bet that Mary Spaulding would get $\frac{4}{5}$ in Horace, and devoted to the new house as a votive offering."

The annual lunch of the Alumnae Association took place Feb. 20, at the Thorndike, in Boston. This social gathering of the alumnae is coming to have its own place in the calendar of the school year, and with each repetition grows more pleasant. About sixty were present, representing various periods of the school's history, from the "first-day" scholar to members of recent classes. After an hour or two spent in informal visiting and in the discussion of an attractive lunch, made still more attractive by table decorations of cool ferns and brilliant nasturtiums, the President, Mrs. Abby (Chapman) Poor, called the meeting to order, and after a few fitting words of welcome introduced Miss McKeen, who brought news of the condition of the school during the past year, and its present outlook. Mrs. Nellie (Emerson) Carey brought greetings from the four "old girls" engaged, like herself, in mission work in Japan, and spoke with enthusiasm of her life there. Telegrams and letters of regret from absent members were read by Mrs. Kate (Buss) Tyler of the committee of arrangement. A report of the French Hall scheme was given by Miss Merrill. Considerable interest was aroused during Miss McKeen's address, in regard to the furnishing of the new building now in process of erection, and many questions as to material and cost were asked and answered. The cost of furnishing a suite of two rooms was stated to be about \$100. After the various addresses and general discussion the company separated, carrying away not only the remembrance of great pleasure in the greetings from old friends, but a renewed love for the Alma Mater of the past, and a livelier interest in her welfare for the future.

DRIFTWOOD.

Dec. 1, the evening before Communion Sabbath, Rev. F. H. Palmer addressed us upon the need of preparation for the service of the communion. He spoke of the desirability of making some preparation, and of attending some preparatory service when possible. The greatest danger in spiritual life is that of doing nothing through carelessness. Christ's severest rebukes were not for those who actually opposed him, but for those ser-

vants who idly did nothing. To retain any skill in athletics one must keep in training, to write well one must write often, there is the same need of constant daily spiritual practice. Great influence is exercised over us by the spiritual atmosphere in which we live. We are in a measure responsible for this atmosphere. Working brings the power of working. Get into the atmosphere of spiritual things through habit. Habit interferes only with the carrying out of whims not with the I which deliberately limits itself. God is free, yet self-limited; we may be free in the same way. There is danger of performing religious duties simply as routine, but there is a greater advantage in the formation and possession of the habit. Everything in life is done better when preparation is made for it. In the preparation for the Lord's Supper, look forward to it the week beforehand. Think of special requests which you wish to make. Make preparation also, by the renewal of your vows. Preparation is desirable for every spiritual service, just as for that of the communion. "Put on the whole armor of God, and, having done all, stand." "Stand therefore," but one cannot stand *without* having done all.

At another of our Saturday meetings in December, we had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Judson Smith, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., speak of his recent tour in Asia Minor. He went as far as Marsovan, 450 miles east of Constantinople, making a stay in the Turkish empire of forty-seven days. The approach to Constantinople through the Bosphorus, with the landing at the Golden Horn, far excels any description yet given of it; but within the city it is far different, for no words could overdraw the poverty and wretchedness seen on every hand. The population is a motley one of Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Jews, in short, of all nations. The finest examples of missionary work are to be found without the city, as within, the work meets with obstacles, in the immediate presence of the Turkish Government, and the motley character of the people. Here, in Constantinople is the printing establishment of the Board in Turkey, with the Girl's School and Robert College. From Constantinople, Dr. Smith went to Marsovan, a distance of sixty miles, via Samsoon. Part of the way he was alone on a Russian steamer, and for two days, rode ten hours a day in a springless canvas-covered wagon. The country was very fertile and the scenery marvellously beautiful. One night was passed in a native inn, consisting of four walls and a roof, within which men and beasts herded together. Three miles from Marsovan, a company of missionaries and their children, theological students, and native pastors, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred persons, welcomed Dr. Smith with great rejoicing as the representative of the Board. Marsovan, which has been a missionary centre for thirty-five or forty years, has now a native church with a membership of from three hundred to four hundred, congregations averaging eleven hundred, a self-supporting Sunday-school, and a native pastor, who is a graduate of the New York Theological Seminary. The city is well supplied with the means of education. There are four grades in the schools which

prepare for college, and a girl's boarding-school, with a four-years' course of study, in which instruction is given in Turkish, Greek, and English. There is also a college having native teachers, and consisting of four classes averaging seventy-five each, a theological seminary, and a boy's high school. The graduates of these schools go forth as educated Christian men and women, and thus exercise a great influence for good. A mothers' meeting is held in the city, where some sixty or one hundred native women gather to pray.

It deepens one's confidence in human nature, and gives one a stronger desire for the coming of the kingdom of the Lord, to come into contact with such men and women as these on missionary ground. It is a tonic to go where men and women stand face to face with evils ten times greater than any which we know. Not those only who are on the field are to share in the work. If there are to be messengers and their message is to be effective, so that the Gloria will come to be sung in every land, if this is to be a reality, it will be because young ladies here and elsewhere, throw aside trifling things unworthy of them, and devote themselves to that which is highest and best.

Jan. 12, Miss Dox was again with us, and filled a most interesting hour, with stories of her work in Idaho and New Mexico. She made the incidents related all cluster about the one thought, the preciousness of trusting in Jesus. She interested us all in her story of a rough cow-boy who came to school daily with his pistols in his belt. As she was about to pass a question on to the next, thinking he did not know the answer, he cried "Well, school-marm, hold your horses, and I'll git her; she's here." The great love and respect which Miss Dox won from these rough pupils was proved by their watchfulness and care for her, particularly during her lameness. She was so helpless that they carried her to the school-house each day, and from room to room after reaching it. She told us many stories of her life in Idaho, many of them very amusing. After speaking of her sad farewell on leaving this town, and of the wonderful transformation it had undergone during her life in it, Miss Dox turned to her work in New Mexico. This was more difficult work, for she went alone, entirely ignorant of the language. She lived in one of the ordinary mud houses of the people, and had a Mexican girl to cook for her. The food was scanty, and prepared in such a filthy manner that she was unable to eat, and became ill. After many weeks of serious illness she recovered, only to be so misrepresented by a Jesuit priest, that the people ordered her to leave the town before a certain day. Not being able to understand or speak the language, she neither knew what the priest's charges were, nor could answer them. Through the direct providence of God, two missionaries from a neighboring station, though unaware of any disturbance, came to see Miss Dox, just in time to quiet the fury of the people and prove to them the falseness of the priest's charges. The result was a great advance in the missionary work. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee."

We were assisted in our preparation of one Monday's Bible lesson, on the Parable of the Sower, by Mr. Greene of the West Parish, who addressed us Feb. 2. He spoke of Jesus' reasons for speaking in parables, — that those only might understand who would obey. The effect produced by Bible-reading and church-going depends upon the purpose for which these duties are performed. In studying the Bible, as in studying history, the amount we gain depends upon what we seek. Thus those who heard the parable and *returned to ask*, found help. The symbolism of the parable is plain; there is a similarity between natural and spiritual processes because they originate from the same author. The different kinds of ground represent the different ways in which God's word takes hold of people. We are apt to feel that it is a matter of circumstance, that our hearts are naturally hardened; but Christ did not say that the bad soil could not be made good, and the soil of our hearts may also become fruitful.

We were exceedingly interested in an address upon Palestine delivered to us by Dr. Selah Merrill, Feb. 23. He said that to-day Palestine is in ruins; there is misery on all sides. The Hebrew writers, however, represent it as a land of plenty, of great prosperity, populousness, and fertility. Many travellers cannot reconcile these two facts, and think that there are exaggerations in the account handed down to us; others say that the land has great capabilities, and could again make true these descriptions. Eastern Palestine is seldom visited, and has lain desolate since the Moslem conquest, 635 A.D. Western Palestine has been occupied by civilized peoples, Eastern Palestine by wild wandering tribes. Of the past greatness of the land east of the Jordan we may learn from various sources. There remain remnants of the cyclopean works of previous peoples, which at once stamp their builders as people of enterprise, strength and wealth, while in Assyrian records we find accounts of the fertility of the land. The number and magnificence of many ruined cities are remarkable. From the castle of Bozrah can be seen a strip of country containing thirty ruined towns, sixty ruined churches, and eleven ruined theatres, seating from three thousand to ten thousand. There are also many churches and cathedrals adorned with the highest art, of which we have no history. Heathen temples and Christian churches are found side by side. Who planted the gospel here no one knows, possibly it was Christ himself. Still another evidence of past greatness is the extent of the Roman roads following the lines of the earlier Assyrian roads. There are some five hundred or six hundred miles of these roads east of the Jordan built substantially, with stations for watchmen and relays, and still showing the ruts made by the chariot wheels. The Roman made the land a paradise, the Persian a desert. There are also in Eastern Palestine the remains of a wonderfully perfect system of irrigation with innumerable reservoirs and aqueducts, some built as early as Hebrew times. The number of ruined towns indicates a dense population; the specimens of art, the taste, intelligence, and

wealth of the people. How were they supported, if not by a fertile soil? All these ruined cities, churches, roads, and systems of irrigation are, then, proofs of the wealth and prosperity of Eastern Palestine in former times. If true of the eastern portion may it not be true of the western? The Biblical statements are literal truth, this country could be made again one of the gardens of the world. The day of redemption for Palestine may come even in our day. God has not forgotten his chosen people, and some time a new government will bring prosperity again to the land in God's own good time.

Mar. 2, We were favored by the presence of Prof. Moore in our evening meeting. He said, "Suppose a man desire with all his heart to do the will of God, how is he to find out what this will is?" This is a question that all religions have tried to answer through priest, through prophet, and through religion based on law. But there can be no law which applies in every case, the result is a complicated code like that of the Jews. Christ broke with this code, and went back to the prophets. From Jeremiah we learn that God's law is written in a man's conscience; but Paul, not Jeremiah, tells us how this law is to become written there, in Roman xii. 2. This verse we may express thus, "Do not regulate your conduct in accordance with prevailing standards, but let yourself be transformed by the Christian way of thinking, that you may get within yourself the instinctive feeling of what the acceptable and perfect will of God is." We are, then, not to regulate ourselves by prevailing standards, there would then be no progress. We are to yield ourselves completely to the new way of thinking; think of God as Christ thought of him, think of God as the Father, think of man as Christ thought of him, as he is and can be. Think as Christ thought of the kingdom of God, work for it as he did. One who does this will need no laws, he will have a clear idea of what God's will is. There is a moral manhood and freedom in a life such as this, which gives all its rights to the sacredness of the man's self. Yet he must yield himself up to the guidance of this principle; if he neglects to follow it once, the next time it will not direct him as clearly. These thoughts give us a glimpse of the unattained possibilities of Christian life. The church is full of spiritual cowards, who let their consciences be tyrannized over by the opinions of others. Let us try what we can make of this way of learning the will of God, from within out, not by the average of others. Let us give ourselves up to Christ's way of thinking, and by thus thinking have in the conscience itself a guide to the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

At morning prayers, March 8, Rev. Mr. Bliss spoke to us enthusiastically of the growth of Colorado. Mr. Bliss, who is a graduate of the Theological Seminary, married an Abbot Academy graduate, and has had a daughter here, so that he feels interested in the school. He went to Denver eighteen years ago, when the city had only five thousand inhabitants,

now it has one hundred thousand. New Mexico to-day is where Colorado was then. There was then only one self-sustaining Congregational church in Denver, now there are sixty; congregations having increased from less than one hundred to from eight hundred to fifteen hundred. There are costly Methodist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian churches. Denver is the "Queen City of the Plains." It is said that the four great cities of this continent are destined to be New York, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco. Denver's school system was called by a Boston Superintendent of schools the finest in the country. It is a good place to study; the schools are excellent, and their students take high rank everywhere. There is a university with between three hundred and four hundred students, and an excellent young ladies' seminary. Society is good, the country full of health. There is no malaria, no epidemics, the air is vigorous and bracing. The region is one of great mountains, Denver being five thousand two hundred feet above the sea level. Prof. Phelps, in writing to Mr. Bliss, said he thought he had never written to a man quite so near heaven before. Leadville steeple is the highest in the world. The work of everyone who goes to Colorado is to be a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. It is a great deal to say that Denver has kept pace with and rather gained on its large population. The principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ are needed in the hearts and homes of the people; they need to have those who come keep these principles with them, that they may establish Christian homes. Christ's salvation is needed more and more in the hearts of all people; and it is hoped and expected that this institution will be true to the great Master, and to the support of his cause.

Rev. Mr. Gutterson of the India Mission was with us March 23. He spoke of a Y.M.C.A. meeting which he attended in London, and of the friends whom he discovered among the audience after the meeting, although they were all strangers to him. One of the recompenses of missionary life is the friendships which it offers, one of the most invaluable helps that a man can have; friendships unselfish, pure, sincere, friendships, such as are found only within the bounds of Christianity. Is not the love of God in the heart the source of these friendships? If the friendship which he inspires is so beautiful, what must be his friendship? Christ's friendship is an abiding friendship. Do we want it? Times will come to us all when we shall deeply feel the need of the abiding presence of this friendship. Can we have this friendship? Will Christ come as a friend of those who seek him? Surely, if we want and seek him with all our hearts. Can we then keep this friendship? There is one condition, there is nothing valuable on this earth which can be obtained without giving up something for it. There are things that we cannot do, places to which we cannot go, phases of character which we cannot have, if we are to keep this friendship. There must be an humble and earnest spirit, ready to give up some things that are very alluring. No renunciation like that of the monks is

required, but there must be a giving up of some things. Equipped with education, culture, firmness of character, yet lacking this friend, we are like a boat without its pilot. We must have a friend who has the power to be with us and help us in every exigency of life. May we all be able to find and keep this friend.

April 20, Rev. Mr. Leavitt of North Andover addressed us upon the Prohibitory Amendment, to be voted upon the twenty-second. He spoke of the great wisdom of having such matters brought before persons isolated in schools, who might not feel the impulses of the hour, and thus be out of sympathy with the movement. Fifty years ago there was no agitation of the temperance question. The first movement was towards less excess, then to a strengthening of the check laid upon man. We cannot control the evil of intemperance by the use of moral suasion for two reasons. The first is, that alcohol affects the brain, and causes appetite for more. This being so, a man must have great moral courage to overcome the habit, we must therefore remove from him the source of temptation. The second reason for the inefficacy of moral suasion is the existence of the saloon. The saloon is controlled by a man who wishes to so brutalize his customers that he may have them completely in his power. He never warns them, never refuses them liquor while their money lasts. He is the enemy of the weak, and makes his saloon as enticing as possible. This saloon-keeper is not to be trusted in any way. The wife of such a man said she hoped the amendment would pass because it would break up her husband's business, and he himself had said, "Nothing but that amendment will ever do it." The experiment of placing no restriction on saloons has been tried, and found intolerable. The local option law has been tried, but the man who drinks has but to take a little longer journey into the next town for his liquor. During the last ten years in which the local option law has been in operation, the liquor interest has gained 125 per cent in Massachusetts. The difficulty in state legislation is that the fight must be a yearly one. To place the amendment in the constitution three years are required, two successive legislatures must pass it, and then the people must sanction it. Since legislation has not accomplished anything in the last fifty years for the checking of the liquor traffic, it is time for the people to act. In Iowa there are fifty-five empty prisons, and in Kansas also fewer criminals. If we could do nothing but lessen the number of criminals it would be worth while. Within six miles from Boston State house nearly all the rum used in the country is manufactured. Recently a ship sailed for Africa with two missionaries in the cabin and six thousand barrels of rum in the hold. The state should rise in a body and condemn such things.

Rev. Mr. Palmer was again with us in our Saturday meeting before the May communion. In reference to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, he said we are all interested, whether communicants with the church or not. The first requirement for coming to the Lord's table is to be a Christian, to have a hearty purpose to serve God. We are not to

feel obliged to pass through any certain crises to become Christians, we should be real, be ourselves. If we heartily purpose to serve God then we are Christians. Let not Christians think that when once Christians all is accomplished, one cannot be a stationary Christian, it is a contradictory phrase. There is need of preparation for everything. In our preparation for the communion, let us meditate on the life and death of Christ and upon our sins, and let us have a hearty desire to serve God. Take some special trial or difficulty and ask for special help. This service of the communion is the only form of service especially established by Christ, coming directly from the Lord's hand. Let no one feel that he should not come to the communion because he does not fully realize its meaning, or because he feels unworthy. If there is sin in this lack of comprehension, "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from *all* sin." In coming to the communion we must banish all unkind thoughts. We should not expect ecstatic feelings, such things take care of themselves. Every one stands for something in this life. What do we stand for? This question, the great question of life, faces us as we stand before the communion.

May 11. Prof. C. M. Mead read to us from Eccl. xi. and xii., and then spoke of the lost possibilities of life. There is but one life to live, and every past moment and hour are irrecoverable. We are not for this reason to spend our time in sorrow, mourning over the past; that is not profitable. Solomon says, "Remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil." We are what we have made ourselves in the past, but the important thing is, what we are now. We are to rejoice in our youth; it is a desirable thing to be happy. First, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," then "Rejoice in the Lord always." We are not to live as the monks who always greeted each other with the words, "Brother, I must die," and answered always by "Brother, so must I." Yet we cannot be perfectly happy, free from care unless we lay hold of the hand which is able to guide. Guided by that hand we may rejoice in our youth, and let the past, if sad, make the present more what it should be.

We had a rare treat May 9, in listening to Mrs. Calliope S. Vaitse, from Athens, who had been a pupil of Miss Olive Twitchell. She was in school at Broosa when Miss Twitchell first came as a teacher. The girls of the school wondered much what she would be like, and on the Friday morning when she entered the town, ran to meet her, decorated with flowers, Mrs. Vaitse herself being the first to shake hands with her. They thought her very tall and pretty, far prettier than they had expected. During the day after her arrival, they tried their best to get a sight of her, looking through all the doors and windows. Miss Twitchell came to them in the spring, and began at once to study the language. She learned very rapidly and pronounced well, and by the fall, was able to give some lessons in Greek. Some of the girls used to go to her room

every Sunday after Sunday-school for an hour's talk. They told her all their troubles and she was always ready with helpful advice. They often asked her how she behaved when she was young, how she behaved at home, and at school. Soon she began work among the people of Broosa, going around among them often, with Mrs. Vaitse as interpreter because the Greek she learned at the school was not understood by the common people. This work was enjoyable and varied, Miss Twitchell now explaining the truth to a man who thought because he was poor that he could not be a Christian, now attempting to comfort a girl deserted by her betrothed, who "felt very sad," because she "wanted to get married."

In this case however, Mrs. Vaitse said, neither she nor Miss Twitchell knew how to give comfort from lack of experience. Mrs. Vaitse told us how her mother made the arrangements for her marriage while she was at school, and she knew nothing about it, the first hint of the matter being a letter from her brother, telling of the nice presents which a Mr. Vaitse had given him. Though herself preferring to remain at school, she yielded to her mother's wishes, and was married about two weeks after the first time she saw her future husband, a "very soon marriage" as she expressed it. She said she cried all the day of the wedding, but judging from her happy face, one would say she never had cried since. The Wednesday following the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Vaitse left for Athens, which she described as a "pretty city" with very wide streets. They lived not far from the Acropolis, "a pretty and as you all know, a very ancient building," from which she could look over nearly all the city. Mrs. Vaitse's manner of speaking was most happy, and the slight accent with which she spoke the English words charming. No report can give any idea of the pleasure with which we listened to her.

Monday, May 13, Dr. Edward Pick gave us his exceedingly interesting introductory talk, to his series of five lectures upon the "memory." He impressed upon us the distinction between memory and recollection, and gave the two rules of his system: 1. Always concentrate your attention upon as few things as possible at a time; 2. Compare when comparison is possible. Dr. Pick taught for twenty years in Uppingham School, England, with wonderful success. He is called the greatest living authority on the subject of memory. We regret very much that his proposal to lecture before us, came at this busy season when no time could be found for his lectures.

The anticipated lectures by Mrs. Downs occurred January 22, 29, and February 8, in the Academy Hall. The general subject of the lectures was "English Churches," the three treating respectively of Early English Gothic, Decorative Gothic, and Perpendicular Gothic architecture. The pictures took us from the very earliest of English churches, with their rude simplicity, down to the grand cathedrals of Litchfield, York, and Canterbury. There were a great many pictures, and all were exceptionally fine, while Mrs. Downs's descriptions of them were charming. We

always anticipate rare pleasure in any of Mrs. Downs's lectures, and she did not disappoint us in these. We were interested and charmed by the pictures and lectures through the entire course.

Many of us attended the Winter Tournament at the Phillips gymnasium March 16. Some of the wrestling and sparring was, by previous arrangement, over before we arrived upon the scene. Those not afflicted with too tender hearts, thoroughly enjoyed the skill displayed in the few contests which we saw, especially the sparring, which we learn on better authority than a girl's judgment, was exceptionally good this year. We all, tender-hearted or otherwise, enjoyed the contests entered as "Fence Vault," "Putting the Shot," and "Parallel Bars," and were sorry not to be able to remain to see the contests which were to follow these.

The French Play given by the pupils in French in the Academy Hall March 19, was a success in every way. The programme was as follows :

MUSIQUE.

Valse brillante (Jean Louis Nicodi),	Mlle. McCulloch.
Chapson arabe (B. Godard),	Mlle. Bond.

COMÉDIE EN DEUX ACTES,

Où sont donc ces Messieurs ?

Personnages.

Mme. de la Vieille Roche,	Mlle. Wanning.
Virginie, sa fille,	Mlle. Hart.
Aglaé, femme de chambre,	Mlle. Brainerd.
Amies de Virginie :	
Candide de la Franchise,	Mlle. Dewey.
Violante de Crève Coeur,	Mlle. Conyne.
Agnes de la Belle Source,	Mlle. Mason.
Diane du Haut Ton,	Mlle. Foster.

Quatre Messieurs qui ne paraissent pas.

MUSIQUE.

Danse espagnole. (Maurice Moszkowski), Milles. Ray et Sutliff.

Each number of the programme was well carried out.

Miss Bond's song was well received and encored. She sang as encore, the "Chanson de Florian." The play itself was well chosen to interest both those of the audience who were fortunate enough to be able to understand the words and those who were not. The effect of the stage, costumes, and acting was very graceful and pleasing, and the actors all did exceptionally well.

The Seniors of this year, seem to have had almost more than their share of invitations.

Dec. 4, through the kindness of Professor and Mrs. Taylor, a most delightful evening was spent at their beautiful home.

The reception given Jan. 18, by Professor and Mrs. Harris, was another evening to be most pleasantly remembered.

Feb. 15, at their rooms in Bartlet Hall, Mr. Hale and Mr. Hall of the Junior class of the Theological Seminary, entertained their friends, who were received by Mrs. Prof. Moore and Mrs. Prof. Harris. During the evening, Prof. Churchill read one of his happy selections.

Miss Mabel Strong gave a Progressive Angling Party to the members of her class, which was thoroughly enjoyed.

Through the invitation of Mrs. Peter Smith, the senior class attended Miss Hersey's entertaining and instructive lecture upon James Russell Lowell.

The twenty-second Mean's prize speaking at Phillips Academy was attended, April 23, by the school in a body, as usual. Both essays and delivery were fully equal, if not superior, to the usual high standard. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Donald Churchill, for a clear, well-written essay on "The Realism of Tolstoi," showing a thoughtful, comprehensive study of the subject, and delivered as we should expect it would be by Mr. Churchill. Mr. William M. H. Wadhams of Annapolis, Md., received the second prize for an essay entitled, "An Unwritten Chapter of Bluebeard's Life." His essay was highly original, as may be gathered from its title. It showed a vivid imagination, and was finely delivered. "What Tyranny most threatens the American People?" a stirring tariff-reform speech, well written and forcibly delivered by Mr. Fred W. Moore of Independence, Ia., received the third prize. The decision of the judges seemed to meet with general approval, a fact which added much to the pleasure of the evening.

While people from all the states were gathered in New York to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington to the presidency of the United States, a party of Abbot girls, with Mrs. Mead, were on their way in a picnic barge for Concord, Mass. Although our main object was to visit the homes and haunts of Concord's famous men and women, still before leaving the beautiful old town our hearts were thrilled with patriotism for the Revolutionary hero as truly as were the hearts of New York's thousands on that memorable day. Arriving in Concord about noon, we were wondering where we should lunch, when most fortunately Mr. James Whitney, formerly of Northampton, now living in Concord, kindly showed us a convenient place, and offered to be our guide for the afternoon. The pleasure of the excursion was due in no small degree to the kind attentions of Mr. Whitney. He was our guide to all the points of interest, giving us the valuable information so necessary to the full enjoyment of a day in that historic town. "Wright's Tavern" looked a little unattractive until we learned it was the very place where the British soldiers stopped before the battle of Concord, and that we were sitting in the same parlor, and, in fact, in the same chairs, which they sat in one hundred years ago. There was the bar-room where Pitcairn mixed his toddy, which he stirred with his bloody finger, saying, "This is the way we will stir the

Americans' blood before night." After leaving this historic tavern, we visited the battle ground, and saw the famous statue of the "Minute Man," and the very narrow grave of the unfortunate British soldiers who fell in that conflict. Very near here is the Old Manse where Emerson wrote his essay on Nature, and Hawthorne wrote so many weird stories, and most naturally too, for it is the most mysterious and fascinating of houses. One of the girls declared she heard knockings, and saw a ghost flit past the window. Then we looked upon Emerson's well-kept house, shaded by beautiful chestnut trees; the "Wayside," Hawthorne's home after his return from Europe, and his path in the woods; the "Chapel" built for the "Concord School of Philosophy," which, with all due respect to it, resembles a rustic barn more than anything else; and lastly, the most interesting to us girls, "The Home of Little Women." The parlor, library, and narrow stairs up which the children played "Pilgrims" are all there, and the room where Miss Alcott wrote so many of her books is shown also. Two interesting places we were obliged to leave unexplored, Thoreau's home by Walden Pond and the burying-ground, for our time was all gone. The evening drive home was even pleasanter than the morning drive, for we had so much to talk over. As we said "good night" to each other we felt that this had been one of the happiest days of our life, and that one who had never seen Concord must fail to appreciate the blessings of liberty that cost so much.

PERSONALS.

We congratulate Mrs. Henry B. F. MacFarland (Daisy Douglass) of Washington, D.C., upon the recent appointment of her father, Mr. John W. Douglass, as Commissioner of the District of Columbia. Most hearty approval of the President's choice is expressed by many leading men in Washington, who regard Mr. Douglass as a man of the strictest integrity and sound judgment, and eminently fitted for the responsibility put upon him. Mr. Douglass has also held office under the general government as Commissioner of internal revenue.

Many familiar faces have been gladly welcomed among us during this new year: †Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson, '74; †Miss Mabel F. Wheaton, '76; Mrs. Frances A. Kimball Harlow; Miss Ethel N. Shumway, '87; †Miss Caroline A. F. Holmes, '71; †Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry, '68; Miss Kate R. Gage, '88; †Miss Catherine F. Crocker, '87; Miss Susie M. Davis, '88; Miss Annie P. Wight, '88; Miss Susan F. Chapin, '88; †Miss Mary G. Whitcomb, '81; †Miss Ruth A. Hatch, '85; †Miss Alice C. Twitchell, '86; †Miss Emma F. Twitchell, '87; Miss Ida S. Jones, '87; Miss Louise L. Reed, '88; †Miss Alice J. Hamlin, '87; †Miss Helen J. Bunce, '85; †Mrs. Edith Capron Moberg, '78; Miss Belle Wilbur, '88; Miss Mary C. Bachelder, '88; †Miss Mary Adeline Puffer, '88; Miss Mary Elizabeth Hodge, '88; Miss Maude E. Sleeper, '88; Miss Maude M. Foster, '88; †Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile, '77; †Mrs. Ida Peck Nettleton, '76; Miss Emma King, '85; Mrs. Belle Smith Macrae, '82; †Miss Lucia E. Trevitt, '86.

†Miss Mary E. Wilder, '78, has been teaching most acceptably and successfully in Holly Springs, Miss.

Miss Charlotte E. Strickland writes of being delightfully situated in Dresden, where her address is Bergstrasse 66, II.

†Elizabeth Rockwell, '88, with her father and mother, has been spending several weeks in Kearny, Neb. From there they go to Idaho Springs and Denver.

†Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne, '78, expects to go this fall to Philadelphia, where her brother is in business, and where the family may once more be together. She will open a studio in the new home, and we consider those scholars fortunate who may have the privilege of joining her classes in painting, art, and literature.

The many old scholars to whom Miss Belcher is so dear will be glad to hear of her as pleasantly situated in Oakland, Cal., surrounded by friends. We are sure that she is doing just what she always did in Abbot Academy, making many other lives brighter and nobler by her helpful words and true heroism.

Mrs. Wetherby, '84, the Annie Rockwell of school-days, has been spending the winter and spring abroad, and expects to return to America in July or August. Her future home will be in Minneapolis, Minn.

Rev. C. Nelson Flanders, who married Miss Emily Page, teacher in Abbot Academy from 1871 to 1874, on account of ill-health has removed from Newport, N.H., after a most successful pastorate, and is settled in Martinez, Cal., arriving Jan. 23. Mrs. Flanders in a letter to an Eastern friend describes the place as a village of 1600 inhabitants, many of whom are foreigners, thirty-six miles from San Francisco. The parsonage is a pleasant cottage, shaded by two large fig-trees and, even in mid-winter, roses, callas, daisies, and violets bloom about it.

Miss Mabel Wheaton's old pupils and friends in Andover were made happy by having her among them once more, though only for a short visit.

Miss Annie P. Wight, '88, has been spending the winter in Florida.

We are very glad to be able to present to our readers in this number of the Courant one of †Jennie Pearson Stanford's, '76, interesting letters.

Miss Emma King, '85, has been spending the winter in Athens, Ga.

We are very sorry to hear that Fräulein Heitmüller is to leave us at the end of this term. Though she has been with us but a year, she has made for herself a large place in our hearts. Her position is to be filled by her former teacher, Fräulein Natalie Schiefferdecker of Königsberg, Prussia.

Mrs. Helen Holmes Mills, '84, is very pleasantly settled in Boston.

Mrs. Lawrence Macrae (Belle Smith '82), with her little boy two and a half years old, made us a short visit on her way from Silver City, New Mexico, to Montreal, where she is to visit her husband's mother.

It is very pleasant to have Mrs. Gile—†Josephine E. Richards, '77—so near us. We wish all happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Gile and their lovely little daughter Miriam, in their beautiful home on Bartlet Street.

†Minnie Merriam, '70, of Middleton, Mass. has been visiting her cousin †Alice Merriam Moore '74, in Detroit, Mich., and her class-mate, May Reakirt Tilden, '70, in Cincinnati.

It is pleasant to have within our pages an article from the pen of †Fannie Bell Pettee, '82.

One of Abbot's promising grandsons, a bright little six-year-old, had been listening to the hymn "Even me," when he remarked that he supposed Adam must have written that "because it says Eve and me."

Another of Abbot's grandsons, five years old, told his mamma this story: "Butterflies are worms first, and they knit themselves a little house where they can rest till they come out a butterfly. They fly. When they fly they sip honey from the flowers. Then when they get through sipping they fly around till their dinner-time, and then they sip honey from the flowers again. In the night they shut their wings, and climb somewhere, and go to sleep till the sun strikes them in the morning. Papa caught a hurt butterfly. It wasn't hurt very much. It spreads its wings very far and then it flaps and hits them against themselves like this (illustrating with his hands). It has four feet that it walks on and climbs. Its body is brown. His wings are brown and yellow and a little blue. It sticks its long tongue into the sugar and water, and gets something, and then curls it back. They can be killed with a drop of camphor. I like to see butterflies 'cause I'm interested in them, and 'cause they look pretty. I guess that will be enough.

This first attempt at poetry, was found in the room of a little six-year-old boy:

"6 years more
8 + 4, then I will be twelve
then I'll wait upon the girls
when they ware very handsome curls."

A little boy eight years old, a very active member of a "Junior Christian Endeavor Society," was very careful to read his Bible chapter each day. One evening, in answer to his father's question, "What have you been reading to-day, Walter?" he said rather hesitatingly: "Why! I—I read along there, where it tells about the women grinning at the mill."

One of the grandsons of Abbot Academy refused to attend a child's mission meeting, because he was going to be a rich man.

Another, after a Sunday-school lesson on the Plagues of Egypt, said on reaching the last, "I wish Pharaoh hadn't let them go, and see what would have happened next."

A little boy on the hill has expressed the feeling of most men by the remark, "It's wicked to kill anything unless you do it with a gun."

One little girl asks if when the Lord cast out devils, he had to cut a hole to get them out, but was answered by another, who said "No, they came out their mouths"

One of our villages has been called Fried Village by a little friend.

This interesting fact concerning another of Abbot's grandchildren, comes to us. A little boy ten years old, had been praying six months for a Jersey cow. The idea was entirely his own, and a great surprise to his father and mother. One day a friend who was calling upon his mother, said she would like to ask a peculiar question: Would her little son like a Jersey calf. She had one that she did not wish to sell. The mother accepted the gift for her son with great pleasure, especially as an answer to his prayer. The calf has been boarded out till this summer, and now the boy has his wish for a Jersey cow, fulfilled.

Mr. Isaac B. Burgess, husband of Ellen Wilbur Burgess, '76, has been called from the Newport High School, R.I., to the Boston Latin School, where he has already begun his work, although his family will not leave Newport before the summer vacation. We hear that Mrs. Burgess is rejoicing in a second son, who is warmly welcomed among Abbot's grandchildren.

The last public words of Rev. Dr. Chickering were spoken to us in our Academy Hall at morning prayers. It was pleasant to look upon his venerable form and benevolent face that always stimulated his hearers to acts of kindness. We were greatly pained to hear of his sudden death, which occurred Dec. 17, 1888.

Astonishing remarks are sometimes heard in the Milton recitations. One of the class on being asked what Milton gave as the distance from Heaven to Hell replied, "Well, it takes you nine days to fall."

The same class was also informed that Sin and Death built the Tower of Babel, and that Venice is built on *pikes*.

Another Senior has gleaned from Butler's Analogy that "We are placed in this present state of risk and danger for our growth in virtue and *vice*, which are the necessary qualifications for the future life."

Another of the same wise Seniors thinks that the following, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing," was spoken by *Shylock*.

We copy the following from *The New York Evening Post* in regard to the book, recently published by Kate Douglas Wiggin, '73: "One can

hardly imagine how it could be possible to write a sweeter story than 'The Birds' Christmas Carol.' It does not — though the name seems to imply so — tell of the feathered tribe, but of a little invalid girl whose sick-room is the centre of the love and devotion of a household. She is a Christmas child, and rejoices in her birthday, and it is fitting that from her should radiate bright and tender influences, not only to her near and dear friends, but to other suffering children and to her poorer neighbors. An artistic foil to the pathos of the narrative, is the humorous description of the Ruggles family, and of the Christmas dinner given them, at her urgent wish, in the sick child's own chamber."

†Catherine Geer '82 has been teaching at Mt. Joy Seminary, Middletown, N. Y. but has recently resigned her position to return to her home in Potsdam, N. Y. A Middletown paper, referring to her leaving, says, "Miss Geer is a very successful teacher, and has now the esteem of all who have made her acquaintance; her departure from town is regretted by all who knew her."

From the periodical *Current Literature* we take the following pen-picture of George Fleming: "Miss Julia Constance Fletcher, who is best known as the author of "Kismet" lives in Italy. She wrote "Kismet" when scarcely eighteen years of age; "Mirage" written shortly afterward, has much of the same delicate charm. Both books were suggested and are strongly colored by her journey up the Nile and through Syria. Her last novel is called "The Truth about Clement Kerr." Miss Fletcher is delightful as an essayist, and since her residence in Venice, she has written a most interesting Life of Leopardi. She has dropped her nom de plume of George Fleming, and signs herself simply, Constance Fletcher. She is about thirty-five, and has reconciled in her pleasing personality the usual foreign attributes of a clear, dark, brunette complexion, Irish blue eyes, and the palest flaxen hair." Miss Fletcher was a pupil at Abbot Academy in '67.

We were interested to see the name of †Mrs. L. A. W. Fowler '60, among the managers of the "Boston Children's Friend Society," and to read of her connection with the "Woman's Charity Club." She is also an able member of the Executive Board of the "New England Woman's Press Association." We are indebted to *The Journalist* for the following notice of Mrs. Fowler: "Though by profession a musician, she has always been identified with the newspaper fraternity as a reporter, correspondent, and musical critic. Her life has been mostly spent in the South and West, though she was born in New Hampshire and educated at Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass. Her musical critiques, written during a professorship of six years in Elmira, N. Y. were considered exceedingly just and valuable, and were extensively quoted in musical journals all over the land. At present, she is writing a series of "Reminiscences" for the New Hampshire Free Press, which have received many flattering comments."

Rev. Dr. Merriman, of the Central Church, Worcester, in his review of the work of the Church City Missionary Board, gives a short account of the life and work of Miss Sarah Cummings, '69. Miss Cummings, ten years ago, was chosen by the Board as missionary of the Central Church, and has most faithfully and efficiently served in that capacity ever since. The results of her labors have indeed been great. Dr. Merriman says "It is safe to say that during the ten years, no money given by this church and congregation, has been more judiciously or effectively expended for the kingdom of Christ." We are glad to see so many of Abbot's daughters doing their part in the work of the world.

We cut the following in regard to another of Abbot's talented daughters, †Miss Alice French '68, from "The Book Buyer." "The author of the stories published under the nom de plume of Octave Thanet, occupies a place in the front rank of the band of Western and Southern writers who have done so much in recent years to reproduce types, racy of the soil, and to picture the more characteristic aspects of Western and Southern life. The first articles she wrote for the magazines, were upon social and economic subjects. Her early experience was like that of most other successful authors. She began writing shortly after she was graduated from the academy at Andover — her native town — but for several years, the editors of the magazines kindly but firmly refused to have anything to do with her papers. She persevered however, rewriting her sketches, and sending them off again on other travels, until finally, one was accepted by the editor of Lippincott's Magazine. Her second article was equally fortunate, and from that time, she has never written anything for which she was unable to find a market."

Our Christmas gift of \$26.25 for 1888, was sent to Miss Pauline Whittlesey '84, for use in the work "among the colored people in one of the by-ways of Washington." We quote from the graceful note of acknowledgement from the teachers of the "University Park Mission": "We are especially glad to receive your help just now when we are making earnest efforts to raise money to pay for the lot upon which our modest nine-months-old building stands. Our constituency of two hundred, of all shades and sizes, requires all kinds of training — moral, religious, social, industrial and we hope that the neglected field which we have undertaken to cultivate, will yield to some one, some day, a joyful harvest."

We all unite in hoping that this good work may prosper.

†Augusta Fellows '78, is teaching in Woburn, Mass., where her address is 25 Fairmont Street.

The husband of †Elizabeth Langley Gorton, '78, is the superintendent of Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I.

†Sara Barnes, '78, is stenographer for the Howe Scale Company in Rutland, Vt.

The home of †Charlotte Blodgett Richards, '78, is 152 East Front Street, Plainfield, N. J., where her husband is pastor of a large church.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Mooers. — †Edith Capron, '78. — are living at 249 Haverhill Street, Lawrence, Mass.

The "Ten" at German Hall, and one of the "Tens" at Smith Hall, have given themselves the rare pleasure of sending wild flowers to the "Flower Mission" in Boston.

Rev. W. G. Sperry and his wife, †Henrietta Learoyd, '68, sailed by the "Sardinia" from Portland, Me., for Liverpool, on Thursday the 2d of May. They expect to spend three months in travel in England, Switzerland, France, and Northern Italy.

We have rejoiced with Dr. C. F. P. Bancroft's family, in the prosperity that has attended him in his journey through Egypt and Syria, and are glad to hear that he has turned his face homeward.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ward — Elizabeth Stuart Phelps — were glad to welcome them on their return from Florida, where they spent the winter months. They have gone to their cottage in Gloucester for the season.

Miss Mary Perley, niece of the late Rev. George Merrill, former pastor of the West Parish Church, and Miss Florence Gillett, sailed on the Westernland in May, and are to spend some time abroad.

Miss McKen and Mrs. Mead expect to spend the summer vacation, abroad, where they propose to divide the time chiefly between England and Switzerland, but to give a few days to Paris, the Netherlands, and the Rhine. Mr. Charles McKen Duren of Eldora, Iowa, will be of their party. They sail by the "Eururia," June 22d, from New York for Liverpool.

A pleasant party of friends have lately made the tour of California. They were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Brown — †Lucy E. Montague, '66, — Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Gerrish — †Emily M. Swan, '65, — and her sister Florence W. Swan, '77, all of Portland, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. DeHart — Mina Chase, '63 — are now living in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Ida Peck Nettleton, '76, is to be married June 29 to Mr. Horace Fiske, teacher of Greek and Latin in the Normal School, Platteville, Wis. After a somewhat extended tour in the East, they will make their home in Platteville for the present.

Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Benner (Corrie G. Bancroft, '73) are living in Lowell, Mass., where Dr. Benner has established a very successful practice as a specialist of high rank in nervous diseases.

We congratulate the Free Church upon the near prospect of having for their pastor, Rev. Frederick A. Wilson, who has just resigned his charge in Billerica, Mass.

Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs has been spending some weeks with her sister, Mrs. Ingalls, in Louisville, Ky. While there, she visited

Alabama, in the interest of the "History of Alabama," which she is writing for "The Series of the States." She was kindly received by the Governor of the State, and other influential gentlemen, who rendered her valuable assistance in securing information for her work.

From recent letters we learn that Mrs. Dr. Heron of Corea — †Hattie E. Gibson, '81 — is in comfortable health, and that her husband is in favor with the king. The queen lately sent for their oldest child, a little girl, and was delighted with her Corean talk and her dolls. Mrs. Heron writes that during the recent trouble in Corea, she was not as fearful as one might suppose she would be, for she felt that the Lord and the king were upon their side. "Soldiers, sent by the king, came up from the sea with their bright uniforms and guns, and surrounded our house, so that we slept well when we heard the frequent 'All's well' from the sentinel. The Lord has indeed been better to us than our fears." We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Heron in the death of her father.

An old scholar writes: "It was my pleasure while in Providence a few days since to visit Miss Annie M. Gilbreth, '78, in her music room in the Conrad Building. It is a beautiful room. She is having wonderful success as a music teacher; besides working hard with her pupils, she gives very interesting and instructive recitals from time to time, with the purpose of making the public more familiar with the works of the great musicians. She had a few years since the privilege of studying with Liszt in Weimar. She is very bright, and her energy seems to be unbounded.

MARRIAGES.

In Wilmington, Mass., Nov. 6, 1888, Alma Quimby Buck, '78, to Winfield Gerry Bedell.

In Göttingen, Germany, Dec. 22, 1888, Adelheid Bodemeyer, to James Waite Howard. Fräulein Bodemeyer was teacher of German in Abbot Academy for two years previous to her marriage.

In Plaistow, N. H., Nov. 8, 1888, Fannie Numan Sleeper, '81, to Harry Seaver.

In East Orange, N. J., Dec. 20, 1888, Agnes Seymour Baldwin, '89, to William S. Fairchild.

In Williamstown, Mass., Dec. 27, 1888, Mary Jessie Cole to Rev. Charles B. F. Pease, of Ashfield, Mass.

In North Adams, Mass., Feb. 21, 1889, Julia M. Read, '79, to Charles H. Hubbell.

In Portland, Me., Apr. 30, 1889, Bertha Louise Hall, '88, to Arthur Hamilton MacKeown.

May 7, 1889, Antoinette L. Bancroft, to Mr. Pierce, of Watertown Conn.

In Utica, N. Y., April 24, 1889, Anna Louise Davies, '86, to John Cummings, Jr.,

In Washington, D. C., June 5, 1889, Pauline Whittlesey, '84, to Rev. Cornelius Howard Patton.

In Albany, N. Y., June 12, 1889, Sarah McClellan Holmes to Harris Ely Adriance.

DEATHS.

In Newbury, Vt., Dec. 1888, Dr. E. V. Watkins, father of †Lucia A. Watkins, '83.

The baby daughter of †Elizabeth Langley Gorton, '78, died at the age of six months after a short illness.

In Haverhill, Mar. 24, 1889, Edwin Gage, father of Kate R. Gage, '88.

In Washington, D. C., Apr. 25, 1889, Hon. E. John Ellis, father of Lilian Ellis, '89.

Apr. 20, Easter Eve, of pneumonia, Dr. Gibson, father of †Hattie Gibson. Heron, '81.

Died : at her home in Pittsfield, Mar. 5, Mary W., wife of Thomas D. Peck, and daughter of Hon. and Mrs. George L. Davis of No. Andover.

Died : At her home in North Andover, Friday, Mar. 8, Mrs. Harriet K., wife of Hon. George L. Davis.

To how many did this double notice bring grief ! Many old scholars well remember that pleasant North Andover home ; and none who enjoyed its hospitality can forget the cheerful, happy daughter, Mary, nor the kind, warm-hearted mother, who always had a welcome for her girls' friends. Abbot Academy owes much to the generosity and kindness of this home which has so often been called to give up its dear ones, and must now be so desolate. We would give sincere sympathy to those who will miss the life, that in its richness and love, meant so much to the home, the church and the whole community. Especially do we desire to extend deep and earnest sympathy to the honored trustee, who has been one of our truest friends and most generous benefactors, and we ask for him in his sorrow, the strength and comfort that only God can give.

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Volume XVI.

NUMBER 1.



One

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JANUARY, 1890. 

Andover, Mass:

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THE ABBOT COURANT.

Edited by

JESSIE E. GUERNSEY, '90, KATHERINE H. WINEGARNER, '91.
HARRIET E. HIMES, '92.

Business Editors.

EDIE DEWEY, '90. CAROLINE A. GOODELL, '91.

VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1890.

NO. 1.

FOUR CHRISTMAS DAYS.

IF one lives one's life in a trunk, she is deprived of many of the pleasures and advantages which fall to the lot of more stationary individuals. But it is also true that the variety of experience which comes with the wanderings partly compensates for the loss of an immovable home. Among the pleasures that travelling has given me has been the opportunity of spending Christmas in some country of each of the four grand divisions; and I will try to give you a glimpse of some of those holidays.

"Of all the occasions for public rejoicing, this is the gladdest and most beautiful." So I thought, as I got up, that bright, happy Christmas of '82. The bells had been chiming since early morning,—for Dublin is a Catholic city, and all devout children of the church were up for the early mass,—and they were still ringing in loud, glad chimes when I left my room to go out of doors. It was not snowy, as the ideal Christmas must be to the New England mind, but there were still many green lawns, while winter flowers were not unfrequently seen in the carefully tended gardens. In-doors, too, everything had the most festive appearance. The rooms were gay with festoons of holly, with its bright, glossy leaves and red berries, while the Christmas tree, under its load of wealth, was a

thing to dream of, and we had even gone so far as to adopt the old custom of hanging a mistletoe bough over the door.

After breakfast all the servants came to the door to "Wish ye a happy Christmas, Miss, and may the saints protect ye," which was equivalent to, "A shilling would enable us to drink your health" — an invitation which no American would be guilty of disregarding. Then came the end of the forenoon, and a typical English Christmas dinner — English even to the big, round, black plum-pudding, a very embodiment of troubled dreams and painful awakenings. There were two little waifs who attracted my attention, as they stood, bare-footed, on the cold, muddy pavements of dear old Dublin, singing a carol. We went out to listen to them, and sent them home — if they had a home, poor little ones — with something more substantial than the good wishes or Christmas dinner on board the large American vessel. The picture I never shall forget — those two children standing beneath us, their little faces lifted toward heaven, while from their lips, like a prayer, came forth that sweet Hymn of the Nativity, as the two Americans listened with tears in their eyes.

"Australia for the holidays! How improbable it seems," I said to mamma, one August morning, as we were discussing our whereabouts for the next Christmas. But Christmas, surely enough, found us there, amid the most beautiful scenes and charming friends. How unlike any other Christmas it was to me! The land was full of a midsummer glory; while the pleasures held forth to allure were so manifold and of so diverse a character that it was hard to make a choice. We decided upon a trip to Fern Gulley, a promenade about twenty-five miles from Melrose, where the fern-trees meet above one's head. On the way we were to stop at the Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens, and, after having made the circuit of the city, to come home for a late dinner, and in the evening go to the great Christmas pantomime at the Theatre Royal. The plan was carried out to the letter; and I know one girl who, as she went to her room, in the "wee, sma' hours," felt surely that, though one of the most unique, it was one of the most delightful Christmases she had ever spent.

Christmas morning; and this time it is at sea. I think God wished the whole world to be glad that day, for, though in the cold Antarctic, with nothing but an expanse of black waters towards the south, and the rough Patagonian shores and rocky Cape Horn to the north, it was a happy day. The sun — and travellers more often see storm in that region — shone with a gladdening light which made the barrenness of the spot less barren, and even the eye unaccustomed to find light among the shadows could see a beauty

about those rugged rocks, with their sides clothed in patches of snow glistening in the golden light of the morning sun. Once or twice I thought of the Christmas before, which had been spent in Germany, where we indulged with real Teutonic zeal in their sports; but the thought did not make me discontented, and when night came I felt that it had been a good day.

One of the earliest Christmases of which I have any distinct recollection was spent at the old homestead in Maine. I perfectly remember the day outside. — a gray, snowy morning. — while in-doors everything was bright, even to the dark old panels in the sitting-room, where the tongues of flame from the open fire were doubled and trebled. How early in the morning the children got up and scampered out to the dining-room to get the stockings, which were hanging by the chimney and fairly groaning under their weight of goodies. What did we not gather into our arms and night-dresses, and carry to the rug in front of the hearth, to compare with each others' treasures! And was ever such an amount of persuasion needed to induce two little mortals to make themselves presentable for breakfast? The day passed blissfully, and ended for us at nine o'clock, when the last guest invited to our Christmas party had gone, and we were put to bed: while I, with my doll in my arms, pondered, until sleep closed my eyelids, as to what its name should be.

J. B. N. '89.

OUR TWO GARDENS.

No. 1.

June, 1888.

IN the first place, this would-be little garden has been a desert waste for nine years, waiting for a chance to be something better. I doubt not it would wait another nine, were there not two big boys with growing muscles and active brains to occupy. Let me tell how it has looked, and then we can compare its improvements with these facts, and glory (if we dare) in our achievements.

A narrow grass strip runs from the front yard in toward the back, bordered on one side by a board fence (very near which is a neighbor's house), and on the other by our house and walk. A side door, latticed and shaded by two grape-vines, opens on to this strip. Passing in toward the back door, we come to our dear tree — a large, spreading Baldwin apple-tree, our delight and shade in summer.

our comforter in winter, when its odd-year fruit is gathered into our cellar. Beyond this tree begins the desolation of our back yard. A hard, gravelly soil, incapable of growing even decent grass. A great dirt bank in the left corner, called "Sugar Bank" by the children, has been dug and tunnelled, and used for all kinds of fun all their lives, and now has been shovelled away by our neighbors, so that our board fence is being finished out into that corner. Along this back fence the boys have long enjoyed their counter and the hut they built over it. In the middle, between two large posts, hangs the swing, and a flat stone is set underneath for the feet. These must stay for the fun and the pleasure they give.

Now a smiling garden shall be brought out of a gravelly desert, and many hearts rejoiced by its retirement and beauty. Ere long I can honestly say retirement: for we have built a high screen across the front of the narrow strip of grass, and made a door in it, and vines are planted which will soon hide us from the noisy street, with its horse-cars going up and down. And now we may feel that one little spot is our own (though it *is* Aunt Hannah's).

July.

The scarlet runners are beginning to hang on to their strings; the morning-glories, pansies, and sweet-peas to blossom quite profusely; the newest hollyhock seeds are up. The weeds are very thick in the grass, — I think the loam must be full of the seed, which is like the natural depravity of the human heart: unless planted with goodness, it will flourish with badness — no idle ground.

It is worth while to see "our eldest" weeding. He takes a basket and picks up a weed. Then he stands still and looks, — stands on one foot, and has to hold on to the fence, and nearly treads on tender plants. Then he tries to walk, holding the basket between his knees. Then he tries to press fallen apples deep into the soft earth with his foot. Then, with arms over his head, he gazes up into the sky and hums. Then he swings the basket over his head, and out spill all the two or three weeds he has collected. Are the weeds got out? No. Do they continue to grow? Yes.

In justice to "our eldest," I must say that the next morning he went out voluntarily, at half past six, and weeded diligently till breakfast, and really accomplished something. A boy so busy and faithful is a pleasant sight from one's chamber window while dressing. Indeed, we find it much more romantic and agreeable to take an early peep into the garden, and exclaim how the plants and grass are growing, and the cats scratching seeds up, and the weeds thickening, than to talk about one's yard looking worse than anybody's else.

The boys have given free consent to have vines planted at the swing posts, so that, in time, we shall swing in a green bower. They had to give up skinning the posts, but the tree is there for climbing.

August.

The nasturtiums and asters are blossoming finely; the imagination does all the rest. For the long line of board fence, we see beautiful vines and tall plants and arches and bowers of beauty, a barberry hedge and some lovely shrubs, garden seats and little tables cosily arranged, and all so retired and shady. Time will do all things, if we will only be patient and watchful, and provide the seed and care. If so with the garden, so also with the children.

May, 1889.

A long step from August to May in our garden record. For one must know there has been much done meantime. In the fall, the planting of bulbs and the covering with evergreens for the winter. In the spring, our work began with Fast-day, when the coverings were removed and various little heads were discovered to be peeping up and looking about. Soon after, a stock from Boston arrived, including sweet-peas, wisterias, trumpet-vines, perennial sunflowers, dahlias, white clematis, mignonette, stock, amaryllis, etc., all of which seem to be at home and happy. The scarlet runners are bravely climbing, and soon we shall be sheltered from the busy street, with German nasturtiums on the front, and woodbine in between, and jessamine on the small screen, and over all, carved into the wooden framework, the adapted words of Emerson:

“Cleave to thine eighth of an acre; the round year
Shall bring two fruits and all virtues here.”

The boys' gardens are started, and they hope for lovely bloom. The little ones are happy. The big baby has a corner where she can dig and play garden, and the middle-sized baby is tumbling about in her first efforts to run and play ball. The grapes are budded, the air heavy and sweet with lilacs, and the foliage magnificent. Every day brings a fresh discovery, signs of growth, and promises of beauty that make anticipation as good as fulfilment. The beautiful May rain is making all the little plants and seedlings glad; and how they will stand up when the sun shines once more. Weeds, too, — how they love us! But we are provided with trowels and fork and rake and Samson scissors (as the boys call them): and — woe to the weeds! Our clippers and lawn-mower and cayenne pepper and strings and leathers and tacks and hammers and

waterpots and hose, etc., are all in readiness for a summer campaign. English lavender is looking up, and says, "I will," and so are the hollyhocks — the half dozen that survived the winter.

June 22.

Our wedding anniversary. The boys proposed a horse-car ride as a celebration that would take in the whole family, as the carry-all could n't. But, as the wedding-day fell on a Saturday, and that meant a half holiday for the father, and as the garden fairly screamed for attention, we decided to go on our knees and change wedding into weeding. Accordingly, after the cooling ice-cream that pacified the boys at dinner, we repaired to the garden in our armor, and made havoc, — at least, the father did: for, with his one idea of getting a straight edge to the garden bed, he dug violently into our newly peeping seedlings, turned them over recklessly, and got his edge sure enough, but left nothing behind it! A whole bed of mignonette, another of gillyflower, and plenty of young hollyhocks were sacrificed to this order-loving parent.

The apple-tree looks like a house-boat or some other festive contrivance, with a house built in its branches, and numerous sweet-pea vines and balsams growing out of the knot-holes — planted there by an enterprising youngster. The cat spends her days in this tree-house, and watches for the birds that watch for the peas, and so the laws of nature are fulfilled.

July.

A new and welcome arrival is the long, red bench, with reversible back — horse-car back, the children call it; Sunday-school back it really is, for it came from a famous old vestry in a neighboring city, where, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the aching backs that rested thereon, that the meetings were not stretched far beyond the hour. Here it looks as if it grew with the flowers, and everybody drops contentedly down to watch the wild iris and the Virginia fern adapt themselves to our soil.

November.

The bean-stalk has failed Jack at last, and settled down, sere and yellow with its load of seed, enough beans to cover our whole plantation next year, if used with discretion. It is true, every word that Mrs. Ewing puts into the mouth of the old Irishman at the camp, in her "Story of a Short Life," — about the scarlet runners, I mean. They give a wonderful harvest for a little trouble, and are really beautiful in masses, and the humming birds love to linger near the bright blossoms. Oh, how the parsley has flourished! It has almost

outdone the pusley, and we have potted and sent it in many directions to brighten dining-rooms and, as one friend added, "to make tough beef-steak look palatable."

Well, well, little garden! We won't say good-by, for you are still a sunny comfort. We may sit and look at you on warm days and plan for the spring; and when the wind blows cold and the red bench grows very hard, we will get up with a sigh, and go into the house, and try to cultivate patience with cooks and peace among the children, and hope that another year, or some other year, flowers will thrive and benches multiply till we shall dare invite our Alma Mater to an afternoon tea behind our fence. A "D. O. G."

A LETTER FROM MELROSE.

WE left Edinburgh at 6.25 p.m., and reached Melrose about eight o'clock, coming to the Abbey Hotel. It is so close to the abbey it might be said to join it, and is a quiet and quaint retreat. Everything about us looks so old, and it is so still and peaceful here, we seem to be living in the centuries long gone by.

We went at once into the abbey — though we were wretchedly hungry — for a bit of noble sentiment. Such a twilight hour! The sky was yet rosy, the air soft and vibrating, as if welcoming us to the ruin cherished so fondly all these years. The abbey windows, framed in ivy and clearly outlined in the soft light, with their tracery of the "crown of thorns" and the flowing lines of the "Trinity circle," were beautiful. The ravages of centuries were all so softened and shaded, the imagination could almost recreate the hoary old abbey.

By and by the very bell that has rung for hundreds of years rang out its nine peals to say good night, and for us to eat our tardy supper. There were too many spirits in the air to sleep soundly. The moon shone bright, tempting one to visit the ruin by its "pale light" at the midnight hour.

"When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower,
St. David's ruined pile is at its best."

In the morning we studied the "ruined pile" most carefully, and its charm gathers force with every hour's research.

This famous abbey is said to be the noblest ecclesiastical ruin in

Scotland. It must surely be the most beautiful. It was built by David I, in 1136, and rebuilt between the reigns of Robert Bruce and James IV. It has the form of the Latin cross, while the choir has the form of the Greek cross. The principal entrance is by the wonderful rich portal in the south transept. In this transept is the finest window in the abbey. It is twenty-four feet high, and divided by four mullions that interlace each other at the top in graceful curves. Seen from within the abbey, or from its little cemetery outside, it is a perfect gem, and needs no stained glass nor carved work to add to its marvellous beauty.

Another fine window is the "crown of thorns," in the north transept. The east window is "perpendicular" in style, and not worthy of mention in comparison with that in the south transept.

The west end of the nave, with its five chapels on the south side, is roofless. These chapels must have been remarkably beautiful, for enough ornamentation remains to show the rich variety and beauty of the design in each. The clever monks who fashioned them meant to show their own artistic skill. They did not copy, but each originated his own design. Near the high altar is buried the heart of Bruce, and the remains of the celebrated wizard, Michael Scott, lie very near. On either side of the chancel are the tombs of the Douglasses and of Alexander II. The cloisters formed a quadrangle on the northwest side, and are ornamented with rich mouldings and carvings. The bishop's seat, most exquisitely carved in stone, is copied in a fire-frame and mantel in Abbotsford. No unworthy purpose ever should have found a home in the heart of any monk who lived in this noble abbey.

Sir Walter Scott's favorite seat in these ruins is shown with great interest and pride. It is a stone block — a broken shaft — standing in the choir, and commands the finest view from within of the north transept and its beautiful window — the "crown of thorns," of the east window and chancel, and a portion of the flying buttresses just across the angle. It was easy to picture him sitting there in the soft twilight, "creating life under the ribs of death."

From Melrose we drove to Dryburgh Abbey, four miles away, through the charming vale of the Tweed, passing over the very ground trodden by the friends and neighbors of Sir Walter Scott as they bore his body to its burial in the place of his choice, and the burial place of some of his ancestors. No nobler aisle could a funeral procession pass down than that long walk, shaded by high-arched, overhanging trees, which forms the entrance to the abbey. We walked slowly down through its whole length, almost oppressed by

the stillness and beauty about us, and softened by the associations of the place with which we were so busy. At length we turned, with the path, into the open field, and there stood Dryburgh Abbey, noted now as Sir Walter's burial place. There, beside or near him, lie the remains of his wife and son, and of his son-in-law, Lockhart, in St. Mary's aisle, so pathetic in its beauty and decay. The river Tweed he loved so well, runs near by, and the murmur of its waters, the sighing of the trees, and singing of the birds are the only sounds that break the silence.

Unlike Melrose, Dryburgh Abbey is *only* a ruin. The nave, one hundred and ninety feet long, can be traced. The refectory, where its one hundred and ninety monks must have often feasted, — judging from the appliances for cooking we found in their kitchen, — is clearly marked. Just opposite the mound of moss-covered stones that must have been a part of the west end of the nave stands a venerable yew-tree — seven hundred-years old, our guide said.

The name Dryburgh is of Celtic origin, and means, "the bank of the sacred grove," or "the settlement of the Druids." The architecture of the abbey is Roman, early Gothic, and Saxon; and "the Norman too is plainly seen." The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" made Dryburgh and Melrose known to the public.

St. Catherine's window, in the refectory, is very beautiful. The fine carving of the figure of the "paschal lamb," now fallen from its high place, can be carefully studied.

The delicate tracery of the windows that we saw in Melrose, the fine specimens of carving, and the almost perfect details of many parts of the chancel, choir, and transepts are wholly wanting here. Broken columns, empty sarcophagi, grinning gargoyles, and bits of cornices are imbedded in the grass or strewn in the well-trodden paths of the tourists. The traveller's interest gathers about St. Mary's Aisle. It is the only part that is complete enough to give one any fair conception of the symmetry and beauty of the abbey. It seems to have been preserved for the purpose of enshrining the remains of Sir Walter Scott. Who that has stood by that iron gate before his tomb can ever forget the scene presented to him — the beauty in decay on every side, or the deep repose and seclusion that can never be disturbed so long as one son of Scotland lives to protect them! It was pleasant to leave the old abbey bathed in the glad sunshine as our last, lingering look fell upon St. Mary's Aisle.

ELIZABETH S. MEAD.

A FLOWER CAUCUS.

FEELING a little hot and tired, after rambling through sunny meadows and shady glens all one long June morning, I had settled myself comfortably on a mossy rock at the foot of an old oak, and was preparing to enjoy a nap in the open air, when I became aware that something unusual was taking place near me, and, looking up, I saw a crowd of flowers by my side.

The little fellows seemed very much excited, talking loudly and at the same time gesticulating wildly. At first I was unable to distinguish anything that was being said; but I soon noticed that part of the flowers wore red badges, and others yellow ones. As the leaders became more and more excited, I plainly heard the words "vote," "humbug," and "Don't desert your party," so I concluded that the gathering must be a political one, and that some important question was being discussed.

Cries of "Let Jack have the pulpit" were now heard from all sides, and a pompous little fellow, in a gay, mottled suit, was ushered forward and placed on a raised platform in the centre of the group. After thanking his friends for putting him at their head, he said:

"You all know that the object of our coming together to-day is the choice of one of our number who shall represent the flowers of America whenever that shall be necessary. We wish to hear the opinion of each of you in regard to this matter, and I will ask brother Dandelion to tell us who he thinks should be our representative at such a time."

Brother Dandelion, who wore the red badge, came forward, and, after the burst of applause that greeted him had died away, began:

"Mr. Chairman, I wish, in the first place, to protest against the choosing of our delegate from the ranks of the haughty aristocrats who scorn to mingle with us, the common flowers, and are too proud to do anything for the good of the nation or to help their brothers. [Here the speaker was interrupted by cries of, "That's the talk!" and "Go it, Dandy!"] And I do earnestly hope that we shall all see that it is not in accord with the independent spirit of American flowers to let beauty or position influence our choice in this matter. I think that I voice the sentiment of the party whose badge I wear, when I say that no flower is better adapted for this position than my friend Clover, and that we should all be most glad to see him occupying the place just mentioned." Then, amid great applause, the speaker made his way to his seat.

Order was finally restored by the little chairman, and, saying that it was hardly fair not to hear from the other party, he invited Prof. Marigold to speak a few minutes. There was little hope that the orator would succeed in winning many converts to his views, for the audience consisted almost altogether of wild flowers who wore the badge of Red Clover, but he commenced bravely :

“My friends, in a choice of this kind we should not be guided altogether by our own desires or our ambition for our friends. I think we should endeavor to please the men of America, and if we would do this we must see first what flower is the general favorite. The party that I represent has done this, and we have found that no one of the flowers is admired and cared for in so many different sections of our country as is the majestic Sunflower.” A few feeble cheers gave the speaker time to swallow a glass of water, and wipe his heated brow. Then he went on : “This flower is found in the gardens of Maine and in the wheat fields of Dakota, and from Mexico to Idaho. It has even become naturalized in some of our states ; and I can safely say that if this question of a national flower was to be referred to the men of our nation, the wild Clover would find himself sent back to his fields among the bees, and the stately Sunflower would be made our king.”

A few of the excited wild flowers had to be called to order by the chairman during the last part of this speech, and when the Marigold finished, the faint applause of his friends was drowned by the hisses of his opponents.

The sun had begun to sink, and the question had to be put to vote before hearing from any other speakers. The little people crowded around the leader and deposited their votes. I felt much interest in the result of the debate, and unfortunately leaned forward to watch, and in so doing frightened them. I looked again ; but every flower had vanished, and I was alone in the twilight.

I was much disappointed not to hear the result of the election. At first I had hoped that Clover would be the successful candidate ; but on sober second thought I decided that the honorable position which he holds in Abbot, as class flower to '90, is quite enough for him. Might he not lose some of his charming modesty if both these positions were his ?

H. E. F. '93,

SOUTH HALL.

[Now that one of our houses has journeyed westward, leaving the place it has so honorably filled for more than half a century, we find ourselves interested to know something of its story. Professor Gulliver has recalled for us some of its earlier days, and kindly allows us to share these memories with our readers. Before our next number we hope to add yet more to our store of information, and to continue the history. — EDITORS.]

THE house was built by Rev. Horatio Bardwell, D.D., who went to India as one of the second company sent out by the A.B.C.F.M., following the company made famous by the secession of Dr. Adoniram Judson to the Baptists and his establishment of the Burmān mission. Dr. Bardwell married Miss Forbush, a very talented and devoted young lady of the West Parish, where her father had a large farm. In his house, just beyond Haggett's Pond, on the old road to Lowell, Washington once passed a night, as I was once assured on being ushered into their spare chamber on an Arctic night, the horror of which still lingers in my memory.

Dr. and Mrs. Bardwell went to Bombay, on the western coast of Hindustan. Dr. Richards, the father of Mrs. Boynton now living in the West Parish, was of the same company. Mrs. Boynton was then, at the time I knew the house, living in the family of Mrs. Bardwell.

Dr. Bardwell returned from Bombay on account of the health of Mrs. Bardwell, and was appointed a travelling agent of the American Board. He built the house in question at that time, perhaps in 1833 or 1834. The rear building was built for a stable, and was connected with the house by a wood-shed. In those days locomotion was confined to wheeled vehicles under horse power. Dr. Bardwell was a skilful horseman, and always kept a superior animal, and of course built a good barn, which could very properly be turned into a house. My mother and Mrs. Bardwell were very intimate friends during their girlhood. This friendship induced my father to pass a summer here soon after the Bardwells became established in their new home. They boarded in the brick house opposite, then occupied by a Mr. Turner, while I stayed with Dr. Bardwell, and occupied one of the attic rooms in the "German Hall" for a number of months. I know that her oldest son, Horatio, and I vexed Mrs. Bardwell's soul by our frequent escapades to the bathing pool in the Shawshin, near Mr. Hartwell Abbott's, where we both became accomplished

swimmers. Major Barton then occupied the house south of us, now next above Prof. Taylor's, with a troop of some thirty academy boys, with whom we held telegraphic communication by means of a fine twine extending from our chamber windows, and telephonic communications by means well known to boys of healthy lungs. I am rather ashamed to say that I cannot recall any similar arrangements for conversation on the other side of the house. Perhaps the reason was that a very rigorous gentleman then presided over the school; but I am afraid that our tastes were rather rude and inclined us to the woods and streams, rather than to more quiet pleasures. I do not remember, however, that there were any restrictions put upon the boys and girls of those days. I remember that Mrs. Bardwell had young ladies boarding with her, attending Abbot Academy, and the truth of history compels me to testify that I never knew any harm to come from it.

There was one event which occurred while I was a member of Dr. Bardwell's family, that has, perhaps, a historical interest. Dr. Perkins, the pioneer missionary to the Nestorians of Persia, was taken seriously ill while a member of the theological seminary, and after his passage had been engaged on a ship bound, I think, to Smyrna. He was brought to Dr. Bardwell's house, and lay sick, almost unto death, in the northeast chamber, for several weeks. When he began to recover, the question became an anxious one, whether he would be able to go out with the ship, or would be obliged to wait — months, perhaps — for another opportunity. When it is remembered that a detention here involved a great uncertainty as to the passage to Trebizond, and that beyond that point a long and dangerous mountain journey still remained, the importance of his recovery will be understood. He finally went, though not without great risk. I remember well his being brought down the stairs upon a sheet, and placed upon a mattress in a carriage, in which he was slowly conveyed to Boston. He rapidly recovered in the sea air.

Subsequently Dr. Bardwell was settled in Oxford, Mass., where he had a long and successful pastorate, and where, I think, both he and Mrs. Bardwell died. He has a son still living there. Another son inherited his grandfather's farm in the West Parish, and within ten years has been one of the selectmen. He is now dead, and a few years since the Forbush house was burned.

I cannot imagine a use to which their home could be devoted which would be more satisfactory to the original owners, than that to which it was applied by Abbot Academy.

JOHN PUTNAM GULLIVER.

REMINISCENCES AND AFTER-THOUGHTS.

SCHOOL begun again, and I not in it! How strange it seemed! At first I had a little home-sick feeling, which passed into one of exultation as I thought of the girls in the midst of all the turmoil and confusion of unpacking,—all the little ornaments and fancy things on top, all the curtains, and mantel-scarfs, and table-covers, and necessary articles at the bottom, after the manner of trunks.—and realized that I was free from all such cares and aggravations. But in a few minutes the tide of home-sickness surged back again, and I felt that I would willingly unpack every trunk in that Academy only to be an Abbot girl again, and join in the glad excitement over each new arrival as the old yellow “coach” driven by the diminutive “modern Jehu” lumbered up to the door. I could hear in imagination the exclamations of delight and welcome between old friends, and it made me feel O, so old, to think that my school-days were over forever, and I could never be anything in Abbot now, but “one of the old girls.” I remembered how I used to look with a kind of pity at the “old girls” of my day, and wonder if they really were ever in our places, and presided as dignified Seniors, over the brown-bread and water-pitcher, and enjoyed the same things we cared for. I wondered how they felt to return years after, and go through the dear old rooms, so familiar yet so strange; to say “This was our Senior recitation-room, where we struggled triumphantly out of the depths of Psychology and of Butler, where we wandered through highways and byways with the old Masters, and followed Milton, whose golden key of imagination unlocked to us the gates of heaven and of hell.” And again, “This is the old Hall! How natural everything looks! the pictures, the Lorenzo de Medici sitting thoughtfully upon the platform, just as he did when I was there, and the great white Minerva too, still grasping her spear, and gazing unflinchingly at the back seats, as though to inspire terror into any would-be whisperers.”

What tales those same seats could tell, if tongues were only given them, of morning prayers and Saturday talks, and the weekly prayer-meeting, of gay frolics, and eager, excited “Draper Readings,” and of the hundreds of girls who have gone forth from that dear old Hall into the June weather, no longer Abbot students, though always, even with snow-white hair, Abbot *girls*. And then the glad re-unions among those seats, the meeting together again of long-parted class-mates and friends, to live over the happy school-days,

and call to mind old jokes and queer sayings, with many a "Don't you remember?" and "You surely cannot have forgotten this!" Suppose the ghosts of all the girls whom Abbot has sent forth during her sixty-odd years, could come back again, and re-assemble in the dear old grounds! From almost every land and people they would come,— from Turkey and Japan, from Africa and China, from the Old World and the New,— missionaries, teachers, artists, writers, business women, wives and mothers and grandmothers, yes, even great-grandmothers, and what stories some of them could tell! That would be a ghost party well worth attending!

Well, I was one of the "old girls" now, and having been only recently graduated, naturally felt some anxiety as to how matters would go on this year at school. I had a secret fear lest something should happen, and was much relieved to learn that school had begun again, though not at all surprised to hear that its numbers had slightly decreased. How could it be otherwise when '89 was no longer there? To be sure I had a dim recollection of having heard something of a school called Abbot Academy before our class ever went there, but then, it had never undergone the trial of losing at one time fifteen such girls as those of '89! Still from all reports the school seemed to have survived our loss, and was even flourishing, so we heaved a sigh of relief, and felt that we might rest content, assured that our labors during the past year were not wasted. But what a peculiar sensation it gives one to think that term-time has really commenced when one has no longer any part or lot in school-days. They are a thing of the past, and this first full realization of it brings feelings of mingled pain and pleasure,— pain for the past joys and merry-thoughtlessness of the girl,— pleasure for the freedom and larger life opening before the woman.

But there is a strange sense of desolation at first in this breaking up of old habits. It seemed to me as though everything else were going on, while I had "stopped short" like the clock in the poem, or rather, was cut loose from all my former occupations, and drifting helplessly in search of other moorings. The little children came by to school, running and shouting and laughing. Why, I could remember when I first went to that same school, and felt so very large because I entered in the fall term, rather than with those infants whom the next Spring ushered in under the name,— pronounced so scornfully by us who gloried in our seven months experience in the cares of school-life,— the "April Division." I laughed at the recollections of "Joggerphry," and of the tears wasted over the multiplication-table, so easy when once you know

it,— would Butler seem as simple a few years hence, I wondered. The High School was the summit of my ambition then, and I smiled pityingly for the innocence of seven, which thought seventeen “so very old.” Well, I had been through the High School too, and had enjoyed it, though somehow I didn’t feel so old as I had expected,— not after the first. Then came the leaving home, the breaking away from all my former life, and the entering into a new place, amid new faces, new modes of living, new studies. I lived over again the novelty and shyness of the first few days when I was a “new girl,” and fairly laughed as I remembered the awe in which I held the Seniors. I have since been a Senior myself.

Picture after picture rose before me, following one after the other, running one into another, till my mind was a perfect jumble of past pranks, and indignation meetings, of serenades and base-ball celebrations, of walks up the hill, and to Sunset Rock, and down the “Old Railroad track” to Pomp’s Pond. I remembered just how the lights of Lawrence used to look burning through the dull winter afternoon, as we walked down the Arch. I thought of my first Senior party, of the “Theological tea-party,” and of the many kind friends whose hospitality we had enjoyed, but all my thoughts came back as in a circle to the point whence they started. I could never enjoy these things again. How happy I had been there! How very happy I never fully realized till afterward.

But we still bear the name of Abbot, and are reckoned among her daughters, though many of us are far away from our Alma Mater; yet we shall never forget our old class motto,— the motto not only of ’89, but of all Abbot girls everywhere, — “Semel Abbas, semper Abbas.”

E. K. J. ’89.

THE TALES THE PINS TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL.

It is the second day after Commencement. All is silent at Abbot Academy. The girls are gone, the teachers are gone, and even the servants are taking a short holiday before they begin to sweep and clean after the merry crowd that has just left. I am detained in Andover, so I take a walk through the grounds. When I come to Smith Hall, I cannot resist stepping on the porch and trying the door. To my surprise it yields to my touch, and I enter. O, dreariness! not a sound to be heard; the very quietest study hour I ever knew was bedlam compared with this. I want to run away because of the silence, but something impels me to climb the stairs, the front stairs, and walk along the second corridor.

At No. 1, I stop and peek in, just from curiosity to see how the room looks without its pleasant tenants, but the sight that meets my eyes holds me spell-bound. The room is full of life. I can see each one that reads this, smiling complacently to herself and saying, "mice!" But it is not mice nor rats, nor anything else that anyone ever saw alive before; it is — pins! I stand and watch them, and after a few moments discover what they are trying to do. They are imitating their former owners. They are the pins that have been forgotten in the hurry and bustle of departure, or that were lost perhaps months ago, and refused to be found until their owners were far away. The pins in this room are trying to be very dignified because their owners were *Seniors*. They only keep this up for a few minutes however, and soon you would never know that they, I mean their owners, had studied Church History and Art. One pin stands on the bed and boasts that it has never been used in place of a button; another says that it never has either, but a voice from the corner cries "Good reason why! you have been stuck in the wall all the year holding up a photograph!" I close the door and go softly away. I look in all the rooms as I go down the hall, but the pins in most of them are quiet, though there are pins everywhere.

In No. 6 they are raising a great racket. Half of them are very hilarious, and the other half seem plunged into deepest despair. The jolly half are singing "It's a nasty baby anyhow," and several other songs of like nature; the rest are dolefully saying "Nobody loves me, and I'm not having a nice time at all." One pretty scarf-pin behind the bureau calls out in an important fashion, "Seniors first." In No. 9 the pins are so quiet that I think that the

tidy inmate must have taken them all home with her, but on looking carefully around, I find a few studying very diligently from force of habit. I just glance into No. 13, on my way to the third floor. Quiet and peaceful, everything as it has been all the year. As I climb the well worn stairs, they give forth the familiar creak which I never heard before except after the lights were out. When I step into No. 19, it is as if I had crossed the ocean and been dropped into Deutschland. I mean I *try* to think so, for in truth, I only hear now and then an occasional word of German, such as "Kommen Sie" and other simple, brief expressions. There are many scarf pins lying around here, showing that the owners had a goodly number and were not over careful of them. In 22 they are smashing lamp chimneys and talking German. Across the hall they are telling fortunes and funny stories, to the amusement of a room full of visiting pins. In 24 they are doing a great variety of things, one long hat pin is trying to twist itself around a bit of broken pipe-stem to imitate the naturally (?) curly hair it has been oftenest stuck through. Some are speaking French with a decidedly American accent, some very good German, and some trying to leave out their R's and to broaden their A's in true eastern fashion, though everyone can see that they are Westerners. I am filled with sorrow as I look into 26, for every pin there is sick, "Because they have had too much fruit and candy," I heard one remark.

I am tired, so I turn away and descend the stairs, not sorry I came, for I have much enjoyed these "Tales told by the Pins."

H. E. H. '92.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE editors of the *Courant* for '89 would extend their warmest greetings to all its subscribers, new and old. We welcome them as co-laborers in the endeavor to make our school magazine fulfil its twofold aim, that of faithfully representing the present life of the school, and of keeping a live communication between the past and the present. Our special aim in this number has been to reflect something of our pleasant school life, though we have been no less eagerly on the watch for "Personals." We solicit most earnestly from the school, all sorts of items in connection with our life here, and from our subscribers in general any information possible concerning old scholars. Shall not the *Courant* have the hearty support of every Abbot Academy girl, be she undergraduate or alumna?

Most heartily glad were we to welcome Miss McKeen on her return to Abbot Academy after her summer abroad. As we see her among us this Fall, and remember that her presence was not lacking at Commencement in June, it is hard to realize that a European tour lies between. Yet so it is; and we would wish all our friends just such a vacation, could we thereby bring them back looking as refreshed as does Miss McKeen. She has given us in the Hall, on Saturday afternoons, many pleasant glimpses of her trip, but it is in the class-room that our gain is greatest. A word of description which comes from a fresh personal experience has a power far beyond that of many pages in any book. Who for instance, could fail to be interested in the legend of St. Ursula, when Miss McKeen tells us that she saw in Cologne "the other day" those famous "bones of the eleven thousand virgins?"

We made an unusual demand on the weather this year by asking for three successive pleasant days for '89's Commencement. Our first request was granted in a charming day for Baccalaureate. We gathered as usual in the Smith Hall gallery of the South Church, Phillips occupying the opposite gallery, and watched the dear old class of '89 as they filed into the front pews below, wondering if it could really be true that they had so nearly reached the limit which separated the Senior from the "D. O. G." The sermon, preached by Rev. Chas. A. Dickinson of Berkeley Temple, Boston, was from the text, "Every several gate was of one pearl," Rev. xxi. 21. The gate was made the emblem of the gateways of life, such as the home and the school, entrances into, and preparations for what is be-

yond, and the whole sermon was appropriate and helpful. Just here we will quote from the Andover Townsman, a paragraph which applies to both of the anniversary days: "The musical part of the anniversary exercises attracted more than usual attention and commendation this year. The chorus singing was bright, and the solos of more than ordinary excellence. Miss Bond, who sang the latter, has a beautiful soprano voice, as finely exhibited in her rendering, on Baccalaureate Sunday, of the recitative and aria "Come unto me" by Connem, and of "Hear my Prayer" by Mendelssohn, on Tuesday.

Sunday afternoon, at the regular time for "Quarters," we were pleasantly reminded of old times, by having several of the old girls with us in the familiar walks in the grove. Among them were †Grace Carleton, '86. †Nellie Walkley, '88, †Emily Smith '88, and †May Stowe, '88.

Monday morning brought with it a drizzling rain, but the fates were kinder to us than at first we feared, and by the early part of the afternoon the clouds lifted and promised us a pleasant evening.

This year the Reading was appointed for the evening before Commencement, for the sake of the friends of the Senior class, so many of whom were in town, an arrangement which proved a very agreeable one. The Hall was as usual filled, and there was the customary profusion of beautiful flowers for the chosen ten. Of the evening, some one in the audience wrote, "You will envy me my good fortune, will you not, when I tell you that I was admitted to the Fem Sems' Public Reading this year. I found myself surrounded by mothers and fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, and while the audience was gathering, amused myself by trying to decide which were particularly anxious for the success of some one of the readers, and which were saving their anxiety for the next day. No one of them, however, need have had a fear, for the young ladies all did good work. The first reading was by Miss Ida Kennedy of Minneapolis, Minn., who gave quite gracefully and prettily the little story "Percival's Commencement Oration," by S. W. Kellogg. The next piece was something written by Neil Forrest, called "Four Mice." Miss Agnes Smith of Andover read it, and gave it capitally, too. She brought out all the fun there was in the story, and the result was a highly amused audience. Miss Annis Spencer of Jamaica Plain, who followed Miss Smith, read no less effectively, but in an entirely different way. Her selection was "Young Lollard's Achievement," from Tourgee's "A Fool's Errand," an exciting thing in itself, which lost nothing in her hands. Miss Mary McCulloch of Peoria, Illinois, followed, with Gail Hamilton's amusing sketch, "Lemon Drops." The "Swan Song," which came next, was a marked contrast. It is a very pathetic little story, and, as Miss Perry read it, touched the hearts and sympathies of all. Then Miss Jessie Guernsey of Framingham read one of C. H. White's New England character sketches, "The Village Convict." The next name was that of Miss Cora McDuffee of Keene, N. H., whose reading last year you surely have

not forgotten. This time she read "The Night Watch," by François Coppée, a tragic poem, to which she did full justice. "Henry V's Wooing" seemed particularly suited to the next reader, Miss Emily Cooke of Chicago. Her acting while taking the part of Catherine was especially striking. Miss Grace Wanning of Birmingham, Conn., followed with Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's story, "The Bell of St. Basils." Her rendering of it was one of the finest efforts of the evening. The tenth and last reader was Miss May Hutchings of Brewer, Me., who made a bright ending of the programme with an appreciative interpretation of J. T. Trowbridge's "Coupon Bonds."

The whole evening was a great success, and must have been a gratification to Professor Churchill, upon whose skilful training all depends.

The variety in the selections also due to Professor Churchill, made the time pass very quickly.

Commencement day itself was exceptionally perfect. It seemed as if '89 must have had it made expressly for its pleasure.

The exercises in the Hall began at 8.45 A.M. with the room generously filled, chiefly by relatives and friends of the girls. The programme was as follows:

Semi-Chorus. — "The Winter hath not a Blossom." (Reinecke).

Essay. — Carthagini Gentium Debitum, Miss Hutchings.

Essay. — Some Signs of Progress, Miss Strong.

Essay. — Lessing's Religiöses Glaubensbekenntnis, Miss Hendryx.

Reading. — A Leaf in the Storm, Miss Wanning.

Essay. — Le Paladin Roland et le Traître Ganelon, Miss Hart.

Essay. — Pictures in Words and Colors, Miss Jones.

Rondo. — From Sonata in F, for two pianos, — (Mozart. Part for second piano by Grieg), Misses Perry and McCulloch.

After the music came the Class Exercises, beginning with the oration, by Miss May Peabody of Gilead, Me., in which she exercised for the last time, the Senior privilege of giving advice. If the girls of '90, who were recipients of most of it, succeed in remembering and profiting by it all, they will surely be a model class. Directly after the oration, all made their way as expeditiously as possible to the grove, near which, about half way down Maple walk, was '89's class-tree, a small but thrifty looking red birch. Here each departing Senior, timidly or boldly as the case might be, threw her tiny spadeful of earth about the tree, after which ceremony, all sang together the Tree Song, written by Miss Jones. The spade, accompanied by a short speech, was then transferred by Miss Peabody to the president of the class of '90, Miss Guernsey. Promptly after this the procession formed for the church, where the programme was as follows:

Voluntary and March.

Chant. — Psalm xxiv. — S. M. Downs.

Invocation, by Rev. S. F. French of Wallingford, Vt., father of Miss French of the graduating class.

Solo and Chorus. — Hear my Prayer, (Mendelssohn). Solo by Miss Bond.

Address by Professor Luther T. Townsend, D.D., of Boston. Mass.

Presentation of Diplomas, by Professor Townsend.

Parting Hymn.

Prayer and Benediction, by Chaplain Jackson of the U. S. Navy, who also had a daughter among the graduates.

Then all was over, and the class of '89 were no longer "Seniors," but had passed to the ranks of the Alumnae. A Senior class is always missed when the next year begins, but we must say a special word of the vacancy left by '89. There were many in it who had been so peculiarly helpful in school life, who had reached out in so many ways to help other lives, that their places will long be unfilled. One of them basely suggested in a recent letter, "You did not even say you missed the '89 girls, so I suppose out of sight is out of mind." If she did but know *how* we miss them, what a warm place in our hearts they will always have, and how eagerly we have welcomed bits of information concerning their present welfare!

Will there be new buildings at Andover? And is that new hall really begun? Are the foundations laid?

Dear friends, in answer to these questions, we bid you a cordial "Come and see," and insure you a hearty welcome. Last year it was truly a mental discipline, and every study hour was a "Class in Concentration" to those of us whose windows overlooked the scene of action, for it was no easy task to sit down to Geometrical problems or to Christian Evidences, when all the time the hammers made music and the hod-carriers went up and down, and the walls were growing, brick by brick, story upon story.

Do come and see us! And just this side of Ballard Vale station, begin to look for that first distant glimpse of Andover Hill, where, half way down its distant slope, and very near the old familiar flat roof, rise clear-cut against the eastern sky, the bold lines of Draper Hall. Once upon the grounds, you will be tempted to exclaim with the little old woman in the melody, "Sure it isn't I!" True, we miss the smooth green lawns and the trim hedges, and there is much confusion, but order is planned, so we will not linger by the huge holes nor the great mounds which are to fill them, but look at the long, graceful lines of our New House, and perhaps imagine a twinkle of welcome in those two eyes high up in the roof. One of our favorite views of the building is from Abbot Street where, seen through the autumn foliage, the gables were quaintly picturesque, and we are growing to have a special affection for the Round Tower as seen from Maple Walk. The Courant longs to give its distant readers some photographs or drawings that will leave a far different impression from that conveyed by the architect's plan or the advertisement wood-cuts,—the most prosaic of prose pictures! We do not dare to promise this, only to

hope that friends will so rally to our support with subscriptions (and contributions that will increase our subscription list), that many good things may become possible.

We are continually finding new beauties and good points about this building, so soon to be the home of Abbot girls, and the class of '91 are already anticipating much comfort and enjoyment in its pleasant rooms with—only think! “two closets, one for each of us, mein Zimmergenossen, and good roomy closets too!”

How many happy hours will be spent in the fine suite of rooms on the first floor,—parlor, seniors' room, library, and, especially delightful, the reading-room, with its outlook over fields and groves, to the wide western horizon,—almost too tempting for the girl who loves to watch the sunset sky, but who “ought to read all those Church History references.”

We are not going to take you through the house, here on paper. We will wait till you really come. But do notice the pleasant guests' entrance, how safe and secluded it is from the peeping eyes of those who “just want to find out who has a caller.” We wish you to see the great play-room up stairs, in the wing, where there will be space and opportunity for many a frolic and pleasant entertainment, and as we go back into the main building to the music parlor and the art-room above, we are sure you will linger long by the great window on the landing, which frames a more wondrous picture than ever painter put on canvas.

One part of Draper Hall is of special interest to hundreds of old scholars in this country and to many in foreign lands, who we know will all be glad to learn that the plans for the “*McKeen rooms*” are made, and the work upon them already begun. We promise for our next number a description of this suite, and meantime, are asked to say that, while many willing and generous contributions have come in, there is still opportunity for those who wish to add their mite, or of their bounty, and so join in this deserved tribute to Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe.

Any who wish to learn more of this plan may do so by writing to the Treasurer of the Memorial Fund, Miss J. L. Greeley, Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

“One bright day last spring,” Mr. Draper called us into the new building to see “its first occupants.” There, high up on a beam in the scholars front hall, was a little nest, where, in the midst of the bustle and confusion of the workmen coming and going, house-keeping had begun. We took this as a pleasant omen, and seeing the sentiment and possible poetry therein, we asked for rhymes based on the pretty little incident. Several were handed in, but truth compels us to say, of less rather than of more merit. From these we select the following unexpected and unconventional treatment of the subject:

Up to old Abbot
 One bright day last spring,
 Came a young robin
 To learn how to sing.

"My voice must be trained,
And from all that I hear.
Their methods are good,—
I'll try it a year.
I know the new hall
Is not yet complete,
But surely old Smith
Looks cozy and neat."
She hopped up the walk,
And feeling quite shy,
Picked up her courage,
And said, "I'll apply."

Young Mr. Robin
Of Andover Hill
Was passing that way
With a straw in his bill.
As over he flew,
Miss Robin he spied:
She looked so pretty,
He lit by her side.
"Dear Madam," he said,
"Do pardon me pray,
I thought you looked lost.
May I show the way?"

Miss Robin fluttered.
Shook her tiny head.
Eyed Mr. Robin
With favor, and said:
"I thank you kind sir,
My way I well know.
It is to Smith Hall
For music, I go."

Bold Mr. Robin.
By bright glances led,
Ruffled his feathers
So brown and so red.
"Your voice, let me say,
My dear lady-bird,
Is just the sweetest
I ever have heard.
Training would spoil it
I feel very sure,—
Would thicken those notes,
So sweet and so pure.

*I'm fond of music,
 Let me take the care
 Of you and your voice,—
 Shall we be a pair?"*

High on a rafter
 Of new Draper Hall,
 The birds lived happy
 With four birdies small.
 Proud was Sir Robin
 Of sweet Mother-bird,
 When he at even
 Her lullabies heard.
 "Birds need no training,"
 He would say with pride.
 As he gazed on the
 Dear bird at his side.
 But wise Mother-bird
 Would shake her round head,
 "My birds shall study
 At Abbot," she said.
 For us the new hall
 They've built, and we'll show
 Our thanks. Yes," said she,
 "*To Abbot they'll go.*"

It was with a strong feeling of regret and sadness that the old scholars learned of the intended removal of South Hall. True, it could no longer be our German home; but as long as we could see the building every day in its old place, it was not as though it had passed entirely out of our lives. Only when we saw it cut in two, and the parts moved in opposite directions, did we realize our loss. One part was taken to Morton Street, and the other moved to a different site on our own grounds.

As we watched its reluctant progress, many pleasant thoughts came to our minds of happy days spent within its walls. In a review of our life as spent there, we found that nothing but pleasant memories were connected with it; little grievances were forgotten, and we were glad that we could carry with us such a happy picture of home life in South Hall. We thought of the little visits to Mrs. Mead's room, where she so kindly read to us, and of the weekly meetings held there, which were such a help during the week. Our thoughts also turned to the sky parlors, where only the *crème de la crème* were permitted to enjoy the benefits of such an elevated position. Each room has its associations for us—one as the studious room, the other as a place of meeting whenever recreation time came. These memories are very dear, and, though their object is now removed, its associations will always be the same to us. South Hall now stands facing Abbot Street. There is a pathetic look about

it, as if it regretted the loss of our company, even as we do that of its protection.

On the cabinet by one of the windows in Miss McKeen's room stands a Japanese tray, laden with pictures of laughing babies, sober babies, astonished babies, babies of all sizes and complexions. There are sturdy, manly little fellows, and winning maidens, who, we hope, will some day dwell in the pleasant rooms in Draper Hall and learn to love the dear old school where their mothers spent happy years. We like to look these pictures over, and to listen to pleasant reminiscences of these same mothers. What we would particularly like would be a jolly "Children's Day," when very many of Abbot's grandsons and granddaughters might tumble about on the sunny lawns, and play "tag" and "hide and seek" through the pleasant grove-walks of their Alma Avia. Meantime we must content ourselves with opening our drawer, and finding stored away there the bits that come to us, from time to time, about some of these bonnie babies, — "God bless them, every one!"

One morning a dear little girl did not reach school until after the opening prayer had been said. On going home, she told her mother that she was so late "that God was gone" when she got there.

May we not learn a lesson of sweet, simple faith from the little girl who "told God the words that were too hard to read," and got help from him?

One A. A. nephew accompanied his father on a European trip this summer, and his first words of decided approbation and admiration were, when he reached Brussels: "Papa, America isn't the *only* place in the world, is it?"

A five-year-old big sister is looking at and expressing her satisfaction with the new baby: "Only, — *why* did you cut his hair so short?"

And a dear little five-year-old fellow added to his Sunday morning prayer, "Dear God, don't let me get sick, to-day, hearing my papa preach."

One little girl had given "her all" to the missionary box, and for some time asked earnestly for a special blessing upon her "dollar and *eight* cents." But at last the weight of future responsibility rested heavy upon her tiny shoulders, and she added: "Please do convert all the heathens before I grow up, so that I won't have to go as a missionary; for I'm afraid I shall have all I can do to take care of myself."

"Papa, ask the horsey please to make the wheels go faster."

One little niece (by heart adoption) played that she was a great *cabbage* (savage) *dog*; and the same little one, who finds something good to say of everybody, thought the milkman to be "a very nice man, and *so lady-like*."

A sister, who was big enough and wise enough to be a senior at school, was excitedly relating the story of a fresh quarrel with her most intimate friend. She had gone as far as, "And I told her just what I thought of her: I said —" when the little sober-faced, big-eyed damsel by the table interrupted: "Don't tell us what *you* said to *her*. Tell us what *she* said to *you*."

Just now there seems to be a decided dearth of poetic talent in Abbot's classes. So we welcome all the more cordially the following lines by her eight-year-old grandson, who already looks forward, with eager anticipation, to a career as a second Edison, varied by the delight of publishing volumes of lyrics, with a possible epic in the far future.

To-morrow is Memorial Day,
When both soldiers blue and gray
Go to trim the soldiers' graves,
This beautiful day in May.

Oh, what a fight they fought!
Oh, what a life they led!
And now we decorate their graves,
Brave bodies of the dead!

With soldiers dressed in uniform,
And a band to play a tune,
We decorate their graves
This pleasant afternoon.

DRIFTWOOD.

THE first bits we look for and bind together are concerning those — to the new scholars — mythical personages, "last year's class." To us, however, they are very real; and it has been good to see and to hear from so many of them. Early in the term we were glad to welcome the three day-scholars, and it was a happy evening when Grace Wanning, Alice Joy, and Kathleen Jones were all in their old places at supper time. Mattie Hart came the very next day, and Alice Hendryx and Annis Spencer dined with us one Wednesday. Kathleen is hard at work and happy, going in daily to the Boston Normal Art School. Mabel Strong is busy with Greek, German, and good works in general. Fannie Bancroft is still a pleasant part of our daily life, as she comes down to the German class. Dora Mason enjoys her pretty new home on Abbot Street, and has made some of us happy through her kind hospitality. Edith Jackson, after visiting Alice Hendryx, went to New York to meet Eva Phillips, who arrived on the 20th of November, on the City of Paris, and they are probably now in Canton, Ohio. Lilian Ellis was, at last report, in New Orleans. Mollie Hutchings writes of study and pleasant home life; and we know, what she does not say, how kind and thoughtful a sister her brothers find in her. Grace Wanning has been

visiting Alice Joy, and is busy with her French. Mattie Hart is studying stenography. Of Evelina French we know nothing, but hope that this published fact will prove a hint for her to report herself. May Peabody has been teaching in Bourne, a town on Cape Cod; and, since her school closes before our own term does, we are looking forward to a little visit from her before the Christmas vacation.

We are saddened, as we write, to know that Lizzie Ryder is lying dangerously ill with typhoid fever, at her brother's home in Washington. The last word was far from hopeful, and our most tender sympathy goes out to her in her suffering. We shall be able to add later news before our last copy goes to the printer, and we earnestly hope it may be word of decided improvement.

Miss McKeen spent the summer vacation abroad, revisiting the English Lakes, Sterling and Edinburgh, Abbotsford and the Abbeys associated with Sir Walter Scott,—York and Durham, London and Canterbury; also Paris, Geneva, Cologne, Amsterdam and the Hague, Antwerp and Brussels. In addition to these familiar places, there were new and refreshing scenes in Chamouni, Interlaken, Lucerne, and Zurich, in Darmstadt, Frankford, Heidelberg, Mayence, and down the Rhine. The ocean voyage, both ways, was short and comfortable. Though travelling almost constantly, the vacation proved to have been wisely chosen and ordered, for she came home happy in pleasant memories and excellent health. Mr. Duren returned with Miss McKeen, but Mrs. Mead remained to complete a year abroad.

Mrs. Mead is pleasantly located at 13 III Lützow Ufer, Berlin, Germany, where she will remain through the early winter. We hear much of her enjoyment of the city, rich in its art-treasures and musical treats, and we wish her continued happiness, "Auf-wiedersehen."

It is good to see Dr. Bancroft's face again. We welcome him back, and are glad to know of the pleasant year of travel.

We have had pleasant glimpses this Fall of many familiar faces:

†Miss Dora L. Mason, '89; †Miss Mabel D. Strong, '89; †Miss Frances M. Bancroft, '89; †Miss Annis G. Spencer, '89; †Miss Alice A. Hendryx, '89; †Miss Kathleen Jones, '89; †Miss Mattie E. Hart, '89; †Miss Grace E. D. Wanning, '89; †Miss Alice H. Joy, '89; Mrs. Harriet Hurd McClure (Teacher in '82 and '83); †Miss Lucy F. Partridge, '63; Miss Blanche McCue, '89; Miss Harriet E. Sutliff, '89; Miss Mary A. Decker, '85; Mrs. Lucy Montague Brown, '66, (Teacher '74-'79); †Miss Abby J. McCutchins, '82; †Miss E. Josephine Wilcox, '81; Miss Julia P. Hubbard, '88; †Miss Mabel Wheaton, '76, (Teacher '85-'87); †Miss Maria P. Hitchcock, '86; Miss Kate R. Gage, '88; Miss Bessie M. Swan, '88; Miss Lulu Chickering, '89; Miss Charlotte S. Barnard, '73; †Miss Elizabeth F. Stratton, '88; Miss Annie P. Wight, '88; Miss Evelyn R. Page, '85; †Miss Sophia M. Walker, '87; Miss Esther W. Smith, '88; †Miss Ellen O.

Walkley, '88; †Miss Jennie P. Lanphear, '86; †Miss Mary E. True, '64; †Miss Mary F. Bill, '87; †Miss Catherine F. Crocker, '87; Mrs. Caroline Howe Rogers, '56; Mrs. Alhea Hewes Flint, '58; Miss Susie W. Hinckley, '89. †Miss Mary Libby, '86.

The mural tablet which Miss McKeen has recently placed in the Congregational Church in Bradford, Vermont, is inscribed, "To the memory of the Rev. Silas McKeen, D.D., for forty-three years the beloved pastor of this church." It was designed by Hartwell and Richardson, architects, and executed under their care and supervision by Evans and Tombs, carvers and modellers. It is a tablet twenty by fifty-one inches in size, with a border of delicate running ornament in the Byzantine style three inches wide. Special prominence is given to the letters, which are made the decorative feature in the design. As is often the case in early Christian inscriptions, the words are separated by periods,—in this case by small triangular pyramids; the letters also are raised and of semi-cylindrical section. The color of the bronze is a rich copper tone; the relief is flat, and the lines though delicate are sharp,—the characteristic treatment for metal work.

Prof. Moore gave us some practical helpful words in one of our evening prayer-meetings in October, grouped about the thought that the clause in the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come," is to be the result of the clause, "Thy will be done," since the kingdom of God is the doing of God's will on earth as it is in heaven. To do the daily grind faithfully is the duty of each one toward bringing about the coming of the kingdom; and just so far as we yield to the temptation to unfaithfulness, we hinder its coming.

During the same month our attention was drawn to some of the Psalms by Rev. Mr. Palmer, who spoke to us particularly of the "Songs of Degrees." Many of them will have a new interest to us through what he told us of the circumstances connected with them.

One of the old scholars, †Miss Lucy F. Partridge, '63, told us one morning of her work in Talledega College, Talledega, Ala. She pictured to us some of the pupils, and told of the work which many of them were able to do during their vacations, and spoke of the appreciation shown by the people of what is done for them. Miss Partridge is making her home in Andover for the present, as her health prevents her return to Talledega.

Another of the old scholars, †Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson, '74, of India was with us Saturday evening, Nov. 14. She spoke to us chiefly of the women and girls of India, dwelling upon their interesting character, the power of their influence, and the resultant importance of reaching them with the gospel. One thought new to many of us was that of the extreme naturalness of the Bible to an Eastern reader, from the similarity of Oriental customs to those of the time of Christ. Mrs. Gutterson has promised to come again some time, bringing one of her children dressed in

native costume, and then we hope she will tell us more of the "Daughters of India."

Nov. 23d, Rev. Mr. Wilson, of the Free Church, spoke to us most helpfully on "Stewardship," taking as the thread of his talk the principle that all our endowments are from God, and that they are to be used for him in serving our fellow-men, "as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

On Sunday evening, Nov. 4th, the school enjoyed listening to an informal talk by a welcome friend, Mrs. H. S. Caswell of the New York Bible House. She spoke for about an hour of the pioneer work in the home mission field. Our attention was drawn particularly to the hardships undergone by the missionaries on our western frontier. At the time of Mrs. Caswell's visit, no definite plans had been made in regard to our usual Christmas gift. After listening to her, it was unanimously decided that here was a call for our help. It seemed to be the general wish of the girls that a large family be chosen. Within a day or so after Mrs. Caswell left us, we received a list of a family of twelve; *ten children*,—with these words from Mrs. Caswell, "This family is sent to me this morning. I take it as an indication that it must go to you, as I am told that they need just the sunshine which you can send. Will you take them? I am told that this missionary pastor is a devoted worker and doing a much-needed work there." After this report was read to us, plans could at once be made for active service. Each class accordingly held a private council and chose what members of the family should be their special charge. A very interesting letter received soon after from the father of the "ten," particularizing the needs and desires of the family, has greatly aided us in our plans. Now each member of the school is busy with her respective work. Miss McKeen has adopted the baby as her special protégé. Several individuals have started "Epaphroditus boxes." One teacher is planning a "Wonder-ball." One class has bravely undertaken the task of making a quilt. Others are busy with dresses, skirts, mittens, hoods, sheets, pillow-cases, etc. While all are interested in the children, the Seniors have taken kindly interest for the mother. In packing, we propose to fill in the chinks with shoes, stockings, leggings, caps, and delights for the small folks, such as candy, nuts, jacknives, dolls, books, etc. As we work, our sympathies go out to missionary labor, and we realize more than ever that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Senior Reception was one of the pleasantest affairs this term. The morning before the reception we received invitations from "Ye class of '90 of ye Abbot Academy on An-lover Hill," bidding us "welcome to ye parlors of ye old Smith Hall on Friday, ye fourth of October, after candle light, there to listen to a little musick, to dance the Virginia reel, and to join in social converse." In the corner of each invitation was painted a clover blossom, the class flower. We were ushered into the parlor by young ladies dressed in costumes of the latter part of the 18th century.

and were received by Mistresses Betty, Priscilla, Dorothy, Prudence and Temperance. In ancient dresses, with powdered hair, and with slippers bearing such huge rosettes that it was hard to believe that there were any slippers there, they made a very pretty and quaint picture. We danced "ye Virginia reel," and partook of refreshments. Just before breaking up, the Seniors sang their class song, with its bright and witty allusions to each member of '90.

Mrs. Francis Johnson gave a very pleasant tea, about the middle of the term, to which three of our young ladies were fortunate enough to be invited.

Miss McKean and the teachers gave two afternoon teas, Nov. 6 and 13, to their many friends in Andover. Nov. 6 was a very pleasant evening and the parlors and dining-room were pleasantly full. Nov. 13 was very stormy and disagreeable, but many friends braved the storm and came to us.

On All Hallow E'en we were invited to an exhibition of legerdemain, given by the noted sleight-of-hand performer, Mr. Pray.

The Yale Freshman game was played on the 26th of October. Many of the girls attended, and enjoyed it very much, although it was said to be a very quiet game. To us, however, it seemed that there was constantly some one being seriously hurt. The game was 14 - 0 in favor of Andover. In the first *Phillipian* issued after the game, there was a paragraph stating that "The presence of the Fem. Sems. at Saturday's game was perhaps one of the secrets of the visiting team's defeat."

Several of the rooms in French and Smith Halls have odd bits of wall decoration that always call forth much surprise and amusement on the part of visitors. These are life-sized caricatures, drawn with colored chalks on rough light brown paper, pleasant souvenirs of Mr. Beard's illustrated lecture.

Teacher in Bible Class : "Miss A. what can you tell me about the Ark of the Covenant?"

Miss A : "Nothing much, except that Noah made it."

We feel more and more, every day, how poorly we are informed on many subjects. We never even heard until the other day that Catiline had wings ; but we were then told by a member of the Senior Class that, "on being denounced by Cicero, Catiline *flew* from Rome.

In a sixteenth century book on etiquette, we read, "Scan the dish with a rapid glance, and, without apparent hesitation, take the largest piece upon it." Some of the girls wish to know if what is once proper is always so.

Very early in the term Mrs. Harris gave a reception to the Senior and Senior Middle Classes of Abbot, and to all the unmarried gentlemen of

the Seminary. This was especially delightful to the Senior Middleers, who had not expected such a pleasure until the Senior Party. The beautiful home, the tact and grace of the hostess, all combined to make it one of the pleasantest occasions of the year.

It was not long after the reception at the home of Mrs. Harris that Mrs. Professor Moore wishing, as she said, to "keep the ball rolling," included our Seniors among those who enjoyed the hospitality of her home. Rain threatened during the afternoon, but it failed to come, and the evening was passed most pleasantly, despite the fact that Professor Moore's delightful German dialect songs successfully resisted all efforts of the German scholars at translation or even comprehension.

A CARD. — "We four and no more," have spent many pleasant evenings this term in reading together. The older members of the class occupy their moments in knitting, and when Sunshine entertains the circle with some unusual antic, withering glances are cast over the spectacles. But our story has come suddenly to an end, because some robber has doubtless broken into the Academy and taken the very bound volume in which is our next chapter. We hope that the conscience of the thief will compel him (?) to return the book to its place. Unfortunately, there is no reward offered.

The class of '99 are nine in number. Although enough for a base-ball team, they prefer to be called the "Muses." Allow us to introduce them. The President can converse in Just Elegant German. Her close companion is Earnestly Diligent. This one is A Good Pianist. The next studies hard and is Ever Devouring Large Books. Here is An Interesting Baby, but we speak of her just now as Active In Benevolence. We hope the Treasury will not need to exert her power, for if necessary, she Can Exact Many Dollars. The whole school knows the familiar touch and obeys the call of A Steady Jangler. '99 would be forlorn indeed without Our Honest Westerner, and last, but by no means least, here is one — Esthetic And Kind.

The new laboratory in the basement of the Academy, is now ready for use, and the class in Physics occupied it for the first time, about the middle of November. This room is a great improvement, as now the apparatus may be kept all together, making the facilities for working experiments much greater.

BITS OF TALK ABOUT ONE OUTING. — "There were seventeen of us, besides the two teachers, and as we walked, two by two, up Washington Street, I heard one person say, 'Well, I guess they have let the Conservatory of Music out to-night.' Not, however, because we were making so much music or noise."

"We had lots of time, so we slowly walked up to the Theatre, stopping at Weber's; for of course you know the failing of the Abbot girls."

"The Theatre is a new one, and very pretty. Salvini was grand as Othello; his voice is so rich and deep, and his acting so wonderful, that although he spoke in Italian, we could easily follow the part."

"We were obliged to leave before the end of the Fourth Act, in order to catch our train, and those of the girls who had seen the play before were as much disappointed as the rest of us at losing the smothering scene. Upon arriving at Smith Hall we found sandwiches and chocolate awaiting us, and you can imagine how very, very good these tasted at midnight."

Among the new scholars of Abbot Academy this year was Beauty Abbot. She was a shy little thing, who had never been away to school before; but she is quite at home with us now, and feels herself one of the family. She dresses in the height of fashion, in pale gray, with trimmings of red. Beauty keeps silent study hours, and has been taking up physiology this term, especially the dissection of rats and mice.

[A second communication comes to us, evidently on the same subject. — Eds.]

There is one member of the Smith Hall family, so important in her own esteem, if not in that of others, that we must not omit mention of her in these pages. Gray hairs are not, with her an indication of age, yet they must demand our respect; and though we may not always respond to her cordial greetings, or welcome her in her frequent calls, we must give her due credit for the constant practice of those virtues which we must acknowledge she possesses. A frequent attendant at prayers, she evinces a strong desire to take vocal part in the service, and when not giving voice to her sentiments she turns her attention to manifestations of affection, which, though they may not be agreeable to the recipient, are evidences of a warm and loving disposition. Her melodious voice is often heard through the halls, and, possessing a strong social nature, her calling propensities are great. When making visits she does not always choose the door for her place of entrance nor the daylight as her time of coming. In the short period of her residence she has shown marked improvement in physical, mental, and moral growth, and, in spite of many traits to which we must give our disapproval, she has gained the esteem of all and the affection of some. Long life and happy days to Smith Hall cat!

The steps of the Academy are now protected by a new and substantial railing, which promises to be a blessing in slippery weather. We are glad to learn that it is to be bronzed, for the shining brass is not in keeping with the rest of the staid old building.

Only fifteen girls were left for the Thanksgiving recess. Of course it seemed doleful to see the others all going off to home and friends, but as we look back upon the two days, we find we need no pity nor even sympathy. Two bright and pleasant Wellesley girls came to us, and one of our own last year's girls, now at Framingham. Wednesday evening passed pleasantly with impromptu charades, games, and some of Hinton's

good ice-cream. Thursday was a stormy day, and we feared lest some of our guests might be detained. But they were not, all came. Mr. and Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Wilber, Mr. and Mrs. Gutterson (+Emma Wilder, '74), and the seven darling children who brightened our day and gave us real comfort and enjoyment. After dinner we had a merry, romping time with singing, "Lamb and Tiger," and other games, and as the twilight came on we gathered around the little group of mother and children, as they sang in soft, sweet tones, "Christ was born in Bethlehem." Even the two-year-old Edith watched the others, and joined with her little hands in the graceful gestures. The very best of babies cooed and laughed all the afternoon as it was handed from one to another, and the only trouble was that every one wanted it all the time. Before six o'clock big babies and little were all bundled up and taken home, tired but happy children. In the evening we gathered for a "Candle Party," and, curled up on divan, cushions and yes, even *on the bed*, listened to many a thrilling story "by the tiny taper's light."

+Mary A. Libby, '86, pleasantly surprised her old friends by coming to spend Thanksgiving with us. She was on her way to Templeton, Mass., where she is to teach during the winter.

Susie Hinckley, '89, was with us Thanksgiving-day, the guest of Miss Winegarner.

It was good to welcome Alice Conant, '89, as she looked in upon us at Thanksgiving time, and told of her home life.

We had a delightful visit, earlier in the fall, from Mrs. H. S. Caswell, Editor of the Home Missionary. She came out from Boston, Nov. 3, at Miss McKeen's invitation, to spend Sunday with us. The school has always been interested in Mrs. Caswell's work in the various fields in which she has been engaged, and now, since her visit, will be still more interested in her present position, so extended in its influence.

We are looking forward to a series of three Abbot Academy piano recitals, made possible and arranged for us by the kindness of Professor Downs. A day or so after the Courant is issued we shall have the pleasure of hearing Fräulein Aus der Ohe, who will play in Phillips Academy Hall, Thursday, Dec. 12.

Miss McKeen attended the breakfast in honor of Dr. Amelia B. Edwards, given by the New England Woman's Press Association, at the Parker House, Nov. 29. It was a very brilliant affair. At the reception which preceded the breakfast many interesting people enjoyed mutual pleasure in a social hour, and the coveted opportunity was given to every one to take Dr. Edwards by the hand and look into her face. The appointments at the breakfast were admirable; and at its close two hours sped swiftly away in listening to many speeches, witty and wise, tasteful and just, from well-known women and men, in honor of our distinguished

guest. Miss Edwards was delightful in her responses, saying that in this country she could hardly tell whether we were English or she American. Her manner is sympathetic, and her face is full of sweetness and light.

Abbot might well have held a far-away reunion this summer. Besides those who are at home in Europe, and those teachers who were spending the vacation in travel, we have learned of the following old scholars who crossed the Atlantic: †Mrs. Sarah Hunking Cheney, '66; †Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry, '68; †Mrs. C. F. Bradley (Sue Chase), '71; Alice McKeen, '74; †Amy Learoyd, '79; Marion Locke, '82; Kathreen Sanborn, '86; Eva Phillips, '89.

We have received two Pittsburgh, Pa., papers, containing long and breezy letters from Paris, giving an Abbot girl's impressions of that city and its older-sister metropolis across the channel. All '89 know what interesting letters Eva Phillips can write; and if they wish to see these, we have kept them and placed them in the scrap-book in the reading-room — that scrap-book which holds so many words about women who were once girls consulting the reference books in that same old room.

The '89 girls will also be interested to know of the little girl, Ruth Palmer Fairchild, who, we hope, will graduate from Abbot Academy in the class of 1908 or thereabouts, possibly in the very same class with the daughter of Mrs. Howard (Fräulein Bodemeyer).

We miss Fräulein Heitmüller from her place with us: but we are glad to hear of her continued prosperity as Mrs. Stone. She and her husband have left Knoxville, Tenn., and are finding a pleasant home in Lafayette, Indiana, where Mr. Stone is Professor of Chemistry in Purdue College.

Virginia Gilmer, '89, is pleasantly settled in Chicago. She writes of meeting, at Jean Conyne's ('89) home, two other of last year's girls, Helen Covell and Alice Newton. The latter was there visiting Miss Conyne.

One result of the removal of South Hall has been the "German table" at Smith Hall. It would be hard to say what we haven't done. Think of the excitement of Twenty Questions in German; and then, of the queer mistakes we have made. Some one says, for instance, "Ich bewundere mich," and, though she correct herself ever so quickly, and say, "Ich wundere mich," we have a merry laugh at her expense, for saying "I admire myself." Anagrams have furnished a great deal of fun; a little pile of yellow squares at each plate being the signal for much delightful puzzling. Miss Mitchell has presided at the table and talked German and made mistakes and laughed with the rest of us: while at the other end Fräulein Schiefferdecker has sat, seeming no longer a stranger among us, and always ready with cheery patience to help our stumbling "Deutsch."

In the Dedham Transcript of Nov. 2, we noticed the report of an interesting temperance meeting at Norwood, at which †Mrs. Laura Went-

worth Fowler, '60, "speaking with wit and sharp, telling points," delivered an able address from the woman's side of the question.

We learn that †Mrs. Carrie Cooper Edgerly, '60, has been elected one of the two ladies upon the Cambridge School Board, the other being Miss Longfellow, daughter of the poet. Three of the original five of this same class are now living. The next anniversary will be the thirtieth of their graduation, and they were the first class to leave the school after Miss McKeen became Principal.

Miss Belcher's old scholars will be glad to know of her comparatively good health, and to have her address, which, after the middle of December, will be 2121 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

†Anna Fuller, '72, has been spending the summer in Manitou, Colorado, and is located for the winter in Colorado Springs, where she is enjoying to the full "the delicious air, the marvellous views," and the rest which change of scene and employment so often and happily bring to a hard worker.

†Myrtle Whitecomb Bartlett, '72, and her little daughter have been for two months or more with relatives in Brooklyn.

†Lilian Waters Grosvenor, '72, writes from Constantinople, and tells of her happy life, and of her three boys, who are attending Robert College. She also speaks of enjoying Dr. Bancroft's visit and the Andover talks they were able to have.

†Ella Adams, '72, is at home, in Camden, recovering from a protracted illness. The girls of her day will be interested to know that she is represented this year in Abbot by a niece.

We are glad to be able to give the following bits from a letter written by †Clara Hamlin Lee, '73. "We took the train for Adana, passing Tarsus on our way. Mr. and Mrs. Mead [Hattie Childs, '76] were there ready to welcome us, and we were their guests for two days. We started on our long horseback journey Thursday, and Friday we were crossing the great Cilicia plain. The first day I enjoyed the novelty so much that I did not mind the monotony. The second day was terrible; all day long we jogged across the plain in the intense heat, not a tree to be seen, nor a drop of water to be had. I have learned the value of water and shade as never before, and some of the Bible verses have a more forcible meaning after this experience. The third day we began to get among the mountains, and what a grateful change it was! That night we pitched our tent for a Sunday rest by a brook. It was the first time I had tried dwelling in a tent, and I greatly enjoyed the experience. We slept in a tent again Monday night, and started off the next morning for our last stage. Marash is far more beautiful than I had expected to find it. I am constantly happy and busy. Don't forget me now I am an interior missionary."

We welcome every new book by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Katherine

Smith, '73). "A Summer in a Cañon" is a bright, pretty story, but to us it lacks the peculiar grace and charm of "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and "Patsy." We are very proud and glad that an Abbot girl wrote those tenderly beautiful little stories.

†Alice Merriam Moore, '74, is spending the winter in Washington, D.C.

†Abbie J. McCutchins, '82, spent the summer on the Jersey coast, at Avon-by-the-Sea, and this winter is to be at Pablo, Orange Co., Florida.

We welcome, among our exchanges this year, "Res Academicæ," "The Adelpian," "The Speculum," "The Phillips Exeter Monthly," "The Yankton Student," "The Colby Academy Voice."

An interesting book on "The Hippodrome of Constantinople," by Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor of Robert College, has been received from †Lilian Waters Grosvenor, '72.

As we insert in our "Advertiser" the card of Hartwell and Richardson, we are interested to notice how much these architects have done to add to Andover's attractive buildings. The Episcopal church, the fine new Bank block, and our own new Hall are all of their design.

Our rooms have been brightened and made beautiful this fall by frequent and generous gifts of beautiful chrysanthemums, coming from Mrs. Draper's garden.

†Lillie Wilcox, '82, is in the office of the "Golden Rule," 50 Bromfield St., Boston.

†Carrie A. Bronson, '83, is teaching in Miss Liggett's Home and Day School, Detroit, Mich.

†Cynthia Page Brooks, '65, has changed her home, Dr. Brooks having resigned the presidency of Kalamazoo College, to accept a pastorate in Alma, Mich.

Mrs. Willard, †Lizzie Gerrish, '80, will reside at 107 North State St. Concord, N. H.

We notice the name of Miss Anna Pritchard, '83, in the list of guests so handsomely entertained on their way to, and during their stay at, the great "Corn Festival" held in Sioux City. We are glad to know that our girls are making places for themselves in business circles, as well as elsewhere.

Lieutenant Strong of Andover has been ordered to Philadelphia, where he will be in command of the training ship there stationed. His wife and daughters are to follow him in January while Miss Mabel Strong will visit relatives in New York State.

Annie Wight, '88, has gone to Florida, where she will pass the winter on her father's plantation.

Mary Huntington, '89, is in New York this year, doing good work in the "Antique" class at the Art League.

Elizabeth K. Wilcox, '89, has entered Smith College and has been made Vice-President of the Freshman class.

†Jeanie L. Jillson, '87, is teaching elocution in Daughter's College, Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

†Eliza L. Atwell, '87, writes of a visit paid her this summer by Rose Garland, '87, the first Abbot face she had seen since leaving Andover.

Ida Schuster '89, is attending school in her home in Savannah, Missouri. She writes of filling the post of housekeeper for her father this summer.

Invitations have been received for the wedding of †Miss Mary Kuhnén, '85, to Mr. Edward Van Patten. The marriage is to take place, Wednesday evening, December 18: and their home will continue to be in Davenport, Iowa.

The marriage of Clarinda Swazey, '84, is noted elsewhere. The ceremony was strictly private, only the nearest relatives being present, and the bride and groom leaving almost immediately for Bar Harbor. Mr. Buck is a graduate of Yale, '86, and his college course was marked throughout by unusual brilliancy and success. The fortunate winner of a travelling scholarship, he has passed the last two years abroad, principally in Greece, where, as a student of Archaeology and at the head of an excavating force, he made some valuable discoveries. Mr. and Mrs. Buck after a ten days tour in Maine sailed for Leipsic, Germany, where they purpose remaining for two years. Mr. Buck fitting himself for a Professor of Comparative Philology, and Mrs. Buck taking up a musical course in the Leipsic Conservatory.

There may be some who will be glad to hear some particulars about †Clara Hamlin's wedding. About forty guests gathered at Robert College to witness the wedding ceremony. The day had been stormy, but just as the bridal party entered the room where the guests had assembled, the sun broke through the clouds, and streamed brightly in upon the little company. First in the bridal procession came the bride's four nieces and nephews. Little Roger and Sarah Anderson led. Three-year-old Roger felt that the occasion rested upon his shoulders. He came in with his yellow curls shining, his eyes bright, his head high, lifting up his little feet as if "marching on to war." His older brother and sister came just behind, and some of Miss Hamlin's co-workers at the Scutari Home followed. Then came the bridegroom and the white-robed, white-veiled bride. As they took their places before the officiating clergymen, they stood facing a portrait of the bride's father. The wedding service was performed by Rev. Chas. Anderson, professor at Robert College and brother-in-law of the bride, and assisted by Dr. Bliss, for many years a trustee of the Home School at Scutari, in which Miss Hamlin had been teaching nine years. Mrs. Anderson (Abby F. Hamlin, '66) stood with

the clergymen to receive the bridal party after the ceremony. When congratulations had been offered to Mr. and Mrs. Lee, the guests found their way to another room, where a wedding lunch was served. The long table was made beautiful with ferns, and both rooms were decorated with lovely ferns and flowers. After the wedding lunch, Mr. and Mrs. Lee left Robert College for a short wedding tour. They returned from the tour to give their final good-by to Constantinople in September, starting then for their new home in Marash.

MARRIAGES.

In Lancaster, N. H., June 22, 1889, Ida Peck Nettleton, '76, to Horace Spencer Fiske of Platteville, Wis.

In Knoxville, Tenn., June 24, 1889, Victoria Heitmüller to Winthrop E. Stone. Fräulein Heitmüller was teacher of German at Abbot during last year.

In Blackington, Mass., Aug. 14, 1889, Annie Elizabeth Hopkins, '87 to Edwin L. Allen.

June 25, 1889, Ellen Cornelia Burt, '84, to Rev. Edward S. Stone.

In Boonton, N. J., Aug. 29, 1889, †Jeanie Carter, '87, to William R. Pratt.

In Constantinople, Turkey, Sept. 5, 1889, †Clara H. Hamlin, '73, to Rev. Lucius O. Lee of Marash.

In Bucksport, Me., Sept. 10, 1889, Clarinda Darling Swazey, '84, to Carl Darling Buck.

In Butler, Pa., Sept. 18, 1889, †Carolyn McCandless, '83, to Edward Parker Greeley of Nashua, Iowa.

In Portland, Oregon, Oct. 17, 1889, Caroline Ames Ladd, '81, to Frederic Bayley Pratt of Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Boston, Oct. 23, 1889, †Isabel Conant, '78, to George Dexter Greenwood of East Orange, N. J.

In Concord, N. H., Nov. 14, 1889, †Lizzie Gerrish, '80, to Everett Wheeler Willard.

In Virginia, Illinois, Nov. 28, 1889, Nellie Woodman Epler, '83, to Richard Watson Mills.

In Colorado Springs, Colorado, Dec. 3, 1889, Jennie L. Marden, '81, to George Soule of Denver, Col.

In Northampton, Mass., Aug. 19, 1889, Annie Webber, '81, to Walter Maxwell of Northamptonshire, Eng. Their home is to be in Morrisville, Fauquier Co., Va.

In Andover, Oct. 23, 1889, †Mary E. Towle, '63, to Newell S. Wright of Detroit, Mich.

DEATHS.

In Portland, Me., Oct. 8, 1889, Mr. Chas. F. Wood, father of Adele H. Wood '89.

In Meriden, Ct., Oct. 30, 1889, Mrs. C. G. Johnson, mother of Etta C. Johnson, '88.

In Andover, Nov. 23, 1889, †Mrs. Hannah Newman Fay, '29, aged eighty years. It was from her father, Dea. Newman that Abbot Academy received as a gift its original acre of land.

In Bath, Me., Oct. 20, 1889, Frances Angier Mitchell, mother of †Abby F. Mitchell, '72. Those who have known through personal contact the uplifting influence of such a life as this, so strong and pure and sweet, can best understand the unspeakable loss which these words mean. To our own dear teacher, and this sister whom we have learned to know and love, our hearts go out in deepest and most loving sympathy in this hour of their sore trial.

In Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8, 1889, Mrs. Paul A. Chadbourne, mother of †Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '78.

Mrs. Chadbourne was not a graduate of Abbot Academy, but her life and influence were strongly felt in our school by her warm interest in its welfare, and that of its pupils, also in the connection with it of her daughter, †Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '78, as scholar, and later as teacher.

Elizabeth Sawyer Page was born in Exeter, N. H., Oct. 2, 1829. She graduated with high honors from Bradford Academy, and shortly after, married Paul Ansel Chadbourne, who died in February, 1883. Of their happiness together, their united tastes in literary pursuits, their aim to "do heartily unto the Lord," their consciousness of accountability because to them great opportunities had been given, much could be written. So one were they in purpose, so lovingly and loyally were the husband's work and line of study followed by the wife, as home and other duties permitted, that joy is found by those in sorrow at her loss in the thought "They are together now."

Mrs. Chadbourne was a most faithful, tender mother, as well as wife, and "her children rise up and call her blessed." Nor was her love for the young confined to her own household. Many young men and women brought into contact with her felt her interest in and for them, and now bear witness to a desire for a nobler life as the result of her earnest conversations with them.

Her life as the wife of a college President brought great demands socially. As hostess, richly was she blessed. "It was wonderful," said a lady, meeting her for the first time at the President's reception. "Each one of the hundred coming and going, seemed to have an individuality with her. I could not understand it."

Earnest and faithful in home and society, the keystone to this arch of character was love and service to God as revealed by h's word and his Holy Spirit. The Bible was constantly near her, her food day and

night : so that we are not surprised to hear that her glasses were found shut between its leaves, where she had been reading shortly before her death. It was this constant communion with God, which gave her fortitude in bereavement, grace in trial, and strength of purpose and zeal in the Lord's work.

For a number of years she was President of the Berkshire County branch of the W.B.M., and at the time of her death she was directress of the same. She always made greatest exertions and self-denials to attend its fortnightly business meetings. For years an invalid, the last years had brought new complications of disease which would have excused many from any active duty. Hers was the wish to be found watching, and we believe her wish was fulfilled.

After a summer of delightful interviews with many of her friends in their homes, Mrs. Chadbourne went to Philadelphia, in the expectation of spending happy months with her children in her son's home. Before all the arrangements were quite made for her comfort there, she was called to her Father's house. There was no unusual sickness, and with both her dear ones near her she crossed the river to the life of which, could she speak to us to-day, she would say :

"Sorrowless, weariless, sinless, and free,

What marvel of rest hath fallen to me !"

"He whom on earth we in feebleness knew,

Yet into whose image we silently grew,

Here grants us the sight of his radiant face,

And gladdens our hearts with ineffable grace."

OUR PRIZE OFFER.

The COURANT offers \$5.00 for the best Original Essay or Story or Prose Article of any kind, having as its subject "Clover."

This offer is open to any graduate of Abbot Academy, or to any scholar in attendance during the present year or the preceding one ('88-'89).

Manuscripts must be in before May 1, 1890; the chosen article will appear in the June COURANT, and the money be paid as soon as the decision is made. The articles may be given or sent to the Senior Editor.

OFFICERS
OF THE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

1889-1890.

PRESIDENT :

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MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION :

MISS PHILENA MCKEEN, MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER,
MISS AGNES PARK.

REPORT.

The Alumnae Association held its business meeting on the afternoon of June 12, 1889. Though only a business meeting, many of the Alumnae were present, among them Mrs. †Emma Wilder Gutterson, '74, from India, and Mrs. †Nellie Emerson Cary, from Japan. The classes of '74, '77, '80, '82, '85, '86 were heard from, and many hopes expressed that we might all meet again at the winter social re-union, which is now near at hand.

*It was a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and rime
This painted memory of Spring,
This dream of Summer-time.*

Clover blooms perfume the ambient air.

Lotus and balm and sweet nepenthe
Are all in the breath of the Clover blooms.

And Clover toss its purples on the breeze.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of Clover.

Sweet as heads of Clover
Kissed by breezes that stray over.

On hanging cobwebs shone the dew,
And thick the wayside Clover grew.

Far away stretches the fields of Clover,
Brown in the shadow, red in the sun.

Noons are rife with the scent of hay,
And the dew beads thick on the Clover spray.

In yonder meadow we catch a hint of color
in swaying Clover red.

Neath the cloudless blue,
In the dawn and the dew,
'Mid the ruddy buds of Clover.

Emerald tufts —
Summer came, the green Earth's lover,
Ripening the tufted Clover.

There's the same sweet Clover-smell in the breeze.

You were made in some mysterious way,
From damask blushes of young morn in May.
O Clover, tended by the shining showers.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'90.

<i>President,</i>	JESSIE E. GUERNSEY.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ESTHER A. KUHLEN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	CORA E. McDUFFEE.

'91.

<i>President,</i>	KATHERINE H. WINEGARNER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	CAROLINE A. GOODELL.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>	NELLIE B. ROYCE.

Abbot Courant Advertiser.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

The Winter Term

*Of the Sixty-Third Year will begin on Friday, January
3, 1890.*

The Summer Term

Will begin on Thursday, April 10, 1890.

For information and admission apply to Miss PHILENA McKEEN,
Andover, Mass.

FOR LIST OF TEACHERS SEE NEXT PAGE.

TEACHERS.

MISS PHILENA MCKEEN, PRINCIPAL.

MRS. ELIZABETH S. MEAD.

(Absent for the year.)

MISS ABBY F. MITCHELL.

MISS MARIA S. MERRILL,

French.

MISS JANE LINCOLN GREELEY,

Latin.

MISS KATHERINE R. KELSEY.

MISS ANNAH J. KIMBALL.

FRL. NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER,

German.

MISS EMILY A. MEANS,

Drawing and Painting.

PROF. SAMUEL M. DOWNS,

Vocal Music, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony.

PROF. HENRI MORAND,

French.

PROF. JOHN WESLEY CHURCHILL,

Elocution.

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Matron at Smith Hall

MRS. MARTHA B. BULLARD,

Matron at Davis Hall



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"Glimpse of the Wing of Draper Hall from Abbot St."



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JUNE, 1890.

NO. 2.

HOW THE CLOVER BECAME PINK.

The Courant's Offering to the Class of '90.

ONCE upon a time, long, long years ago, so long ago that no one now knows the story except the flowers, who whispered it one day to me,—in a broad, sunny meadow in a land whose very name is now forgotten, lived little White Clover. She was the happiest little flower that ever the sun shone on, and the dews kissed, and the winds and the birds sang to, and the bees and the butterflies played with. Why shouldn't she be? Surely this meadow was the most beautiful spot in all the land, with the little brook babbling through it to give it water, and the woods upon its side to give it shade, and the great, calm mountains brooding round it to keep off all the chilly winds from this sunny little green meadow nestled in their midst.

Everybody and everything loved little White Clover, but the honey-bee was her especial friend. Some of the flowers thought him a great, rough, burly fellow, always grumbling; but little Clover knew him better, and knew that behind his roughness he really had the kindest heart in the world, and that his perpetual grumbling hid much sweetness. So she always had a bright smile for him whenever he came near,—which he did very often,—and

whenever Lady Brier Rose stung him with her saucy, prickly little speeches, or Columbine hung her head and refused to look at him, little Clover always stood ready to soothe and console him.—for poor old blunt Sir Bee was very sensitive to ridicule or kindness.

But one day little Clover woke up cross. Now this was a very unusual state of mind for her, and one that I cannot account for, unless from the fact that it was Monday morning. But at any rate she felt very unhappy, and fully determined that nothing should please her. So when Sir Honey Bee came lumbering along in his usual clumsy, careless manner, humming to himself with satisfaction at the thought of the sweet "good-morning" she always gave him, he was met by such a cross, sulky White Clover that he tumbled over backward in sheer amazement; and after one or two clumsy attempts to restore her good nature, flew off in a huff to pretty pink Brier Rose, who, as luck would have it, was in remarkably good humor and received him very graciously. This made little Clover all the more unhappy, so that when Prince Butterfly came sailing up to pay his respects, in all the splendor of black velvet and gold, she gave him such a very cool reception that he was only too glad to go over and bask in the smiles of Lady Rose. So it was with my Lord Humming-bird also,—all left her for Rose and Columbine and the others, till poor little Clover began to think herself a very lonely, ill-used little flower indeed.

But instead of laying the blame for this desertion all upon her temper, where it belonged, she began to argue that it must be because the other flowers were so pretty and delicately colored, while she was only an insignificant little white thing. So she brooded and brooded over it until she lost all her sweetness, and grew thin and fretful,—a mere brown shadow of her former self.

In the meantime Lady Rose grew prettier and sweeter every day so that honest, blunt old Bee, who at first would have been only too glad to go back to his little favorite, was very well satisfied to remain where he was. Those were sad times for little White Clover.

One night as she lay awake mourning over the loss of her friends and her own lack of beauty, she heard the Forget-me-nots and the Violets by the brook-side, talking among themselves about the Queen of the Flowers, and how once, long ago, she had come to them there in that very meadow, and how she had said to dear little Forget-me-not, "Fulfil your name, and wait for me until I come again, for I will surely come." And then she had asked her to name her wish, and Forget-me-not answered that she had none save to see her Queen's dear face again. Then the Queen had said to her,

"Forget-me-not is your name, and constancy shall be your symbol, not only to me but to all people everywhere, and you shall be the flower chosen of lovers." And she had kissed sweet Violet and said to her, "Keep thou the color of mine own eyes in thine, and watch for my coming."

Then she had passed swiftly from their sight, and only a delicate fragrance of all the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed lingered in her place; but the flowers were still watching and waiting for her coming,—for had she not promised?

As little Clover heard them talking her heart leaped for joy, for she thought, "The Queen will come,—she must come soon,—and she will stoop and ask me my wish, and I will say, "O Queen, that I might be as beautiful as my Lady Rose, so that everyone would love me and seek me!" Then she will touch me with her wand, and I shall be the most beautiful of all the flowers, so that the bees and the butterflies and the birds will come to me and love me again."

So little Clover looked eagerly at the sun as he rose each morning, thinking "To-day she may come,—my Queen!" and as the shadows of the mountains slowly crept over the darkening meadows till night fell, she sighed softly, "She surely will come to-morrow." But after many to-morrows had become yesterdays, and still she came not, then little Clover grew very sad, and pined and pined through despair.

But one day she bethought herself to ask if anyone had seen the Queen coming. And first she asked the brook which babbled and laughed and sang so merrily to itself. "O Brook, in your wanderings from the mountains down to the great bright sea, have you seen aught of the Queen of the Flowers?" But the little brook said: "I have travelled far, and have come through dark cool forests where no sound was to be heard save the whispering of the trees and the singing of the birds, till I sobbed to myself from very loneliness; and I have raced and danced by busy mills, laughing in glee to see how the great wheels obeyed my beck; and I have rushed headlong down deep ravines, shouting for the very ecstasy, of motion; and I have gone softly through sunny meadows and under fringing willows, but of the Queen of the Flowers I have seen no trace. Far, far up in the heart of the mountains from whence I sprang, I met the Spring, and the flowers peeped out beneath her footsteps, and the little brooks rushed to meet her; and I greeted the Summer on my way, as she passed lightly among the waving corn, but of the Queen of the Flowers I saw nothing."

But little Clover would not be discouraged, but said, "Surely the lark will know,— I will ask the lark."

Just then the lark dropped softly into his nest near by, and she called to him and said, "O Lark, dear Lark, you fly high; tell me if in your soaring you have seen aught of the Queen of the Flowers?"

But the lark shook his head and answered, "Little Clover, I have soared up to the very gates of the sunrise, singing in praise till the heavens about me seemed ringing with my song, and earth sent back its echo. I greeted the Sun, as he rose out of the East, glorious in his majesty, and his wondrous beauty and the light of his shining thrilled me through and through with joyous ecstasy till I fell back exhausted on my nest. I have soared high, but of the Queen of the Flowers I have seen nothing."

Then poor little Clover sighed wearily, for she thought, "O where can I find her!" But soon she spied an eagle seated on a great crag of the mountain at whose feet she lay, and she said to herself, "Surely he will know, for can he not see all things with his powerful eyes?"

So she called up to the Eagle,— for flower-voices, because they are so very fine and delicate, can reach exceeding far.— and said: "O Eagle, tell me I pray, where does she linger, our Queen of Flowers; for our hearts are very weary with waiting for her coming."

But the eagle answered proudly,— "What know I of such things? I who can gaze unawed into the burning eyes of that great Sun, before whose rays your earth-born lark trembles and falls back? I who am the playmate of the mountain-storms, answering back the thunder with a cry scarcely less terrible than its own? From where I sit the whole world lies before me. I see cities full of want and wickedness and woe. I see men and women toiling wearily for the very rags which cover them, while the oppressor grinds them down still lower in poverty and sin. I have heard the din of battle rolling round these mountains, and the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying have ascended even to these calm heights. I have seen ships far out on the ocean reel and stagger and go down without a sign, and I have seen young faces grow old and brave hearts grow weary with watching for those who never came. I who see all the misery of the world, what have I to do with you?"

Then poor little Clover hung her head abashed, and was silent for a time, idly watching the Shadow-fairies who chased each other merrily over the meadows and up the mountain side,— turning,

twisting, advancing, retreating, leaping, falling, bending, swaying,—till one fairly grew dizzy with watching them. Suddenly Clover thought, “Perhaps the Shadow-fairies will know, for they go everywhere!” So she called to them, and asked them if they had seen the Flower-queen. At her question the Shadows shivered all over with silent laughter, till one of their number advancing said: “Nay sweet Clover! Know ye not that we are but creatures of the moment? What has happened to us or what we have seen we know not. We live only in the present, and delight only in the joy of being and moving. It is only mortals who have memories. We know naught of joy or sorrow, of hope or of despair,—*we* are happy.”

With that all the Shadows began their wild frolic again, and trembled, and swayed and wheeled and whirled, pursuing one another, eluding one another, till finally they were all involved in one wild, mad dance, while the trees rustled and shook with merriment, and the flowers laughed and clapped their tiny hands and swayed to and fro on their delicate stems, and the bees and the butterflies flew hither and thither, and the brook babbled and rippled in glee, and the birds burst forth into a perfect rapture, so that the whole meadow was ringing with laughter and song, and only little Clover was sad.

And all through the meadows there was sunlight and merriment until the twilight shadows began to fall. Then little Clover roused herself from her grief, and calling to Forget-me-not, asked her if she knew when the Queen would come. And Forget-me-not answered gently, “Nay sweet Clover, we know not. We are waiting.”

With that all the flowers took up the words, and whispered tremblingly, “We are waiting.” “Waiting,” sang the brook softly, hurrying on its course, and “We are waiting” moaned the winds and the sobbing pines. “Waiting, waiting,” warbled the birds in their vesper chorus, now soft and low, then rising into a perfect triumph of hope, till the earth took up the cry; and the mountains lifted their heads into the clear skies, and the heavens bended down to hear, and the sun paused before dropping to his rest, and all Nature seemed to pause and listen in breathless silence,—waiting.

Then night fell, and the stars came out, and earth sank softly to rest, save for the moaning, restless ocean; but still the mountains stood waiting in their calm, majestic, awful silence, as if some mighty thought of God brooded over them. So they had waited since the creation of the world, and so they would wait until Eternity should dawn, when all waiting should forever cease.

With the night a hush fell upon the troubled heart of little White Clover, soothing and calming her. The grand, expectant chorus of Nature had rebuked her,—the calm, patient strength of the hills had awed her. What was she, to fret and pine for what she could not have? The whole earth was waiting,—she could wait too. Little by little she saw it all!—how her crossness and unreasonableness had driven her friends from her, not her lack of beauty. But the thought that stung most was, “What would my Queen say if she should come to-morrow? Would she not find me unworthy of even the smallest token?”

So all night long little Clover thought and thought, and when the morning came, she greeted it with a happy smile. When Sir Honey Bee came by, she called to him so sweetly that he straightway forgot all about my Lady Rose, and nestled close to the heart of his little favorite. As for Prince Butterfly, he soon made friends again, for he was a fickle fellow anyway, and danced from flower to flower, now hovering over this blossom, only to leave it soon for some fairer one. My Lord Humming-bird also was much pleased to see Clover’s face once more bright and sunny, and darted here and there, telling everyone that “it was all right again with little White Clover.”

Such happy times as there were in the meadows now, for little Clover no longer stood sadly apart, but joined in all the fun, and was once more the brightest and happiest of them all. But deep down in her heart, she knew that what she cared for now, was not that she might be more beautiful, or more beloved, but that the Queen when she came might find her ready and be pleased with her; and until she came,—why she could wait and be happy.

So the long, happy Summer passed away, and Autumn began to send messengers bearing her flaming colors, to herald her coming, when suddenly, one day, the cry came: “The Queen comes!” And lo! far up the mountain, they saw a shape clad in silvery green, advancing swiftly toward the meadow. Then all the flowers laughed out for very joy, and the lilies rang their silver bells, and all was gladness and welcome. Forget-me-not fairly trembled with happiness, while Brier Rose stretched up her pretty head to be the first to greet her. Columbine nodded and laughed at stately Cardinal-flower, and Golden-rod bent its royal head in kingly obeisance. Little Violet, who had wakened from her Summer’s sleep at the wondrous news, sent forth her sweetest odors to meet her, but little White Clover only clasped her tiny hands the closer, and stood and waited. How beautiful she was,—their Queen. Her hair was the color of the cowslips in the spring, and her eyes were two violets.

Her cheeks were like the wild rose, and her forehead and tiny hands were white as lilies. When she moved it was as though a harebell swayed on its delicate stem, and behind her lingered a fragrance as of all the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed. On her head a golden circlet showed dark against her sunny hair, and in it were twined lilies-of-the-valley, which chimed out softly as she walked. In her hand was a wand of a single white lily, and beneath her feet not even a blade of grass did bend, so lightly stepped she. On she came, stopping now and then to revive some drooping flower, to whisper a word here and a word there, to praise some sweet flower, to admonish another. To Forget-me-not she said: "I knew thou would'st remember,—thou hast Love's own color, the color of the skies." She stooped and kissed sweet Violet, saying: "Sweetest, thou already hast all graces and art perfect." Turning to Brier Rose she said: "Thy sweetness is a compensation for thy thorns, but to gain the one, one must brave the other. Be thou forever the symbol of sweet, wilful girlhood." Then stooping, she gazed tenderly upon little White Clover. "Little one, what is thy wish?" And Clover, looking into the deep, clear, sweet eyes, could find no words to answer,—could think of nothing but the Queen and how she loved her. And the Queen reading her answer in the sweet, eager face, upraised to hers, smiled, and stooping, kissed her, saying: "I know thy wish that is now past forever, and I know also thy sweetness and gentleness, and how all do love thee,—and for this I love thee also." Then little Clover flushed for joy, but could say nothing,—could only gaze and gaze on that dear face bent down above her,—drinking in all its wondrous beauty and tenderness, and wondering how she could ever have wished for ought else than to behold her Queen. Again the Queen kissed her, saying tenderly, "Keep thou that blush in token of my love until I come again,—for I will surely come."

Then she passed on and out of sight, and little Clover, gazing after her, her heart full of deep love and longing for her beautiful Queen, knew not that her wish was granted, and that with the blush came beauty,—a beauty that vied with that of the rose in delicacy and color. And so little White Clover became pink.

OLD HEADS, FACES, AND HANDS.

THE bright young face with the secrets of its future closely kept, or with a suggestive half-revelment of them, has its individual charm not to be slighted or disregarded. In the hands of an artist who loves its fresh beauty such a face, delicately interpreted, is indeed a delight, and a baby face caught at the right moment may be simply delicious. Yet, after all, does it not mean more to us to see the older face with the story of life in every line? There is always something to be revered in an old face. It has its history, and when the artist has seen and rightly interpreted that history, we shall find more in it after long acquaintance than even in the most fascinating of baby faces. It is more than the painting of wrinkles and grey hair, it is a painting from within — outward.

When a life's story comes before us, as in the portrait of his mother by Metsu, the old Dutch master, we find a personality in the face which may mean much if we will but study it.

She is only an old Dutch woman with a black hood falling about her face; but the face itself will hold you. Every line means something. We see a woman's patience, the strength which has come through suffering, a peace that tells of long unrest, we see the painter's *mother*. Know her well enough, and she will become a help, although her life was lived more than two centuries ago.

Rembrandt has a portrait of an old woman of an entirely different type. The round, pleasant face, with the quaint Dutch cap fitting so closely over the brow and standing out from the face on either side, is not beautiful, and its wrinkles are many and deep. Yet we feel sure that the artist was interested in every line, and his brush-marks have a meaning well worth searching for. Rembrandt in his "Nun and Child" has given us a suggestive contrast between age and youth. In spite of the nun's cold self-control, as she looks down upon the round, joyous face of the little girl, all unconsciousness and trust, we suspect that after all her heart is tender toward the little one.

No one perhaps has given more careful treatment to the marks of old age than Albrecht Dürer. There is one portrait of his of a very old man, which at first almost repels us with its wrinkles and grizzled beard, yet as a study of those very things, it is marvellous. Luther's wife, by Holbein, that honest face with its large, plain fea-

tures, is a most interesting character-study. It is such a good, strong face, thoroughly kind, and frank almost to childlikeness.

Equally interesting is the good old Burgomaster in the Meier Madonna of the same artist. There is nothing fine about the face, yet it compels a second glance, and we cannot fail to feel a genuine respect for the honest and devout old German. His hands, too, are worth noticing, as indeed all Holbein's hands are. What an almost unlimited power of expression there is in the hand. Do not the well-known "Praying Hands" of Dürer tell their story without any thought of the apostle in the "Assumption" whose hands they are? And in Rembrandt's "Hundred-Gulden Piece," will it need *words* to bring to Christ the entreaty of the sick man whose weak, emaciated hands are outstretched before him? In Leonardo da Vinci's painting of the "Last Supper," there are some wonderfully expressive hands. They, alone, would almost tell the story, were the faces silent. Think of the hands of the Christ, one palm averted from Judas, the other extended open as a sign of his infinite compassion toward the other disciples. Notice then the hands of each disciple, individual as the face, John's clasped quietly, powerless through terrible grief; the one hand of Judas clutching the money-bag, every muscle of the other, tense with fear and anger; Peter, eager and impetuous always, reaching out one hand toward John, and extending the other in a vigorous impatient gesture. Follow the circle around the table, and we find everywhere the same speaking hands, from Bartholomew at one end, who, leaning on his hand, has half risen in his earnestness, to Philip, pointing ingenuously at his breast, declaring his innocence, and Simon at the opposite end, asking with both hands the question his lips are about to frame. There are fine old heads in this picture as well, noticeably that of Peter, whose grey head stands out in clear contrast to the dark hair and face of Judas, below him.

Among the sublime figures of the prophets and sybils in the Sistine Chapel frescoes by Michael Angelo, there are many grand old heads. Contrast, for instance, the Delphic and the Cumean Sybils, and see if the grace and beauty of the one do not make the stern, penetrating old face of the other all the more forceful. We take the fine youthful figure of the Prophet Daniel, and contrast it with the majestic thoughtfulness of the Jeremiah. There is a wonderful seriousness and power in the position and expression of the latter head, and while we would no less admire the Daniel, our *reverence* is for the older man.

One more old head which will not be passed by is that of Eliza-

beth, in Raphael's painting of the "Visitation," now in Madrid. Mary's face is modest and sweet, really charming, but it is the face of the older woman which holds us to the picture. The head-dress is quaint, scarcely graceful, but it only shows more plainly the powerful profile, so full of strength and kindliness. Her face, with its past, out of which so much has been wrought, so much of strength for herself and others, and with its tender faith for the future, is a good one for us to take with us.

It is worth while to study this legacy of old heads left us by the Masters. There is something for us in every one, and our own characters will broaden and deepen by the effort to feel and make our own their truest meaning.

J. E. G., '90.

THE TWO GARDENS.

NO. II.

THE nursery! Oh, what a battered floor! What heel-trodden window-sills! What poker-knocked doors! What a punched-looking ceiling! But it took ten years of childish glee to accomplish such unimportant injuries. A man could have torn down the whole house in less than a hundredth of that time!

Two little girls are sweeping the floor; the two-year-old wields a small blue-handled broom, the broom-corns spread at right angles to the handle as a token of her vigor. The "Four-in-June" young woman's broom has a red handle, that comes dangerously near the head of a young baby boy, who lies cooing and staring on the old sofa. A boy of eleven mischievous years, is giving "Merry Character," the canary, his morning bath on mother's cutting table in the middle of the room, while our eldest and biggest, a massive son of thirteen summers, sits at another table sketching the latest improvements in war ships.

Listen! The baby cries, — the two-year-old screams, — the "Four-in-June" chatters, — the small boy whistles, — the big one roars, — the mother (can I confess it) alternates scolding with soothing, while the nursery-girl, with her good, witch-hazel face and manner, and Dutch figure, goes in and out, and quietly straightens out the crooked, and heals the wounded.

The nursery is not always as I have described it. That room is

sometimes the scene of the prettiest and "lovingest" words and actions imaginable. It is a live museum of art, night and morning, when the cherubs are washed and dressed. What need of going to the old world to see pictures of beautiful human childhood when we can have such beauty at home as the Old Masters never surpassed?

And after all is quiet, each little figure draped in white, covered by its scarlet gown, for the cold nights, the little trusting prayers all said, the hugs and kisses bestowed, the baby laid smiling and cooing in his basket, and the little women galloped off to bed on "Witch Hazel's" shoulder, then it is that the mother loves to sit down in the deserted nursery, in the soft, last light of day, and look around on its signs of life. The small shoes and stockings, and the clothing so carefully hung up by dimpled hands, for the morning; there's a stray sock of the baby's—the heel away up the leg, showing how baby feet will grow faster than mother's needles go, and there on a high hook hangs a small shirt, the sleeves still full of tiny spirit arms, elbows bent, and almost shaping the dimples.

The play tea-set on the table calls to mind the rollicking feast of a few hours before, presided over by our second son, called Tiger-lily in the home-garden, because that name seems to fit his two natures; one of boyish, boisterous activity, the other of gentle sweetness and love. The said Tiger-lily being confined to the house by a cold caught by taking an early skip in the garden in slippers, invited in two neighboring children, and made the feast with his own hands. Tarts were baked in the morning, and filled with jelly that he bought at the missionary fair, small rounds of bread were cut out with the pepper-box top; a little dish of rice-custard begged from the pantry, and cinnamon and sugar mixed with water for drinks. The result was a very merry and a very absorbing feast. No matter that everything was arranged so long beforehand that it was thoroughly dry, or handled so much that one couldn't help noticing it. When Pink Clover and White Rose, otherwise known as "Four-in-June" and "Middle-sized baby," sat down with the Tiger-lily, and the neighbor's children, all defects were forgotten in the brightness of the eyes, and the glibness of the tongues. While little Saint Chrysanthemum, so-called because he was born in the Fall, and Saint because he is so good, laid on the sofa, and applauded with his heels, and the two big dolls of the guests fasted with him.

So the mother sits in the quiet room, with her face towards the sunset sky, and the silence feels almost loud, as it fills with the memory of the days and weeks and years that this room has been full of the lives of her own little ones. She feels first humble and sad

to remember how little she has done for them, and how many times she has hindered and dwarfed their best impulses, and pruned some of their best intentions needlessly, all the time wishing and meaning to be a good mother. Then she feels very grateful and glad to think how safely and sweetly they are sleeping, how loving and forgiving they are, and she means on the morrow to begin all over again, and make them forget that she was ever frowning and impatient. And she thinks too, of the dear little one called home to God, whose place here is still kept for her in all the hearts. Even those of the children who never saw sister, kiss her picture, and love to talk and ask about her. The mother wonders what that little one would say, if she could stand before her in the dim room, now, right fresh from God. But heaven and earth are very near together. The skies are over the flowers, and the flowers are under the skies, and the mother must descend from the one to the other.

April, 1890. Spring is again here. The crocus is peeping, and the mother cannot tell more now,—not even how the “Pink Clover” cut off the White Rose’s petals,—in plain English, her lovely curls. Not, however interesting it might be, to describe the manner of violin practice of our eldest, who does make some progress, in spite of his mighty efforts to avoid anything that might be called work. Nor anything about the wonderful ship’s bridge that took the place of the house in the apple-tree. Nor the horn-pout trout that our second catches for breakfast. No! All these things must wait, for the robins are singing, and all nature is calling us out to rejoice, and — to dig.

A. “D. C. G.”

A MISSION.

Suggested by the story of the bird's nest in Draper Hall.

Bird, thou hast wings!
 Away! Away!
 Fly to the upper air!
 On pinions fleet,
 O'er meadows sweet,
 Forget thy nest and care!

God keepeth me,
 God feedeth me:
 He gave me a song to sing —
 A song of praise
 For weary ways.
 A song of hope and of joy.
 I gladly sing,
 With folded wing,
 Until nestlings learn the note;
 Then, on pinions fleet,
 To the cloud-land sweet,
 Away! away! away!

Soul, thou hast wings!
 Away! away!
 Fly to the upper air!
 Why tarry here,
 With cross and tear?
 Forsake thy earthly care!

God leadeth me,
 God keepeth me;
 He gave me a song to sing —
 A song of praise,
 For weary ways
 A song of hope and of joy.
 I gladly sing,
 With folded wing,
 Until sad hearts hear the strain:
 Then, on pinions fleet,
 To the home land sweet,
 Away! away! away!

LETTER FROM MR. PORTER.

To the Graduates of Abbot Academy
assembled at the Vendome, February 5th, 1890.

MY DEAR FRIENDS :

Since I am not able to accept your kind invitation to be present at your annual lunch, and give some account of such of your number as I have met on my recent journey among the mission fields of Asia, I have been rash enough to promise your enterprising secretary that I would send you something to be read at your feast.

Following the order of my progress from west to east, I will begin with the Turkish empire, and introduce you to some of your friends at Constantinople, one of whom is Miss Olive N. Twitchell. I was staying over a Sunday at the girls' school on the top of the hill at Scutari, formerly known as the Constantinople Home, but hereafter, I believe, to be dignified with the name of College. I had preached there in the morning, and had promised to give an address to the girls in the evening. This would seem to be enough for one day, but Mr. Dwight was very urgent that I should go to Stamboul with him in the afternoon, and see the Sunday-School work carried on by Miss Twitchell and Mr. Newell. I was glad to go, for I had heard much of their enterprise. Landing at the famous bridge, over which the polyglot multitudes are ever passing back and forth, we threaded our way along narrow, crowded streets, and through dark, noisy bazaars, fragrant with the odor of spices, we passed also several imposing mosques, and a large Turkish garrison and some fine oriental dwellings with latticed windows. In the heart of this densely populated quarter, we stopped at a block of three-story houses, two of which were filled with the regular Sunday classes engaged in Bible study under the direction of these two ladies and their assistant teachers. It was a busy scene I assure you. The hum of voices, the arrival of new scholars, the songs with which the exercises were opened and closed, the filing in and out of the different rooms on each floor, the distribution of books, and cards, and papers, with the usual variety of age, complexion, and costume, all showed what American women can do in organizing a great Christian work of their own among these races of the East.

Miss Twitchell went around with me, and persuaded me to speak to several of the classes of men and boys. I could see how completely they are under her control, how much they esteemed her, how glad they were to have her notice them, and call them by name. At the close there was a short meeting of the Y.M.C.A. which interested me very much. And then I had a quiet interview with the ladies in their own apartments in the same building. Among other things they showed me some drawings of the Island of Patmos where they had spent the previous summer vacation, going alone, I believe, in a Greek sailing vessel from Smyrna or some neighboring port. I was so much pleased with these sketches that I begged them to write out a full narrative of their visit, and give the world an illustrated volume upon the little isle, so dear to the heart of Christendom. I went further and said that I would undertake the publication of the work after my return home. Now if any of you have influence with these ladies, I hope you will get me their manuscript with the drawings, and if they are willing, we will dedicate the book to Abbot Academy.

Miss Twitchell, I understand, is soon to marry Mr. Crawford of Brusa. She will have a delightful home there on the slopes of the Olympus, in one of the most picturesque towns I ever saw, and the missionary work among the Greeks in that vicinity is encouraging.

Clara Hamlin, of the Scutari Home, has now become Mrs. Lee of Marash, not only changing her name, but her work and her surroundings. I am confident she will be happy in her new home, for it is charmingly situated, and made doubly attractive by the presence of a most agreeable missionary circle, and a large community of interesting native Christians.

Mrs. Washburn will perhaps be at your meeting, and she can speak for herself. I can say, however, what she would not, that many graduates of Robert College, including the premier and chief justice of Bulgaria, the prefect of Philippopolis and other high officers of state, spoke to me in warmest terms of her personal influence over them when they were students in the college. And I noticed that the undergraduates, of all the nationalities, felt the power of her presence in the domestic and social relations which bear so important a part in the general economy of the college.

The Hamlin delegation at Constantinople is not diminished by the departure of Mrs. Lee, for her sister, Mrs. Anderson comes to the rescue and takes a position at the college, for which, as you know, she is admirably fitted.

Mrs. Grosvenor and her husband I frequently saw during my

fortnight's visit at Robert College. I spent a night in their pleasant home on the heights above the Bosphorus, near the towering walls of Roumeli Hissar. They have a beautifully kept garden, which bears evidence of Mrs. Grosvenor's fine taste, as indeed, does everything within the house.

Mrs. Fuller, (Amelia Gould,) accompanied us all the way from Constantinople to her home in Aintab, and we found her a bright and genial companion. Her husband has since become the president of the Central Turkey College, thus giving her additional facilities for moulding the character of the young men of that large province, many of whom have become Christians during the last year.

Among the teachers in Marash, in Miss Shattuck's school for girls, I found one of your worthy representatives, Miss Harriet Childs. At that time I was obtuse enough not to see that a newly-arrived missionary, Mr. Mead, was rather lonely in his house at the other end of the compound, and frequently came over where the ladies were. Dr. March says he saw through it all, and was not at all surprised when we heard a few months later, that Miss Childs had taken pity on the young man and relieved him of the necessity of calling at the school to find her. Was she not obliging? Such is life, even in Marash! and a happy life it is, I can tell you.

If Mrs. Gutterson were not with us this winter, I should have something to say about her; but she is doubtless at your board, and being always eloquent, she can tell you thrilling stories of snakes, and tigers, if you want. If you prefer Tamils, you can regale yourself by drawing freely from her Indian fountain, which she and her good husband always keep open for such as you.

And now let us rapidly go to Japan. In the large and brilliant circle of our missionaries at Kyoto, Dr. Berry is the "beloved physician," and founder of the hospital and training school for nurses. His wife, Maria Gove Berry, reflects high honor upon your institution. They live directly opposite the imperial park, in a new two-story house, planned by themselves after some of our American models. I was there several times, once to assist at a juvenile supper in celebration of the sixth birthday of one of their children. It was a pleasant affair, and I could see how such mothers as Mrs. Berry succeed in developing the best qualities of those little missionaries (as I like to call them), in that select and refined group of Americans who have gathered around that noble seat of learning known all over Japan as the Doshisha. Mr. Neesima, its beloved and now sainted founder, who deserves to rank in history with Boniface, and Columba, and Augustine, has left a mag-

nificent memorial of himself in this school, which now numbers, in the various departments, about nine hundred students, and which is soon, as I hope, to be chartered by the Government as the first Christian University of Japan.

Another of that favored company, living on the other side of the park in Kyoto, near Dr. Davis, and the Cadys, and the Gordons, is your associate, Mrs. Stanford (Jane Pearson of Lowell), an enthusiastic teacher in the school, a warm friend of the young Japanese, and always loyal to your Academy traditions. She and her husband are very hospitable, and their home is all that could be desired.

At Okayama, near the beautiful inland sea, I had a memorable visit [with Mr. and Mrs. Pettie (Isabella Wilson, you remember). They have a most inviting home at one end of the town, on the spur of a range of hills covered with an extensive forest. In five minutes the jinriksha will take you into the busy streets of this flourishing city, which has one of the largest and best churches I saw in all Japan, as well as an active Y. M. C. A., a medical college, in which over forty of the students have been baptized, a Christian newspaper, and some very promising out-stations. My only regret was that I could not stay longer in such a beautiful place, and with such warm-hearted friends. When you go to Japan be sure and visit Okayama. I missed seeing the Carys, as they were in this country at that time.

I had the great pleasure of crossing the Sun Mountains and descending by the broad Shinano River to Niigata, where the Scudders gave me the warmest imaginable welcome. Dr. Henry M. Scudder, in his seven-league boots, was down at the landing, with the other gentlemen, on my arrival at night in a pelting storm. They escorted me through the Dutch-looking streets of that superb town, to their large, new house on the dunes, where I found bright open fires in every room, and such unmistakable good cheer that I felt amply repaid for all my trouble in getting there.

Mrs. H. M. Scudder, the Frances Lewis of an earlier day on your records, was unwearied in her kindness to me, as were they all indeed. I would gladly speak of the company of Japanese officials whom they invited to a *conversazione* one evening and of my visit to the girls' school, under charge of the W.B.M., and of our services at the native church on Sunday, but you would need a second lunch before I could finish such a story.

One more character and I have done. Go with me to Korea, if you would find one of your truest and loveliest women.

Mrs. Dr. Heron (Hattie Gibson of '81), came unexpectedly into prominence last summer, through the announcement in all our newspapers that she was "under sentence of death for preaching Christianity" in Korea. Great was the excitement over this in California and Oregon, where I happened to be at the time, on my way home. Brave editorials declared that, if the report should prove true, it was high time for the American eagle to pounce upon that "land of the morning calm" and shake it thoroughly in his talons, and demand satisfaction for such an outrage. But in a day or two came the pacifying bulletin from Secretary Blaine, stating that he had cabled to the United States minister at Seoul, and learned that there was no foundation for the rumor. Therefore I wrote Mrs. Heron, enclosing numerous clippings, and said that since she had narrowly escaped the horror of martyrdom, she might find comfort in the thought that, should any further emergency arise, she could safely count upon sixty million loyal Americans to rise up in her defence! And, ladies, I can assure you she is worthy of the gallant protection of any knight errant who might wish to go in quest of chivalric honor. But at present she is in safe hands, her husband being the King's physician, and head of the government hospital, and the recipient of many substantial tokens of the royal favor; e.g. on the birthday of the Crown Prince, Dr. and Mrs. Heron were surprised by a visit from the servants of the palace, bearing on bamboo poles a fabulous quantity of presents, such as 90 lbs. of beef, 30 pheasants, 30 chickens, a lot of fish, a bushel of nuts, a quantity of oranges, 1200 eggs, and other useful stores, which, considering that the Doctor and his amiable wife are rather small eaters, and that their only child was then an infant, seemed indeed to show that his majesty, so far from wishing to *take* Mrs. Heron's life, was doing all he could to *sustain* and *prolong* it!

I must add that these eatables were not wasted; for the mission orphanage and schools, and the poor Korean Christians, all enjoyed the feast, and it lasted longer even than your lunch at the Vendome.

You have no more devoted daughter of Abbot in your ranks than Mrs. Heron. She talked of you continually, recalling many of your names, and sending her love to all, especially to Miss McKeen. She entrusted to my care for your museum, a Korean woman's dress, which I had the honor of presenting at Andover a few days ago.

And so, having taken you to the ends of the earth, and shown you that your Academic plants are blossoming everywhere, I bid you rejoice in yourselves, in your many sisters, beloved and widely

scattered, and in your *Alma Mater*, enthroned on her classic hill, whose beauty and vigor are perennial, and whose glory shall never pass away.

I am very truly yours,

EDWARD G. PORTER.

REMINISCENCES.

The following "Reminiscences" are selected from an interesting paper read at the Alumnae Lunch, by †Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler.

As I look back a quarter of a century, yes, even a score and a half of years, to the day when five girls, who constituted the class of '60, went out from the Academy, thinking the whole world was theirs, it seems so far away in the distant past as to be of another age than this. Then again, I can bridge the distance, and bring the scene before me as if it were but yesterday.

In ruminating among some old papers, not long ago, I came across a package of letters written while I was at Andover, that I had not supposed were in existence. They were written upon paper bearing the print of the Academy, like the one I hold in my hand, which was written thirty years ago this month. The reading of those letters recalled, as an old Auntie in the South used to say to me, "Scenes and unscenes."

The year 1859-60 was an eventful one in the history of Abbot Academy for other reasons than the fact that my graduation occurred during that year. Miss Emma Taylor, the sister of "Uncle Sam," as the boys called Dr. Taylor, Principal of Phillips Academy, after two years as Principal of Abbot Academy, resigned. She was a woman of warm heart and rare intellect, and was dearly beloved by her pupils. Her morning half-hour talks based upon her extensive travels are among the delightful memories of those years.

On the opening of the fall term of '59 the Misses McKean came to us. In a letter to friends at home shortly after, I wrote, "We have learned to love our new teachers dearly, but we think some of the new rules *monstrous*." I have been connected with boarding-schools during twenty-five years of my life, and have never known a school girl who did *not* think *any* new rule monstrous.

During that year the old church gave way to the structure that now crowns the hill, and the subject of my graduating essay was

"The Old South Church." During the transition, services were held in the Town Hall. No girl, who was not too ill to leave her bed, asked to be excused from church during those days. The opportunities were too many and precious to be lost.

That terrible catastrophe, the fall of the Pemberton Mills at Lawrence, on the 10th of January, 1859, will never be forgotten. The flames were distinctly seen, and the ringing of bells, the cries of the firemen, and the shrieks of the injured, even, were wafted to our ears. Not many, if any eyes were closed at Smith Hall that night. We felt deeply grieved next morning that we were not permitted to go over and see the ruins, and view the dead and dying as they lay upon cots in the public halls, as Mrs. Edwards's pupils were allowed to do. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whom we claimed as a class-mate that year, graphically describes the event in the story, "The Tenth of January," in the volume "Men, Women, and Ghosts."

Of the teachers that year, aside from the Misses McKen, Miss Tace Wardwell was our especial awe. Firm, dignified, and exacting, no pupil cared to appear before her with an unprepared lesson; and as we wound through the mazes of the "Mystery" and "Mountain Wreath" in calisthenics, of which she was the instructor, we dared not indulge in many fancy steps. Exercises in Calisthenics were, in those days, a regular feature of Commencement Day.

I was especially favored while in Andover, in having a class-mate who was a cousin of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with whom I often visited her delightful home, and enjoyed the library, the bric-a-brac, and many souvenirs gathered by her in her travels. I was particularly impressed with the many elegantly bound volumes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written in as many different languages.

As Seniors, we were invited to Prof. Park's, where the playing of Mr. Mason was a revelation and inspiration to me, and to the annual Senior-party given by Mrs. Samuel Taylor.

We entertained during the winter, with the assistance of a few theologues, the friends of the Academy with charades and music. I shall never forget the ludicrous scene in the charade "Chromatics," in which several dignified senior theologians flopped around the back parlor with umbrellas for wings, imitating the "caw-caw-caw" of the sable crow.

We were permitted during the year to attend a series of Subscription Concerts at the Town Hall by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, with Mrs. J. H. Long as soloist, of which I have still the programme.

I could continue these reminiscences indefinitely, but will only speak of the impressions received at Abbot Academy which have followed me most closely, and which have been to me most precious — the results of its religious teachings. The girls of '59 studied the characters of the Misses McKeen, as they were unfolded to them day by day, and after viewing them in all possible lights, and weighing them in the severe, if not always wise, balances of school-girl criticism, there was an universal verdict: they were true, consistent, and devoted. Happy the girls who have been privileged to learn of them! May a hallowed Christian influence continue to be the most lasting and precious of school life at Abbot Academy.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

NINETY finds it hard to say a farewell word. To be sure, we have done our share of groaning over the trials of a Senior. Still, our last year in Abbot has meant a good deal to us all, and brought much with it which nothing can take away. Sometimes, as we look back to the days when we assumed the title of Seniors, the year seems a long one, so much has been crowded into it; and yet, in the light of only four short weeks to June, we feel that time has wings.

We have discovered one thing during this year; and that is, that the amount of wisdom, penetration, and dignity which we fondly imagined was inseparable from the title of Senior seems to decrease in quantity and quality the nearer it is approached, and what little there remains of it is offered "not to our acceptance, but to our acquisition."

Some of us can look back on several years of Abbot life. They have been eventful ones, surely, as far as the moving of buildings goes. We have seen Smith Hall take a journey, and the old Academy turned right about face toward Abbot Street; and we shall not soon forget our uncanny sensations, one afternoon in Church History, when German Hall glided noiselessly away from the window of No. 1. We have watched the growth of Draper Hall from the day when we helped remove the first shovelfuls of earth; and we are *hoping* to see the grounds reduced from chaos to the long-promised order.

We confess to rather a "left-out" feeling, as one of the class said, when we hear enthusiastic descriptions of the advantages of Draper Hall; but we have a soft place in our hearts for dear old Smith Hall, and on some accounts are not sorry to have had our last year within its time-honored walls.

The girls who have been with us this year have done much to make the school-life delightful. '91, especially, has our warmest thanks, and congratulations and best wishes without number. More than ever before do we now appreciate something of what the friendships of school-girl life are worth, and we are glad that however far from Andover the next years carry us, they cannot take from us our friends.

Some of us had our breath almost taken away, last vacation, by seeing in the daily papers the announcement that Mrs. Elizabeth S. Mead had been appointed to succeed Miss Brigham at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. On coming back to Andover we found that the notices were indeed true, and our loss was to be Mt. Holyoke's gain.

For the last five years Mrs. Mead has been one of Abbot's strongholds. An unquestionably fine teacher, we were always a little in awe of her superior wisdom. Her class-rooms were never the place for any escape from earnest work, and were often full of real inspiration. This year spent in Europe we were hoping would bring a refreshment of physical strength so much needed; but we did not dream but that the next year would bring her back to us. Yet it is not so to be; and, while we cannot give Mrs. Mead very willingly to Mt. Holyoke, we wish her all enjoyment and success in her new field.

We certainly could not wish for Mt. Holyoke greater comfort and prosperity than Abbot has enjoyed these last thirty years under Miss McKeen. For 1890 brings the thirtieth anniversary of the year when the Misses McKeen first came to Andover. To few, indeed, is it granted to look back upon so many years of such valuable and successful service. When we think of the changes wrought in the school since 1860, of all the advantages gained for it in a thousand different ways, we see, though only partially, how the life of the school has been lived *through* its head. The verdict which Mrs. Fowler says was pronounced by the girls of '60 — "true, consistent, devoted" — has been echoed by the girls of each year since then. Our best wish for Abbot is, that it may long have the strength and inspiration of Miss McKeen's guidance, her anxiety of the last few years ending in the ushering in with Draper Hall of a new and increased prosperity.

Was ever a class more highly favored than that of '91! You may think your class the best that ever was; but let us show you some of the things we are looking forward to. For two years we have been accustomed to miniature hills and valleys, stone quarries, and sand piles around us; but now these are all to be removed from our sight. We are to have order out of chaos, and when we take upon ourselves the dignity of Seniors, it will be amidst the most beautiful surroundings. In the fall we are to be in Draper Hall, and will be the first class to graduate from its friendly walls. This alone is honor enough for one class; but when we think of all that goes with it, we are happy indeed. Think of the Senior room, where we will hold absolute sway, and of the pleasure we will derive from the presence of the art books in that room, and the general library so near. We certainly shall be able to appreciate art more fully when we study the pictures in such a bright and sunny room. Whereas you were puzzling over Butler's Analogy or trying to appreciate the beauties of *Paradise Lost*, with the mingled strains of music from three pianos, we will be calmly filling our minds with treasures amidst perfect silence and harmony.

As we look into next year, one of the most prominent things which we see is responsibility. It seems to have grown larger and more important in keeping with its surroundings. In spite of our wish at present to escape from it, we feel that we cannot elude or put it aside, and that we

must wear it bravely and cheerfully. We hope we will be equal to it, and be "mighty in strength."

In choosing our colors, carnation and white, we thought of the cheer their warmth and brightness will give in the winter days; and as to our flower, we can say with Shakespeare, "The fairest flowers o' th' season are our *carnations*."

Two "Clover" essays pleased us so much that we wish we had space for them in full. We wanted to call them, "What the Clover-blossoms did"; "Fancy and Fact." The first told of a time, "long, long ago, before class-flowers and such pretty fancies had been thought of," when Flora was disgusted and discouraged because men preferred Pomona's fruits to her own beautiful flowers. So "a little brown bee," with the aid of the sweet clover-heads, made the fragrant honey, food "fit for the gods"; and Flora, radiant and triumphant, pronounced the little shy, blushing clover the "truest, sweetest-hearted flower," and all men paid homage to Flora.

The other described a tempting looking field to the mild-eyed cattle who, 'so near and yet so far,' were gazing longingly through the fence which separated it from the grove. Such a profusion of clover—the heavy red heads of the common clover, nodding when the breeze increased, the delicate white blossoms skirting the edges where the ground was thinner. . . Did ever a few acres of land look so inviting?" And our story goes on to tell how *the pigs* got into this clover-field; how their master, the carpenter, with great trouble and many steps, drove them back into their pen, and gained the bright idea that led him "to launch his little boxes into the world," and enabled him thereafter to "live in clover."

From other essays we take the following bits:

"There are about fifty-nine species of clover."

"A bunch of the little white clovers will scent a room much more than the most showy tulips."

"If we could but 'live in clover,' what a Utopia it would be!"

"The chief characteristics of the flower are sweetness and unpretentiousness."

"I do not know how many leaflets clover *can* have; but I have seen all numbers from one to eight."

"Upon the clover-leaf there is a delicate tracing of white in the shape of a horse-shoe. This may have suggested the idea that good luck would follow the finding of a four-leaved clover, as it is said to the picking up of a horse-shoe."

"Whether clover was chosen by '90 from superstition, or from pure admiration on their part, the plant was in early times reputed to be noisome to witches, and knights and peasants wore the leaf as a potent charm against their arts."

"We always find the clover-leaves springing forth so early, spreading, and testing the ground; and on every branch there is sure to be at least

one of the world-known four-leaved clover.' It is for this that we see so many lads and maidens eagerly searching. It is a prize. And who can blame them when it foretells such good fortune as we find here:

'Love, be true to her! Life, be dear to her!

Health, stay close to her! Joy, draw near to her!

Fortune, find what your gifts can do for her!

Search your treasure-house through and through for her!

Follow her steps the wide world over!

You must! *for here is the four-leaved clover!*'"

It was a doleful day. La Grippe had us in its baneful second clutch, and was only beginning to relax its hot and feverish grasp. The day was dark and dreary, and home-sickness hovered near. We could not lie still and think. What should we read? We took up our newly bought Ethics, but found no comfort in the Law of Benevolence. We opened Hamlet to be greeted by the cheerful "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt." Howells made us angry, James disgusted us, and even the "Townsmen" failed to interest or soothe.

All at once came a happy thought bringing remembrance of a dusty file of old "Courants," carefully stowed away on the lower shelf of a certain closet in the Academy Hall. We had always wished to see for ourselves what those dear Old-time Girls used to say for themselves, and now here was both time and opportunity to study the classics and to improve our own faulty style.

The girl who is always ready to do a kindness for her neighbor volunteered to go through the mist and the rain, and was quick to return with the package, and to untie the knots of the string that bound the magazines. We cannot, however, confess to any special thrill of reverence or enthusiasm as the little pamphlets fell out, some in gray or greenish, some in brown, and a few in brilliant blue covers. But we do admit that, as we turned the pages and read their contents, we became genuinely interested and realized as never before the sisterhood of the girls who for two decades have sat in the Courant's editorial chair, and gone in and out of Abbot's doors on the watch for "items." We were interested to see how they looked forward to and enjoyed many of our pleasures of to-day, and we traced the rise of some honored customs and institutions. The advent of the Sphinx is chronicled in rhyme, and here—O shades of the pines upon the banks of the Shawshin, are the names of two *boat-crews*! How the Courant of '90-'91 would like to hear from some of those brave and fortunate oars-women, and know of the blissful hours they must have spent on the little stream.

We noted with interest how long Mr. Downs has planned and provided musical treats, and how each year the chosen ten have won fresh laurels at the Draper Reading.

We enjoyed a "Glimpse of Life in a German Boarding School," and shared other sights and insights in foreign lands but lingered longest over the "Trip to Warwick Castle" and "Inns of Court": these were to

us the best of all, and no wonder, when we found from whose pen they came. They made us wish that all of our girls might know more of the life of "Miss Phebe," whose name we always hear mentioned so tenderly and reverently, and as we read the beautiful memorial in that saddest of all the *Courant* numbers, we are drawn by closer bonds of sympathy to our own teacher, whose life, rich as it is in loving work and many friends, must yet be lonely in the continual missing that rare companionship.

As we turned the magazines over we were pleased with some bright little essays; "Door-bells," "Waiting for the Train," and — what an old scholar she seems to us! "Reminiscences of the War." Here in one of the first, if not indeed the very first number of all, is a parody upon Poe's "Bells," that will appeal to the heart of every girl through the years since and might have been written by our present Poetess. Was it the heart-cry of some member of '73, who hated to get up in the morning, who hurried over the stairs only to sigh "At the sound of moving chairs," and who dreaded "Number One" when the "Bishop and Probation ruled the hour?" Coming back from this reverie we laughed over the next article, a nonsense story, "St. Selmo," which must have found its inspiration in Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," and our desultory mind started off on another ramble. Suppose, enterprising editresses that we are, that we cull a number of short stories and with Alma Mater's permission gather them into a dainty volume. Some other future enterprising class may add Vol. II., and so on, until in the course of time, long time, a whole row of "*Courant Stories*," may stand on library shelves beside "*Tales from Blackwood*," and those familiar yellow-covered volumes of *American Stories* published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

First of all we will choose "About Us," not because it is the best, but because it is so distinctively "bright school-girl" in thought and expression. For our love-stories we will have "Paul Revere's Ride" and "An Autumn Walk." "That Little Nuisance," "My Cleopatra," "The Ghost of the old Turnpike," and "Little Fritz" will all be in our Table of Contents. Then, too, we must have "Miss Eunice's Children," "How the Dickies went to the Menagerie," "Norah," and "Dolly, U. H." This little group evidently came from the same pen, and are to us very pleasant in their quaint simplicity, and with a ring of wholesome humor. We do not prophecy a certain and brilliant career to the girl who wrote them, but — whoever she is, and wherever she may be — we would like to know her.

"Our Book" is as yet only in our thoughts. La Grippe left, but study and manifold duties held us, and other plans have been built since then, and on still more airy foundations. One sure thing has come from those pleasant, lazy hours when the little magazines made us forget our woes. We could not bear to carry them back to their dark corner on the closet shelf. So one day the expressman took the package to Estes and Lauriat; not long after they came back in fresh dress, and when you come next year, as we hope you may, to see us, and are shown into our new Library, there will greet you, standing as they will in an honored

position, — two volumes bound in dark red and lettered in gilt, — "The Abbot Courant."

DRIFTWOOD.

OUR OUTING CALENDER.

Not that these are our only red-letter days. By no means! Many a bright one is not calendered here. Happy hours have come to us in recreation time, in class-room, with friends, and, best of all outings, moments when we have gained some inkling of how our own little horizon is expanding, and of the wonderful and glad possibilities that these days of study and discipline are bringing to us. But our reporters hand us the following dates, and so we chronicle them, asking you to remember that there is much to be read "between the lines."

JANUARY.

1-31. "Expect rain about this time" (as the old yellow almanac that hung in grandmother's kitchen used to say) might stretch down the page, and be only too true, for all of our outings were necessarily accompanied by waterproofs, umbrellas, and rubbers. Only two lectures mark the month, one at Phillips Academy given by Mr. Lawton, treating of the excavations at Delphi, and listened to with interest by our Seniors; the other in our own hall, where Rev. Edward G. Porter showed us many curious things from Corea, and told us about them and of his travels in that far-off land in such a happy way that we all had a pleasant evening; even "the engaged young man" who volunteered to wear the big hat, and bore our amused glances with equanimity, evidently enjoying the novel situation.

Although January brought few entertainments, "La Grippe" did not pass us by. But Abbot was favored and fortunate beyond her neighbors on the Hill, and school work went on calmly and pleasantly, with no more exciting happenings than a rare visit on damp evenings from shivering serenaders, or an occasional run-away at the side door, when the butcher, the baker, or the express-man suddenly found life's monotony varied by an upset.

FEBRUARY.

1st. It was indeed a jolly party of Abbot girls which made its way this Saturday afternoon toward the railroad station. The occasion was a trip to Boston to see and hear Booth and Modjeska in one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, "Hamlet." To some of us girls this meant a great deal, and the anticipation was keen, for we had just finished a careful study of the play, and the very day before we started Miss Mitchell had a "Hamlet match," when we quoted steadily for an hour, taking from every scene, if not every page, in each act. On the cars we were serenaded by the Phillips Glee Club, who sang a good part of the

way. What a big city Boston did seem to us after quiet Andover! We made our way through the crowd to the Boston Theatre, and took our seats, our hearts throbbing with expectation. Would the curtain never go up? Yes, at last it did; and there before us was the famous platform at Elsinore, with Bernardo and Francisco keeping guard. But we were only too glad when this scene ended, and then — what an applause when at last Booth did appear in all his majesty and his “suit of sables.” From this time onward we all watched him more closely than any one else. Modjeska made a beautiful and sweet Ophelia. How our hearts went out to her with pity when Hamlet said the crushing words, “I loved you not;” and when she strewed the flowers before the king and queen, singing wild, sweet snatches of songs, perhaps a close observer might have seen that our eyes were a little moist. We listened with almost breathless interest to the grandest thing in the whole play, Hamlet’s soliloquy, for many of us had committed it, and, as one girl expressed it, “I was inclined to get up in my seat and say it with him.” Then the scene with the grave-diggers! How we did laugh when Number One explained to Number Two that “if water came to the man, and not the man to the water,” his death was necessarily accidental. It was the one bit of the ludicrous before the most thrilling and solemn part. At the very last the action does indeed go on with “chain-lightning rapidity,” and one after another falls down, as if by its strokes. But when the noblest heart of all cracks, and the curtain falls upon the “expectancy and rose of the fair state,” we begin to realize that, after all, we are not in Denmark, but in the Boston Theatre, with the crowd jostling and pushing us until at length the street is reached. First, a good, long breath, and then — where. I wonder if Mr. Huyler realizes how *sweet* his name sounds to school-girls. We had delicious soda, — chocolate, of course, — and then bought all sorts of bon-bons. There was still a little time and money left for shopping, and then we all met at the station at six o’clock for our homeward trip. Three quarters of an hour never went so quickly for there was so much to talk about, that when the brakeman sang out in his melodious voice, “Andover,” we could hardly believe him. On arriving at Smith Hall we found a late tea awaiting us. “What a delightful afternoon it has been!” we said unanimously, and, indeed, I think it would be hard to find twenty happier girls than we were that night.

4th. The fact that two birthdays occurred on this date led two aspiring French Hall maidens to indulge in wild visions of a supper ordered from Boston, and an evening replete with gaiety and excitement. The longed-for day dawned with rain enough pouring from the heavy clouds to dampen the ardor for many a weightier scheme, but though Andover had been substituted for Boston in the dreamed of feast, all was a complete success. Did French Hall dining-room ever look so charming? Picture the old clock in pale blue draperies, the doors covered by portières, and the long table glistening with silver and fragrant with beautiful flowers. Two favored ones at either end did the

honors of the table, and wielded the salad spoons. After doing justice to the good things before them, the guests were led to the equally transformed parlor, where "social converse" was in order. Neat programmes were soon distributed, headed "Tableaux,"—was ever evening filled with pleasanter surprises!—and the curtain rose on the first scene. A fair "Goddess of Liberty" was displayed enlightening the music room with an uplifted kerosene lamp! The bright glow of red fire next revealed "Night and Morning," and "Past, Present, and Future" followed, the odd, black gown of "Past" forming a striking contrast, with its short waist and scant skirt, to the stylish suit of "To-day;" while an example of the latest style of dress reform showed what the "Future" would bring to us, and was one of the "hits" of the evening. "Consolation" was followed by "Maud Muller, raking the meadow sweet with hay," and with a representation of three very youthful "Fates." The programme closed just as the "twenty minutes" bell sounded its warning note. This brought forth congratulations and good-nights, and the birthday party became a pleasant memory.

5th. Three very young Alumnae made their appearance at the Vendome. The day began stormy, and at first, as members of '89, we thought we should wait for a few grey hairs and some small experience before venturing to go to the Alumnae lunch. We soon abandoned this idea, and as the sun came out our spirits rose, and I think I voice the sentiments of all present in saying that the occasion surpassed our brightest expectations. Each of the faces present expressed a happy content at meeting. After the delicious lunch several bright, interesting speeches were made. We were especially interested in the reminiscences of one of the early Abbot graduates. She read parts of several old letters written when she was at Andover, describing her experiences and impressions; among others, the suspense while awaiting the first arrival of the Misses McKeen. Mrs. Kate Smith Wiggin also gave us a very chatty talk, just what one would expect from the author of "Patsy" and "The Birds' Christmas Carol." The Reverend E. G. Porter, of Lexington, had been asked to tell us about the "old girls" he had seen during his travels, but unfortunately he was not able to be present. This loss was in part made up by the long, interesting letter which he sent. It was the more appreciated coming from so busy a man. Mrs. Gutterson, Mrs. Mills, Miss Jackson, and several others spoke. The time slipped by so pleasantly that we were surprised as we rose to find it was half past four. We felt as if we were Alumnae of the old school as truly as if we had been graduated in the thirties, and wished all "our girls" had been there too.

6th. Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin, the authoress of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," gave us a very enjoyable evening by reading her pathetic story of "Patsy," which, as she afterward told us, was not the history of any particular child, but was made up of the quaint sayings and queer doings of many little ones in the free kindergartens in which for several years she has been an enthusiastic worker and teacher. The arrange-

ments for Mrs. Wiggin's stay with us were under the care of the Senior Middlers, who deserve credit for their good taste, especially in decorating the platform with hot-house plants. The Academy hall was well filled by an appreciative audience, consisting of the school and a number of guests from the town, who listened with great interest and varying emotions to the experiences of "Patsy." As Mrs. Wiggin is an old Abbot Academy girl, we all wanted to become better acquainted with her, and were glad to accept Miss McKeen's invitation to meet her after the reading in the parlors of Smith Hall, where we passed a delightful hour, while Mrs. Wiggin told us, in her bright, fascinating way, of her work in the kindergartens of San Francisco.

13th. Among the rare treats that Professor Downs is so kind in planning for us, in the way of recitals, the one given by Professor Carl Baermann stands out as being particularly attractive. This occurred in the Town Hall which was well filled. The numbers succeeded each other only too rapidly so that when the programme was finished we felt that we had only begun. Professor Baermann himself said that he seldom played with more spirit and interest, and that he thought it was in great measure owing to the warm sympathy of his audience.

14th. On the evening of this Sainted Day the members of the school were invited to Smith Hall, "for a pleasant evening." The Seniors received us in the prettily decorated parlors, and presently escorted us to the dining-room, which had been transformed by the removal of the tables into a long open space, at one end of which was a large chair, and before it a stand surmounted by a lamp and a dictionary. When all were gathered in the dining-room, it was announced that there would be a spelling match, and that a prize was to be awarded to the one who could "spell the others down." Two Seniors chose sides, and Miss McKeen gave out the words. After a short time a word was given which made havoc and nearly half the remaining spellers went down, but at last a teacher redeemed her side by correctly spelling Apocryphal. The prize was won by a girl who is not only an honor to California, but to the class of '90, and she went to bed that night the "*unexpected*" and proud possessor of a very pretty and wise looking little owl.

When the spelling was finished we enjoyed ice-cream and cakes, and then danced the Virginia Reel. College songs ended our entertainment, and we all felt that we had spent a pleasant evening, if our spelling had been slightly faulty. But we hope and expect to do better the next time such an opportunity is offered us.

21st. On this Friday we heard Mr. George W. Cable read in the Town Hall. To say that we enjoyed the evening does not half express our delight as we listened to his inimitable rendering of several chapters from his well known novel "Dr. Sevier." We had expected to find Mr. Cable fine in the Creole dialect, but his impersonation of Mrs. Riley, the Irish woman, was a pleasant surprise. The first of his selections were

remarkably well adapted to the voice and style of the reader, but when he made the change from the humorous to the tragic, and gave "Mary's Night Ride," he seemed a little out of his element and it was very evident that Mr. Cable was most successful in handling lighter sketches. Taken as a whole, however, his reading was very good, and the audience showed their appreciation by frequent and hearty applause.

22d. When Miss McKeen announced at dinner one day that all who wished might celebrate Washington's Birthday by a sleighride, several of us could hardly suppress our joy at the anticipation of such an unusual pleasure. The day was as fine as we could wish, and the snow in very good condition, so at half-past two the four-horse sleighs drove up to the door, and after much running to and fro in search of forgotten wraps, the merry and expectant girls tucked themselves under the huge buffalo robes, the drivers cracked their whips, and we were off. The Seniors drove to Lowell, while we went to North Andover, Methuen, and Lawrence. Several times as we passed crowds of boys we were appropriately greeted as "Abbot girls" or "Fem. Sems."; but whether this distinction was due to the intellectual appearance of our benumbed faces, or to the name painted on the back of the sleigh will remain a mystery. A few audacious urchins were bold enough to cling to the steps until the driver came to the rescue by cracking his whip at the offenders. Miss McKeen came out to welcome us on our return, and before supper we had an animated discussion as to which party had the better time. It was a useless question for the rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and high spirits of the girls showed that each had enjoyed the afternoon's pleasure to the full extent, and felt that she had had the best time of all. The one bitter drop in our cup of happiness was that several of the girls were kept at home on account of illness. We were sorry for them and for ourselves, too, that they should lose their part of the fun.

The fondest hopes of the Seniors were fully realized when, on the afternoon of Washington's Birthday, Mr. Daly drove to Smith Hall with four spirited horses and a barge. After bundling up until we resembled geometrical figures, we took our places in the sleigh and sped to Lowell where we drove through the city, paid a visit to Page and Nunn's, and then turned our faces homeward. On the home run we were closely pursued by another Andover party, but managed to keep the lead, and turned into our own grounds just in time for tea after a jolly afternoon.

MARCH.

1st. This Saturday was celebrated in the "Hall Exercises" as Washington's Birthday, and our interest in and veneration for the Father of our Country was expressed in many ways, some bright, a few original (and how hard it is to say something new upon this subject, only those know who have tried.)

The Phillips Academy Glee and Banjo Clubs favored Andover with one of their concerts. The moon was kind to us and accompanied us

down and back. The town gave the boys a full house, and showed their appreciation of the music. The stage was beautifully set, and the performers graced their places admirably. The programme was unique, and the new songs were welcomed with a general thanksgiving. Everything went off nicely, and our enjoyment of the music was prolonged by the sweet sounds that came floating through our windows after "lights were out."

15th. The day of the winter tournament at Phillips brought with it a heavy snow-storm, but we did not mind a trifle like that, so put on our overshoes and warm wraps and started for the Gymnasium. The heaviest work had been done the week before so that we saw only the lighter and more enjoyable parts of the programme. The boys showed excellent training and good hard practice. In every branch, work was brought so well up to the mark that it would be impossible to single out any for special commendation. We had to leave before the close of the exhibition, but felt well repaid for our trouble.

19th. Recall, if you can, the very worst day of the past winter. The elements seemed to conspire against us with clouds and snow, wind and more snow. That was the day which had been set for our visit to the Pacific Mills in Lawrence. We ignored so small an item as weather, and plowed along through the still driving snow, as cheerfully as — possible. There were twelve in all, including three teachers, the procession headed by Mr. Alden, through whose kindness the opportunity was given us. How much we learned that afternoon! You see whatever we didn't understand we just asked about, and found out. Accordingly there were numerous questions. Have you tried conversation in a mill? If not you are not aware that you could with less exhaustion deliver an oration in the open air to a thousand people. But none of us minded that. We stood on tiptoe and yelled — that may seem a strange proceeding for Abbot girls, but it is no exaggeration. We saw so much! The great engine that fairly awed us with its tremendous power, whirling shafts, and the flying belts that drew the ghostly blue flame from our fingernails; the preparation of material and spinning with their complication of machinery, of which the best remembered is the mule — a remarkably useful piece of mechanism which moved back and forth with persistency unparalleled, and behind which the operator — I might almost say driver — seemed careful not to stand. The dyeing rooms came next after the weaving, and as the chemistry class had come on purpose for this, of course the fullest explanations of processes were given. The engraving of the plates for the printing was extremely interesting. We rested a while in the reading room, which is a pleasant place furnished with periodicals of the day, besides cases of good books, for the operatives' use.

We visited the woollen mills, and then came home "tired all but to death," but well satisfied with our day's sight-seeing, and heartily thankful to Mr. Alden for having given us so rare a treat.

21st. On this evening an entertainment was given in Academy Hall by the students of the German department.

Musik, Scherzo und Intermezzo (Sarau), Frl. Perry. Scene aus Maria Stuart: Personen, Maria, Frl. Winegarner; Kennedy, Frl. Bull. Prolog und Scene aus der Jungfrau von Orleans: Personen, Jungfrau, Frl. Wheaton; Agnes Sorel, Frl. Hinkley. Die Erbin der Tante: Personen, Fr. Schmidt, Frl. Perry; Mathilde, Frl. Winegarner; Anna, Frl. Wheaton; Marie, Frl. Royce; Sophia, Frl. Manning; Arabella, Frl. Hinchman; Clementine, Frl. Fleek; Johanna, Frl. Crocker. Musik, Menuett (Hans Huber), Frl. Crocker.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the entertainment opened with the merry notes of the Scherzo, which was admirably executed by Miss Perry. As the last notes ceased, the curtains which had veiled the platform from the audience rolled back, displaying a woodland garden scene. In the background were evergreen trees and shrubs, while in front were potted ferns, daisies, callas, and begonias. The first scene was from Mary Stuart. Miss Winegarner, as Mary, showing wounded majesty and mingled pride and gentleness, and Miss Bull, as the older, less imaginative, and more practical friend, made the dialogue a success.

The second scene was selected from the Maid of Orleans. As the curtains fall back, notes of music and rejoicing are heard in the distance, while at the front of the stage the maid of Orleans stands, still dressed in the armor of the battle-field, leaning upon a silver-spangled banner-staff. In touching contrast to the rejoicing all around, she begins her sad soliloquy. She has saved her country; she has escaped the terrors of the battle-field unscarred, except by an arrow from Cupid's bow. Then follows the scene in which Agnes Sorel begs her to lay aside her coat of steel, and become as other women, tells her of the gladness all around, and begs her to make it her own — all of which entreaty falls with a weight of pain upon the stricken soul before her. This scene, so pitiful in the English translation, is inexpressibly so in the original German, and Miss Wheaton well represented the victorious, defeated, hopeless Maid of Orleans. Miss Hinkley, as Agnes Sorel, the gay, brilliant child of fortune, could not have been asked to take her part better.

The curtains were now drawn for some time. Just here was an amusing feature for the audience — the rapid and silent disappearance of the tree-tops which had been visible above the curtain. The platform was next transformed into a drawing-room, in which was presented "Die Erbin der Tante." A rich aunt had expressed her intention to make one of her seven nieces her heiress, and takes the disguise of the poor aunt in order to see which is the most worthy. Miss Perry, as Fr. Schmidt, acted the careworn, yet patient mother to perfection, as a half dozen cross-grained girls came rushing into the room, all talking at once. In this scene, according to the Phillipian, "Miss Hinkley, as the blundering servant girl, proved that she could adapt herself to this station as well as to that of a king's love, Agnes Sorel." The children playing with their dolls, balls, and a game of "pick up chips," and occasionally indulging in a

caress which was not one of tenderness, were irresistible. Miss Winegarner, as Mathilde, took her part with the same sweetness and graciousness which she had shown as Mary Stuart: and her temper must have been taxed to the utmost, as the unappreciative sisters used her as a general convenience box. Fr. von Courcy acted the languid lady of wealth and fashion: and the way in which six girls, each trying for policy's sake to outdo the others, waited upon her reminds one of various little scenes in real life. Fr. Braun, the supposed poor aunt, with her glasses, umbrella, and various hand-boxes, was the ideal country aunt; and the treatment she received at the hands of her nieces was as natural as the senseless devotion given to Fr. Von Courcy. At last an explanation was given, and the shame-stricken daughters found seats in the background, while the unappreciated Mathilde became the acknowledged heiress. The scene closed with one of Hans Huber's brilliant minuets, well given by Miss Crocker.

The hearty appreciation expressed and the congratulations extended must have been compensation for all the work and anxiety which Fräulein Schiefferdecker had so untiringly given in preparation for the German play.

25th. Noon.

“Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And in (your) calling let you nothing call,
But Coach! coach! coach! coach! Oh, for a coach, ye gods!”

MARCH 26th—APRIL 16th.

The “first, best country ever is *at home*.”

APRIL.

17th. This Wednesday the art class went to Boston. The first part of the morning was spent at Holland's in posing for the traditional class group, with the traditional flattering and disappointing results. Later, with Miss McKeen, we visited the Art Museum. The addition that has been made to the building and the alterations in the arrangement of the rooms make the place more fascinating than before. We wandered from among the mummy-cases of ancient Egypt to the glories of ancient Greece. We exclaimed in genuine school-girl fashion, but we hope with some slight degree of appreciation, at the grace of the Faun of Praxiteles, and the majesty of Michael Angelo's Moses.

The exhibit of pottery from Cincinnati, Ohio, particularly delighted us, and we proudly compared the artistic work of our own country, in this direction, with that of foreign lands.

18th. Among the pleasant events of the season was the reception given by Mrs. Johnson to the members of the November Club. A few of our number were among the favored guests: and in the evening we had settled down to hard study when we were bidden to a little feast in the dining-room. The ice-cream and sherbert was none the less enjoyable because it came in study-hours, and we passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Mrs. John-

son, who so kindly sent some of the "good time" of the afternoon, home to us boarding-school girls.

23d. The third and last of our piano recitals took place Thursday afternoon, in the Town Hall, the artist being Mr. Arthur Foote, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Jennie P. Walker, soprano, both of Boston. Mr. Foote is an earnest, conscientious musician, and played with his usual good taste and accuracy. His interpretation and rendition of Raff's "Spinning Song" was especially admirable. Mr. Foote is perhaps best known to us as a composer of many beautiful songs, two of which were upon the programme. Mrs. Walker's full soprano voice would have been heard to better advantage had the audience filled the hall, the effect being marred by an unpleasant echo. She was received with much favor, and special mention should be made of "She wandered down the mountain side," which was very effectively rendered. Mr. Foote's two compositions were enthusiastically received and encored.

Mr. Downs certainly deserves our warmest thanks and congratulations for the success of the recitals. It is to be hoped that another season he will meet with the same co-operation and enthusiasm from the school and its friends as has been so heartily given this year.

MAY.

2d. The monotony of school life was broken by the Means Prize Speaking. The young men did well, and, as usual, we all wished, with the board of decision, that there were ten prizes, instead of only three. While awaiting the decision of the Judges, the suspense was relieved by a few selections given by the Glee Club. Mr. Chamberlain of New York received the first prize, his subject being, "The Sacrifices and Recompenses of Literary Life." Mr. Moré gained the second, and Mr. Henning the third prize.

6th. Lieutenant Wadhams would have had no doubt as to the success of his talk upon the "United States Navy," could he have been at our breakfast tables the next morning. All had enjoyed it, and one enthusiastic girl declared that she "wanted to be a sailor." While we think that even a short voyage would dampen her ardor, we all agree that the pictures of marine life were very entertaining, and that we are all much indebted to Lieutenant Wadhams for his kindness in giving to us from his store of fact and fun.

9th. Such a kind invitation came to the school to "step across the way," and spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Draper and their nieces. It was Hattie Bliss's birthday, and we were very glad to have such a pleasant opportunity to wish her many happy returns of the day. The house, all a-bloom with the pinkest and most fragrant apple blossoms, made us feel that the glad springtime had come, and the sweetness of spicy carnations told that the '91 girls were wearing their newly chosen class-flower in honor of their "member from Colorado," and all unite in

hoping that her next birthday may find her again in New England and in Abbot.

17th. One Saturday afternoon early in the term four Senior Middlers discussed the question of dress reform, and the decision of the school was that no such reform is needed. In spite of this verdict we were very glad to hear that Mrs. Wilde (†Effie Dresser, '82) had kindly offered to speak to us, and to give us her ideas upon what she considers an important question, and in which she has taken the liveliest interest. When we assembled in the chapel, and Mrs. Wilde began to address us, we were at once charmed by her appearance and manner. Her talk was very informal, and all the more enjoyable on that account, as we all felt that she was talking just to us. Mrs. Wilde showed us how, by adopting a sensible style of dress, such as that advocated by Mrs. Annie Jeness-Miller, we might be more comfortable and far stronger. We were interested in the ingenuity with which Mrs. Wilde had combined the useful, sensible, and artistic in the dresses which she brought with her to illustrate the principles she spoke of, and she showed us how simple and easy it would be to make gowns in that way. While the dresses were being changed, we enjoyed the privilege of talking among ourselves, and of wondering how we would look in those simple and lovely costumes. And then was heard the despairing remark of the stout girl, "Oh, *you* are so small; but think how *I* would look!" After enjoying the dresses, we were initiated into the mysteries of combination suits and divided skirts, and, after the first shock was over, we really began to see beauty in them. Mrs. Wilde's manner was so charming, and her ways so bright and often comical, that we were in a continued state of merriment, and were so sorry when she stopped that we crowded around her to see if we could not hear something more. If Mrs. Wilde visits us again next year, we are sure she will see good results, if the enthusiasm we now feel does not wane before our summer and fall dressmaking begins. The Courant extends the heartiest thanks of the school to Mrs. Wilde.

We wished to bring up our calendar almost to Commencement-day; but the printer calls for "copy," and we must end it now and here. These next weeks promise pleasant happenings, and we trust will leave bright memories, with no clouds of thoughtlessness or carelessness. We hope for some delightful drives. We know of two picnics in prospect. The Senior class-supper will, we hope, be "the best that ever was"; and our last wish is, that when this book is in your hands, at Commencement time, the skies may be bright, the air mild, and all nature and dear old Abbot herself joining in giving many, many of you old scholars a glad welcome to Andover town.

We have been quite favored this term in the number of interesting and helpful addresses given us in the hall. In January, one Saturday evening, Prof. Taylor spoke to us of the hand of Christ, and of all that his touch meant, and then of the tenderness, gentleness, and pity possible in the touch

of even a human hand. It is the personal contact with man that has the power. Shrink from nothing, however low, if by touching you can heal.

During January, also, we had the pleasure of an address by Rev. Dr. Crummell. He spoke of his twenty years of work among his own race in Liberia, Africa, of the horrors of the slave-trade, and the advance he had seen in civilization during those twenty years. His statement that the condition of morals in slavery was far lower than paganism, was a surprise to many of us.

Some most eloquent and inspiring words were brought to us, one morning, out of a driving snow-storm, by Rev. Mr. Gutterson. Most vividly was it shown to us how great our own loss would be if we failed to catch the missionary spirit, and feel the inspiration of the grand onward march of the present time.

On the Day of Prayer for Colleges, Jan. 30. Rev. DeWitt Clark, of Salem, spoke to the school in the afternoon, taking for his subject the invitation of Christ as given in Rev. iii. 21. He applied the figure of the door to the human heart, with its barrier of free-will; and at the close made an earnest appeal to each one of us to open that door, which can be opened only from the *inside*.

In February we heard from Prof. Hincks a thrilling description of the slave trade in Africa, and of the work of a Roman Catholic missionary there.

During the same month we listened to Rev. Mr. Wyard, whose central thought was the attuning of our lives to Christ.

Saturday afternoon, March 15, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin came to Andover from Lexington to tell us something of the Mosque of St. Sophia, with which he is so familiar. We were all much interested in his account of the history of the church. His description of the mosque's architecture, and the interior with its marvellous mosaics covered with whitewash, was especially enjoyed by the Senior class. We were only sorry that the limited time prevented our hearing more.

March 22d, Prof. Ryder came to us, bringing some fresh, helpful thoughts; and during the same month †Miss Lucy F. Partridge, '63, told us more about her work in Talledega College, Alabama.

One Saturday evening, the last of April, Dr. Selah Merrill gave us a talk on the coins of the Holy Land, showing us many interesting examples.

Our own pastor, Rev. Mr. Blair, spoke to us in preparation for the May communion.

On the evening of May 10, we had Mrs. Vaitse again with us. This time she told us of her early life in Greece, and of how she became a Christian, and was sent to the mission school in Broosa, Turkey, where Miss Olive Twitchell told her so much of Abbot life.

We defer our promised description of Miss McKen's rooms, but assure all who are interested that the work is going on well, and that by fall they will be ready, even to the name carved over the door. In our next number we will invite you to enter with us and see them.

An interesting paper was read at the "Lunch," telling of the interest taken in the school by Dr. and Mrs. Jackson, and of the great work they did for it, and suggesting the calling by their name an alcove in the new library, and the raising a sum of money, "the income of which shall fill the shelves of that alcove with aids to the attainment of solid acquirements, such works as tend to form character for an immortal destiny." In case such a fund be raised, the children of Dr. and Mrs. Jackson will contribute portraits of their parents to be hung in the library.

A long-felt want is at last supplied, and, thanks to the Alumnae Fund, the two large volumes of Poole's Index are on the reference table in our library.

From Augusta comes the assurance of warm interest in the school, and the proposition that our Maine Alumnae have an auxiliary of their own. If a Pine-tree branch should be formed, we hope that it may thrive and be ever green.

During Miss Kelsey's absence the geometry class has been under the care of Miss Anna Abbott, of Andover.

When Mrs. Wiggin was with us, she told of her reading "Patsy" to an audience of children, and of one preternaturally bright little fellow whose mother lingered to tell the authoress how her boy knew the book by heart. It was great fun to hear the story — how the urchin looked at her, half doubting her genuine claim to his dear book, and said: "Yer skipped, yer did; yer left out three things," and then capped the climax by adding, "And yer put in something that was'n't there." And that boy actually could and did correct some changes which, under the influence of the surroundings, she had made in the text. We only wish that you might have shared with us the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Wiggin tell it, in her bright, animated way.

Andover ladies have been active in planning and busy in study this winter, as the organization of the November Club, and the work done in its fortnightly meetings and in the various branches will bear witness. This club has met in our Academy Hall, and twice have Seniors been honored with an invitation. All who know of the elder society may not have heard of the January Club, formed by some of the little daughters who wished "to do likewise."

Among D. Lothrop and Co.'s April publications is a little book in which all Abbot girls will be interested. In it, under the title "The Story of Neesima," Miss McKen has published the story of Joseph Neesima's early life, just as Miss Phebe wrote it down from his own lips, twenty-three years

ago. While in Phillips Academy, in 1867, Neesima was in Miss Phebe's Sunday-school class, and often visited her. His story, as she gives it, using, as far as possible, his own words, is in itself wonderful, and is charmingly told. Miss McKeen has written, in her own fresh, vigorous style, an Introduction, which adds completeness to Miss Phebe's early sketch, and makes the whole very attractive and interesting.

Old scholars will join with us in regretting, for our own sakes, the change at the station. Mr. Marland has been there so long, and his kindness and courtesy to us were so uniform, that he will be greatly missed.

One evening, after German Hall had been "sawed in two," and part had left for its new foundation, "Pert" climbed a ladder that had been left leaning against the house, and lay crouched on a projecting sill on the second story, waiting for the door to be opened. But it was a vain hope; and at last Pert left the narrow space, came carefully down the ladder, and walked slowly and sadly away — a homesick cat.

Query. — Did they revive the Sphinx?

If so, where is it?

One of the heartiest laughs of the year came at the breakfast table, when the word "anti-macassar" was used. One Senior declared that she did not know what it meant. Another chimed in with, "Oh, I do; he was the boy who stood on the burning deck"

Teacher. — "Think of some Anglo-Saxon words — common words, denoting things that you have at home."

Young Lady from Maine. — "Oh, yes! Such as corn and — wine."

Was it time saved when she hunted through the book to find the shortest one of Milton's Sonnets, so that it might be quickly learned?

Faithfully did the Ethics class endeavor to teach others the newly-learned principles, and to inspire them with the right motives for action. One labored so earnestly with a friend that the latter was overheard sighing and disconsolately saying: "When — has children of her own, I just *know* she'll bring them up on the reporting system."

Wanted. — A latch-key for the dissipated lamp that is so often "out late."

Which member of the Art class thinks that in Raphael's "Charge to St. Peter," the twelve apostles "look like twins"?

O learned Senior! *did* St. Ursula "sail down the Tigris to Rome"?

The goddess *Apaphrodite* was first heard of the other day by the Mythology class, who think that their sister must have mixed her scriptural and classical knowledge.

Constance, measuring her sister's head with a tape measure, exclaims, "Yes, Essie, your forehead is just two quarts big."

After Longfellow (*a long way*) :

“Hast thou seen that gorgeous clothes-bag —
That clothes-bag in the hall?
'Tis blue, with pink above it,
And hangs upon the wall.
And fain it would take clothes in
Till it is full and round;
And fain it would soar outward.
To Hannon's Laundry bound.”

Good luck ought to attend '91. One Sunday morning “half-hour” in May, their President found and picked one hundred and seventy-five four-leaved clovers, and later in the day, during the “quarters,” added fifty to her clusters. Surely it is the “Clover-class.”

Twenty Familiar Quotations, applied and adapted to members of Abbot Academy :

“Whom the coat doth fit, let him put it on.”
“'Tis the voice of the sluggard. I heard him complain :
'You have waked me too soon ; I must slumber again.' ”
“Oh, blessed with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.”
“Fine words ; I wonder where you stole 'em.”
“One vast, substantial smile.”
“Her songs were not divine —
Were not songs of that high art
Which, as wounds do in the pine,
Find an answer in the heart.”
“On *one* she smiled, and he was blest.”
“Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage.”
“Appetite comes with eating.”

To a member of the Ethics class :

“Docendo discimus.”
“So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.”
“I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own.”
“Her mother hath intended
That quaint in gray she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendant.”
“A merry heart goes all the day.”
“She said, or right or wrong, what came into her head.”

"The hours must at her toilet wait."

She "had a dream."

"I know somebody sits near me.

Take care!

She can so very sleepy be.

Beware! beware!

She has two eyes, so big and brown,

Take care!

She gives a nod, and then looks down.

Beware — beware!"

"Eyes running o'er with glee."

"The deep of night is crept upon our talk."

"Mindful not of self."

†Miss Addie Brainerd, '77, has been spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Abercrombie, in Worcester, Mass., and has had a large class in Literature and Art. Coming back one day to Andover, we sat in front of two ladies, evidently members of this class, who, all unconscious of an interested reporter, were discussing their work and speaking most enthusiastically of their teacher.

Miss Charlotte Strickland is teaching in the school of Fräulein Immisch, 66 Bergstrasse, Dresden, Saxony. There are, in this Pension, twenty-five girls, several of them Americans. Miss S. writes very pleasantly of her life and work abroad, but says: "Discourage parents from sending girls to Europe too early. Send them first to Abbot Academy, and then to France or Germany. It is pleasant to have Miss Strickland also tell of the interest some of her German girls have taken in Miss Phebe's book, "Theodora."

'72 gladly welcomes a new little niece who has come to live in far-off Constantinople. It must be beautiful to see those three big boys with their baby sister for whom the "old girls" who knew the mother, say they can wish nothing better than that she may be a second "Lilian Waters."

We are sorry to have Mr. and Mrs. Gutterson (†Emma Wilder, '74.) and their children go from Andover, but are glad to know that they are pleasantly situated in Auburndale, Mass.

Clarinda Swazey Buck, '84, is living in Leipsic, where she is availing herself of her rich opportunity of studying both vocal and instrumental music, and her husband is making a special study of the department of comparative philology, at the University.

Evelyn Page, '84, is teaching in the public schools in Portland, Me.

Mrs. Newell, who was for a time associated with †Olive Twitchell, '76, made us a brief call before sailing for Constantinople.

†Alice Merriam Moore, '74, will spend at least a part of the summer in New England. We are glad to know that her husband is regaining his strength after the serious illness of the winter.

Helen Holmes Mills, '83, will this summer be in Andover, occupying the Mills homestead on Central Street.

†Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '78, and Annie Pritchard, '83, expect to spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Mead writes of a pleasant meeting with †Helen Bartlett, '74, who has had two winters in Dresden, a year at Newnham College, Cambridge, studying Anglo-Saxon, French, and Greek, and expects next year to receive her degree from Bryn Mawr.

†Sue Lyman, '79, was at last accounts, doing efficient work as night nurse in the John Hopkins Hospital, at Baltimore.

Not long after our commencement, Sarah Foster of Andover, will be married to Mr. Frederick D. Green, and they will go to take up their missionary labor in Van, a city of 35,000 people, about one hundred miles southwest of Mt. Ararat. Our good wishes go with these willing workers, and we wish them a happy life in their new home.

The new address of Mrs. Walter Prescott. (Eva Smith, '73,) is 36 Harvard Street, Charlestown, Mass.

Mrs. Lyon, whom old scholars always remember as Miss Palmer, is now in Chadron, Nebraska, where she is Preceptress of the newly started Academy. Mr. Hulbert, the Principal of the School, was in Andover not long ago, and spoke most warmly of Mrs. Lyon's usefulness, and of the place she has already won in the hearts of her pupils.

1880 — 1890.

The Courant takes pleasure in giving space to some special mention of those who have gone out from Abbot's walls in the past decade. All of the one hundred and twenty-nine graduates are living, and we trust that each is well, busy, and happy in her own corner. May it be a long time before the ranks are broken. Greetings and good wishes to the girls of "the eighties."

'80.

It is now ten years since the Class of '80 realized for the first time that the sheltering arms of Abbot were no longer around them, and that they must go forth into the wide world to give proof of what their Alma Mater had done for them.

Dr. Webb in his Baccalaureate Sermon spoke of the bright hopes which we each cherished at the close of our Andover school life, and that many of them would never be realized, and as we look back, while we would not have it otherwise, we find that life has been in most cases unlike our dreams.

We numbered thirteen at graduation, but now twenty-nine answer to the roll-call, thanks to the husbands and children whom we are glad to receive as honorary members.

In regard to the matter of matrimony, we would say right here that the class is about evenly divided, and the question comes, who have been wise, and who have been foolish?

Mr. Lorin Thurston, a lawyer of Honolulu, and since a government official of the Sandwich Islands, claimed our Clara Shipman, and they, with their little boy Robert, would give a warm welcome to any A. A. friends who might visit them in their home in Honolulu. When her letters describe earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, rebellions, and when the papers tell of "wars and rumors of war," we cannot help wishing that Clara was safely back in the United States.

Sallie Ripley (Mrs. Charles Cutler,) has her home in Bangor, Maine. She with her two little girls, Frances and Elizabeth, have been visiting her mother this spring, and just before returning home her little Elizabeth was christened, at a very pretty home service.

The following girls are at home: Mary Alice Abbott who has been teaching the past year at the Punchard School, Andover, Lydia C. Noyes, Mary McG. Fiske, Minnie A. Wiggin, Hattie G. Smith, Julia F. Robbins, Helen R. Heywood, and while the present scribe has no very definite information to give concerning these last, it is safe to say that they are making themselves generally useful, and with the people described in Gray's Elegy,

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They keep the even tenor of their way."

Harriet Bradley's home is, at present, at 127 East Merrimac Street, Lowell, Mass., but the family have been very much excited the past winter in regard to plans for a new house, which is in process of erection, and should you succeed in finding that house, you will be sure of a warm welcome from Hattie, Mr. Barnes, Arthur, who will probably tell you that his "little sister is quite an imitator," and Miss Helen, who will speak for herself.

I had the pleasure of attending Lizzie Gerrish's pleasant wedding at Concord, N.H., last January. The name which she has chosen in preference to her own is Mrs. Everett Willard, and she may be found at 107 State Street.

Edna Thomson (Mrs. J. A. Towle), resides on Sawin Avenue, Dorchester, and reports herself busy with housekeeping and the care of two little children.

Mary Bartlett (Mrs. Arthur Walton), is so fortunate as to be in her own home, at Wakefield, and is occasionally seen in town, and her little dark-eyed, dark-haired children often spend the Sabbath with Grandma in Andover. This is all we have to say at present of '80, but we hope the world will be the better for our having been in it.

The class of '81 having just held by letter its ninth annual reunion, sends its old friend, the Courant, this outline sketch of the year 1889.

Emma Lyon is putting all the vigor of her Abbot Academy training into the new Academy at Chadron, Neb. Her father and mother were with her in the same work, but he has been called to his reward.

Sarah Ford seeks health and strength in Michigan.

Lizzie Smith and Rose Perkins, in cap and apron, still minister help and cheer to the sick, Lizzie spending part of her time at Hampton Institute, Va.

Fannie Griggs, Mollie Whitecomb, and Josephine Wilcox live the uneventful life of home helpers and niche fillers.

Hattie (Gibson) Heron, the doctor, and two little girls, look from their Korean home straight into our faces from the photograph which accompanies her letter, while she tells of a year of pain and suffering, and of restored health and joy in her work.

Margaret (Fowle) Sears sends the picture of her sturdy year old Philip, and talks of her change of home from the town of her birth to Dorchester.

Sarah (Puffer) Douglass, by the picture of her dainty baby Marjorie, tells how her days are filled with blessedness.

Frances (Ames) Loyhed, from her far-off Seattle home, sends her greetings and those of the latest addition to the ranks of '81, little Miss Dorothy Loyhed, and as bearer of the important news manly little Tom comes in person, by photograph.

Carrie (Ladd) Pratt writes from Atlantic, Brooklyn, instead of Pacific Portland, and tells the always interesting story, the details of her wedding.

Anna (Hunter) Bracewell rather outdoes the class, telling not of her marriage, but of the marriage of her step-daughter.

Louise (Johnson) Selfridge, a member of '81 in all but the last year, recounts wanderings from Boston to Salt Lake City, where she spends much of the winter with her sister; from Utah to California, but is frustrated by a snow blockade of a week or more, attended by severe illness; and an escape backward to Salt Lake City, and a final wandering which is successful, and her letter is written from Oakland, Cal.

'82.

Although '82 has developed a propensity for exploration to a certain extent, yet, unlike some other classes, she soon gathers herself together and lives, for the most part in New England. There are diversities of gifts in her, however, ranging all the way from the model wife, mother, and housekeeper, to pedagogical and literary aspirations. Abbot Academy moulds women, not manufactures them.

Annie (Watts) Pillsbury, the happy possessor of the class baby, little Maria, also has pleasant recollections of a trip, last fall, to the Pacific coast, traversing nearly its whole length in the States, and of the Yosemite, her sister May accompanying her.

Fannie Bell Pettee not only has spent almost a year in the West Indies, but has informed the readers of *The Youth's Companion*, in an illustrated

article concerning the Island of Jamaica. Her quill still moves with its old-time vigor.

O, that you might hear Abbie J. McCutchins describe the fascinations of Floridian scenes and sunsets! Her acquaintance there with Rose Elizabeth Cleveland could not be half so entertaining as that.

When Edith E. Ingalls is mentioned, it must immediately be stated that although much affected by the Louisville cyclone, yet now, as always, she rises serene, and pursues her studies and her scholars with her usual zest and success.

Marion Locke is in Germany, at Berlin, this year, it is reported, not much being known of her even by her old chum Lizzie (Tyler) Gutter-son, who, by the way, is absorbingly interested in a little three-months-old young lady, at present.

Our little Maine president, Annie F. Frye, occasionally gladdens the eyes and hearts of her friends at the Hub, when she can leave her charming home by the sea, and Annie Chandler in New Jersey, but by the same old ocean, feels in her generous womanly sympathy, as if she "were a part of every one in town." If you want a characteristic account of the beauties of Boston mud, wind, and dust, ask Alice (Parker) Porter, in her Charlestown home, to describe it; she feels that she knows all about it. L. Alice Maxwell still lives near the Maine beaches, in happy seclusion. Effie (Dresser) Wilde and Kate L. Geer are both interested in church work, Effie in connection with her pleasant home life in Malden, Mass., having come thitherward after several years of western life near Chicago; and Kate in mission work in the city of Hoboken, N.J., among the All Saints Sisters of the Poor. Her varied experience in teaching helps her here. Lillie A. Wilcox, through her interest in Christian Endeavor, is on the staff of *The Golden Rule*.

'83.

'83 is historic as never having had a class letter or reunion. We fear that we are little better than Uncle Remus's "B'rer Terrapin," when it comes to a matter of exertion, though we truly still keep up a strong class feeling.

Carrie Bronson, since leaving school, has taught in Gilbertsville, New York, studied in Boston and at Wellesley, and is now teaching in the west.

Elizabeth Caldwell has been at home in Goffstown, N. H., most of the time since '83, with occasional long visits to Minneapolis, Minn. She is now Mrs. Herbert B. Newton, and lives in Bradford, Mass.

Martha Coffin has been for the most part at home. She taught for one year in Wisconsin, and early this year spent some time in Chicago with her father, who was out of health and under medical care there.

Nellie Hadley was quietly at home 'till September, 1888, when she married Mr. Henry Rowell, who took her to San Diego, Cal., where their home still is. She is very happy in her life there, and expects to come east this summer.

Caroline McCandless taught for a little in Pennsylvania. She is now Mrs. Edward Greeley of Nashua, Iowa.

Jessie McClellan is abroad studying painting, taking up portrait-painting especially. Last winter she studied in New York.

Alice Stebbins taught until May, 1888, when she married Mr. V. H. Dodge and went to her home in Whitefield, N. H.

In '86, Edith Todd married Mr. Lewis Dexter, and has since lived in Milltown, N. B.

Lucia Watkins does not report herself as often as we want to hear from her. Will she please take the suggestion and tell how the days go in her Newbury home.

Annie Torrey lives a busy home life, and is now devoting much time to her study of French. She occasionally looks in upon her *Alma Mater*, but can never stay long, for she must hurry back to "take a lesson."

Mary Hillard has taught in Farmington since the fall of '85. Last summer her father became pastor of the Congregational Church in Conway, Mass.

'83 has never gone back on her oath of fealty to Abbot Academy, sworn in the reading-room on the way from Smith to Academy Hall on her graduation day.

'84.

If the class prophet of '84 had dared to introduce into her prophecy the statement that, one after another, five of the eleven members would settle down into the profession of teaching, her words would have been judged a wild flight of the imagination. But twenty-seven years of teaching is the record for this class since graduation. With this spring, one, Marian Keene, retires, after six years of successful work in the public schools of Washington, D.C. She will be found in her home in that city during the coming year, but other plans lie beyond. A private school in Philadelphia and a public school in Fitchburg, Mass., claim the services of two others, May Field and Minnie Merrill — the latter just finishing her third year in this position. The second generation of '84 numbers already four; but no claim has yet been established to the class cup, for, alas! they are all boys. Two brighten the home of Fannie (Burt) Wright, in Springfield, and two little Vermonters are growing up with Mary (Brickett) Wilmot, in Thetford. Once during the past year, wedding-cards have surprised the class. This time they came from the secretary, Freda Johnson, who presides now, as Mrs. Frank Bolton, over a charming new home in Baltimore. Margaret McGiffert has had a winter of much care and responsibility in her home in Hudson, N.Y., where she is a daughter and sister not to be spared. She hopes once more to see old-new Abbot in June, when the class had looked forward to a second reunion, but must postpone still the longed-for day. The deepest sympathies of the class are called out for Mamie Nevins, in the recent death of her older sister, at their home in Sewickley, Pa., where Mamie has spent the past happy year. Emily Skilton is full of

good words and works in her father's home in Lowell. We hear directly, from one who knows, that Jennie Greeley and Annah Kimball are honoring our class by their success in teaching at Abbot.

'84 sends back loyal and loving thought, which grows no less true and warm with the passing years and multiplying cares.

'85.

The two married members of this class are both in the West — Matie (Kuhnen) Von Patten at her home, "The Oaks," Locust and Grand Streets, Davenport, Iowa. Isabel (Fogg) Perley was East this winter, at the time of her father's death. Sorrow has come to her not only in this way, but in the loss of her little five-months-old daughter. Mattie Kennerson, called by the sad tidings of the death of her little niece, has lately come from Closter, N.J., where she spent the winter, and, at the time of writing, is at her sister's in Lowell.

'85 is a class of teachers, and its Alma Mater feels sure that they are doing good service in the world. Ruth Hatch and Julia Rockwell in the Normal School at New Britain, Ct.; Helen Bunce in Leominster, Mass.; Annie Lawrence in Reading; Mary Newton with her music scholars in Calais, Me.; and Frances Marrett in that wonderful work with the blind in the Perkins Institute, South Boston.

'86.

'90 brings many changes to the girls of '86. The wedding-day of its President, Grace Carleton, is set for June 24; Harriet Raymond's marriage will be in October; Lucia Trevitt will soon change her name; and Mary Libby is now in Richmond, Me., busy preparing for her new Kentucky home. Louise (Pitts) Vary and Florence (Rowley) Richdale own the two little ones. Grace and Florence, whom the class claims as nieces. Baby Richdale is ten months old, and boasts (or her parents do for her) of five teeth, "and one more almost through." Florence's address has been recently changed, and is now Mrs. John H. Richdale, 6025 May St., Englewood, Ill. Julia Wallace has also moved, and now lives in Tarrytown, N.Y. Since graduation, Alice Jenkins has taught a little, spent some months in France and England, and is now in Andover. Phebe Curtis is the faithful home-keeper and helper. Annis King has been West. Alice Twitchell has travelled more or less. Fanny Swazey not long ago spent a day at Abbot. Jennie Lanphear, Claribel Brooks, Florence Swalm, and Maria Hitchcock are at home; the latter keeping up Andover associations and acquaintances through a younger sister. Mary Gorton has been at Hampton, busy and happy, and is now looking forward to a year of life among the Indians in their own country. She will go under the auspices of Miss Elaine Goodale, whose enthusiasm and work are so well known. Julia Spear is the pioneer of the class, and she too has literally obeyed Horace Greeley's injunction. She and Nettie Hanford, '85, with another friend, have formed a partnership, and started

a millinery establishment in Alamosa, Colorado, where we wish for them a successful business career.

'87.

'87 can give no startling account of her recent doings; but if the *Courant* will give us space for a record of common-place occurrences, we will humbly slip into our place with our share of the news of the graduates of the last decade. We remember that while in Abbot we thought ourselves an unusually fortunate class, and our good fortune has followed us through these three years. Our class circle is still unbroken, and our class spirit has expressed itself vigorously in class letters, in a common interest in making its first wedding present, and in its plan for providing furniture for a suite in Draper Hall. Its first wedding is as yet its only one, and the letters give no certainty of our having our second yet awhile. This wedding was our most important item in the January *Courant*: but our married member has taken so unusual a name that even the editors failed to read it correctly, so that Mrs. Jeanie (Carter) Prall was called Mrs. Pratt. We expect soon to receive glowing accounts of the successes of this matronly member, at Corona, L.I., from the two fortunate classmates who are to be the first of us to visit Mrs. Prall.

Catherine Crocker leaves Massachusetts for a few weeks, after another year of devotion to the Methuen library, and zealous pursuit of German, French, Italian, a Shakespeare club, and dramatic entertainments. All of '87 wish that they could go with her, at least to Corona and Sewickley, if not on into Ohio and Montreal.

The other visitor at Corona this month is to be Jeanie Jillson, on her way north, after a year's work as teacher of elocution at Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky.

We may soon hear of another classmate teaching elocution, for Sophia Walker has been taking lessons at one of the Boston schools of oratory.

All '87 felt a shock when it received the news of the separation of the Pearsons. Angie Pearson went, in January, to teach in Southbridge, Mass., while Olive is at home, teaching in one of the Reading schools. Fortunately, the summer vacation will soon reunite them.

Two of the class have never yet revisited Andover. One of the two, Anna Bronson, is now living in Ithaca, N.Y., and is attending classes at Cornell, besides carrying home responsibilities and working for many a good cause outside.

Eliza Atwell has seen neither Andover nor any member of the class since graduation. As such isolation is contrary to the belief and ordinary practice of '87, we are glad to say that before the *Courant* issues from the press it will have been broken by a visit from Catherine Crocker. Letters from Sewickley tell us of housekeeping, of a literary club, a sketching club, and a dramatic club, all combining to keep their victim from coming to us. Perhaps these responsibilities tend somewhat to erase memories of Abbot: but we comfort ourselves with the assurance that

the dramatic club will be so indelibly associated in this member's mind with life in Andover that the hostile influence of other cares will count as nothing.

Our other Pennsylvania member, Bessie C. Baird, is at home in Pottsville. We hear that she was one of the company of Abbot girls at the wedding of a member of '85, in Davenport, Iowa.

Hattie Thwing has once more left Farmington, Me., for Minneapolis, Minn., where she will spend the summer. Lutie Rokes and Carrie Robinson are in Thomaston, Me.; and Carrie writes us of work with clubs and foreign tongues, in the young people's Church Union and at home.

Emma Twitchell's home is still in Portland, though we hear that her friends in that city sometimes rally her upon her frequent absences.

Angie May Duntun was at the Summer School of Languages at Burlington, Vt., last year, and writes of having met Miss Mabel Wheaton there. She is now at her home in Bath, Me.

'87 includes housekeepers, teachers, a librarian, and also boasts of one member in mercantile life. Grace Smith has entered a business life in Concord, N.H., as her father's accountant.

The best news in regard to our valuable class secretary, Mollie Bill, is, that she has been rapidly gaining in health and strength. The most recent news tells of a delightful trip to Washington, D.C.

We have only to mention that '87 has one member, Alice Hamlin, back in Abbot Academy as a teacher, and our news of the seventeen classmates is as complete as our space and present information will allow it to be. It is a meagre record; but we remind ourselves that we are recent graduates, and look forward to results in the following decade that shall come nearer to the ideal of our Alma Mater.

'88.

Bessie Rockwell is still in New Britain, and, like Nellie Walkley, is becoming a famous housekeeper. Beth Stratton, when last heard from, was in Ashville, N.C., for her health. Frances Decker is at home, happy in the possession of a studio of her own. Emily Smith is now visiting Esther Dow, and will probably be in Andover before the term closes. Maria Gardner writes from Philadelphia, where she is teaching in the school with her cousin. Addie Puffer spends much of her time in painting, and May Stow is still teaching in Plantsville.

'89.

The '89 girls have a reunion this June; and we hope many will be in Andover.

Two of our number are giving to others some of the wisdom learned at Abbot. One, May Peabody, is teaching in Cambridge; and the other, Mollie Hutchings, in the high school at her home.

Fannie Bancroft is yearning for greater heights of knowledge, and goes to Smith College in the autumn. Of the other Andover girls, Mabel

Strong has been away most of the winter, and Dora Mason is happily occupied with her new house by the old railroad, and her music.

Nan Spenser has well fulfilled the arduous duty of class secretary, and has kept the girls to the mark in letters and other class affairs.

Kathleen Jones has left the Art School, on account of the illness of her mother, and has betaken herself to domestic life.

Lizzie Ryder is recovering from her severe illness, and has had the sincere sympathy of the class in her trial.

It seems very pleasant to think of Edith Jackson and Eva Phillips together again, after their long separation. Edith was one of our class invalids last fall.

During the past month Alice Joy has visited Andover. She has been rather a wandering spirit this year, and her travels evidently agree with her.

Mattie Hart is at home, carrying into her housekeeping duties the same conscientiousness which she showed in school work.

As befits a minister's daughter, Evelina French is deeply engaged in Christian Endeavor Societies and other good works.

Many of the '89 girls have enjoyed the pleasant hospitality of Alice Hendryx's home this year.

Lillian Ellis is enjoying plantation life, and her southern friends are said to consider her a perfect Yankee.

Grace Wanning has been looking forward to a summer in Europe, but her plans have been changed on account of the serious illness of her uncle, with whom she expected to travel.

'89, being only last year's brood, feel themselves as yet the least of Mother Abbot's children, but hope by their filial love to be worthy their Alma Mater.

Among those whom it has been a pleasure to meet again are:

†May Peabody, '89; Clara Ray, '89; Charlotte Archer, '86; Emily H. Cheney, '66; †Caroline Holmes, '71; Flora Mason, '89; Mrs. Frances (Kimball) Harlow; Hattie Sutliff, '89; Kate (Douglass) Wiggin, '73; Maude M. Foster, '88; †Katherine F. Crocker, '87; †Alice Joy, '89; †Harriet L. Raymond, '86; Hattie G. Abbot, '85; †Jennie Lanphear, '86; †Grace M. Carleton, '86; †Martha (Barrows) Hitchcock, '56; Ellen Webster, '83; Julia Hubbard, '88; †Mary E. Stowe, '88; †Kathleen Jones, '89; †Annis G. Spencer, '89; Florence Swan, '77; †Alice Gardner, '78; †Frances Swazey, '86; †Mary (Abbot) Babbitt, '67; †Sarah (Hunking) Cheney, '66; †Lucy (Montague) Brown, '66; †Mary F. Bill, '87; †Fanny (Fletcher) Parker, '72; Emily Torrey, '83; Carrie Bond, '89; Kate Gage, '88; †Effie (Dresser) Wilde, '82; Lina G. Sewall, '77; †Annie Frye, '82; Mary H. Cornelius, '36.

MARRIAGES.

In Baltimore, Md., Jan. 22, 1890, †Frances Alfreda Johnson, '84, to Frank C. Bolton.

In Davenport, Iowa, Dec. 18, 1889, †Mary M. Kuhnén, '85, to Edward H. Van Patten.

In Bristol, R. I., Jan. 8, 1890, Elizabeth B. Diman, '76, to Harry H. Cabot.

In Kansas City, Mo., May 8, 1889, Eva Wilson, '87, to Nathaniel E. Carpenter.

†Lizzie Caldwell, '83, to Herbert B. Newton. At Home after June 1, Ferry and Kimball Streets, Bradford, Mass.

In New London, Ct., Helen M. Dennis, '81, to George N. Cole.

In Charlestown, Mass., by Professor Churchill, Eva Smith, '73, to Walter Conway Prescott.

In Albany, N. Y., June 12, 1889, by Rev. Dr. Holmes, father of the bride, Sarah McClellan Holmes, '83, to Rev. Harris Ely Adriance, now settled at Pelham Manor, near New York City.

DEATHS.

In East Orange, N. J., Ruth, daughter of William S. and Agnes Baldwin Fairchild.

In Charlestown, Mass., Mr. Oliver Smith, father of Eva Smith, '73.

Mrs. Jane Ware, sister of †Delight Twitchell Hall, '73.

In Florida, Mr. Hezekiah W. Wight, father of Annie Wight, '88.

Suddenly, in Ovid, N. Y., Mr. Charles S. Johnston, father of †Anna S. Johnston, '90.

In Cedar Falls, Iowa, May 12, 1890, Alice Southworth Windsor, wife of Roger Leavitt.

Mrs. Martha B. Bullard died at 4 o'clock Tuesday A.M., March 4th.

Mrs. Bullard had a bright and happy married life. Her husband was a teacher, first in Manchester, N.H., and then in Boston. He died seventeen years ago, leaving her with one son. For a time after his death, Mrs. Bullard was matron at the Prison for women at Sherburne, and in '82, she came to Abbot Academy where she has ever since been identified with Davis Hall as a faithful worker and helper. For some years she has known of the fatal character of the disease, and last spring she was away for a short time, but returned this fall, and remained bravely at her post until January, when her disease conquered her will, and she lay sick in her room for several weeks. She now consented to go to the N. E. Hospital to submit to a surgical operation which might, or might not, be useful, there being but one chance in ten of its proving successful. She left here, Feb. 13th. The operation was performed on the 25th. She calmly gave directions and arranged for her interests, and then quietly committed herself to her God.

The result seemed favorable and she was quite comfortable for several days, but suddenly she grew weaker and sank quietly away.

Mr. Blair, Miss McKeen, Miss Lina Kimball, and Miss Merrill went to Franklin, Mass., to the old homestead, where the funeral services were held March 7th.

In speaking to the School of Mrs. Bullard, Miss McKeen dwelt upon her courage, her not sinking into melancholy and selfishness, not shirking hard work, but keeping bravely on; of the fortitude with which she kept her inexorable secret, while those around little knew her trial or her heroism: of her trust in God, which was the secret of this courage and heroism.

Died in Andover, May 14, Mrs. Elizabeth Greene, widow of Edward Buck, Esq., and daughter of Judge Samuel Hubbard of Boston, aged 73 years.

The death of Mrs. Buck will bring a personal sorrow to many of the Alumnae of Abbot Academy. Among the sunny memories of their life here, are those of pleasant drives with the genial trustee, who enjoyed filling his carriage with school-girls, and, after a little outing, taking them home to tea, where he was sure of their cordial reception by the accomplished lady of the house.

To come, in any degree, under the influence of Mrs. Buck, was a positive advantage; in her intellectual force tempered by charity,—her prejudice checked by justice,—her ambition yoked with admirable common-sense, and her conscious superiority graced by kindly sympathy, her character was a rare combination which made her hospitality a blessing to her young guests; to many it was a revelation of a noble ideal.

What Mrs. Buck was to those of the teachers who knew her familiarly, cannot be expressed in words. Through her, life was enriched; her judgment was a refuge in perplexity, and her sympathy was a solace in trouble.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'90.

"Gradatim."

<i>President,</i>	JESSIE E. GUERNSEY.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ESTHER A. KUHNEN.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	CORA E. McDUFFEE.
Class Color,	Nile Green.
Flower,	Clover.

'91.

"Mehr Licht."

<i>President,</i>	KATHERINE H. WINEGARNER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	CAROLINE A. GOODELL.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	NELLIE B. ROYCE.
Class Colors,	Carnation-red and white.
Flowers,	Red and White Carnations.

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1889-1890.

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Abbot Courant Advertiser.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

The Fall Term

*Of the Sixty-second Year will begin on Thursday,
September 11, 1890.*

The Winter Term

Will begin on Thursday, January 1, 1891.

For information and admission apply to Miss PHILENA McKEEN,
Andover, Mass.

FOR LIST OF TEACHERS SEE NEXT PAGE.

TEACHERS.

MISS PHILENA McKEEN, PRINCIPAL

MRS. ELIZABETH S. MEAD.

Absent during the year.

MISS ABBY FRANCES MITCHELL.

MISS MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL.

French.

MISS JANE LINCOLN GREELEY.

Latin.

MISS KATHERINE R. KELSEY.

Geometry.

MISS ANNAH JAMESON KIMBALL.

MISS ALICE JULIA HAMLIN.

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1829.

1890.

THE SIXTY-FIRST
ANNIVERSARY
OF
ABBOT ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, MASS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1890.



BACCALAUREATE SERMON

AT

The South Church.

June 15, A.M.

BY REV. EZRA BRAINERD, D.D., LL.D., MIDDLEBURY, VT.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17,

9.00 A.M.

At the Academy Hall.

Music. — Ungarische Rhapsodie, for two pianos. — *Liv.*
Misses Dewey and Barrett.

Essay: Weird Fancies in Northern Brains, *Miss Johnston.*
Essay: Eine Kleine deutsche Studie, *Miss Wheaton.*

Music. — Hexen Tanz (The Witches' Dance). — *E. McDowell.*
Miss Perry.

Essay: What shall we do with our Mothers? *Miss Brainerd.*
Reading: "The Pilot's Story," *Miss McDuffee.*

Music. — Etude Symphonique, No. 12, — *Schumann.*
Misses Dewey and Barrett.

Class Exercises.

Oration, - - - - - *Miss Guernsey, President.*

VINE PLANTING.

Transfer of the Spade, - - - - - *Miss Kuhnen, Vice-President.*

VINE SONG.

By Adeline G. Perry.

Happy birds the woods are filling
 With bright carols sweet and gay.
Scattering every thought of sadness,
Bringing only hope and gladness
 With the beauty of the day.
 With the beauty of the day.

Little vine, thou shalt be cherished
 With the tenderest love and care,
Till thy verdant leaves, out-flinging
Tiny tendrils softly clinging
 Kiss the fragrance of the air.
 Kiss the fragrance of the air.

Thou these ancient walls embracing
 Sturdy growth their power shall prove
Year by year new strength appearing,
To our heart, the thought endearing,
 Emblem of our grateful love,
 Emblem of our grateful love.

Heavenly Father, we Thy children
 Look to thee to help and guide;
Step by step we're onward pressing
To receive the promised blessing,
 Take and keep us by thy side,
 Take and keep us by thy side.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17,

10.45 A.M.

At the South Church.

Voluntary and March.

INVOCATION.

HYMN.

Address by Rev. David Gregg, D.D.,
of Boston, Mass.

PRESENTATION of DIPLOMAS by REV. EDWARD G. PORTER.

PARTING HYMN.

Words by Miss A. L. Waring.

Music by S. M. D.

"My time are in Thy hands."

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am.
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,—
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side:
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified

In a service which Thy will appoints.
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Alumni Meeting at Academy Hall, at 2.30 P.M.

Names of the Graduating Class.

——
"GRADATIM."
—

Alice Irene Barrett,	<i>New Rochelle, N. Y.</i>
Elizabeth DeLong Brainerd,	<i>Middlebury, Vt.</i>
Edie Dewey,	<i>Barton, Vt.</i>
Jessie Elizabeth Guernsey,	<i>Framingham.</i>
Anna Sandford Johnston,	<i>Ovid, N. Y.</i>
Esther Annie Kuhnen,	<i>Davenport, Iowa.</i>
Cora Ernestine McDuffee,	<i>Keene, N. H.</i>
Adeline Gibbs Perry,	<i>Bridgton, Me.</i>
Olive Helena Wheaton,	<i>San Francisco, Cal.</i>

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ANDOVER, MASS.






Volume XVII.

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The Abbot Courant.

JANUARY, 1891. 

Andover, Mass:

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MDCCCXCI.

THE ABBOT COURANT.

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KATHERINE H. WINEGARNER, '91. WINNIFRED LAWRY, '92.

HARRIET E HIMES, '93.

Business Editors.

CAROLINE A. GOODELL, '91. CHARLOTTE L. ODELL, '92.

VOL. XVII.

JANUARY, 1891.

NO. 1.

THE NEW YEAR'S CALL.

The year in its spotless beauty,
With its pages of stainless white,
Calls you forth to meet life's duty,
Bids you work until the night—
Then to wait, with gentle patience,
For the dawning of the light.

Calls you forth to take life's blessing,
Mingled oft with pain and strife;
Bids you seek to know the meaning
Of that problem we call life, —
Then to wait, with heart all trusting,
'Till the Father gives you sight.

Calls you forth to lift life's burdens,
Lightened oft times ere you bend;
Bids you still, though heavy laden,
To another comfort lend, —
Then to wait, with trust unyielding,
'Till the day of toil shall end.

Calls you forth to meet life's questions,
Freighted oft with doubt and fear;
Bids you stoop to take its lessons,
Bending low to hide each tear,—
Then to wait, with sweet submission,
'Till the morn of peace draws near.

W. L. '92.

AN AUTUMN FLIGHT.

OF course you have noticed the merry companies of autumn leaves that go whirling past your windows so often just now, and thought about them, too; but did you ever realize what wonderful tales some of them might tell?

Would it surprise you to hear yonder little wanderer, who is fluttering wearily against your window-pane, say that he has come all the way from Boston since sunrise? Last night he nestled close with his brothers on the home tree in Boston Common; this morning he was awakened by the rude voice of the south-west wind, calling him to be up and away, and before he could say a single farewell he was snatched from the tree and hurried off. His last backward glance showed him that two of his brothers were being treated in the same uncereemonious fashion, while the motherly bough was moaning and tossing in her bereavement.

It seemed that his journey was to be a short one, for he had gone hardly half a mile when his tormentor, with one final puff of triumph, landed him on the roof of one of Boston's high tenement houses; and what a scene of confusion he beheld when he looked down through the skylight where he was lodged! He saw a room that was literally an old curiosity shop; every available inch of space was occupied, and our friend wondered if the little old man who was busily painting at an easel just under the window could possibly force a way to the door in case of fire, or an emergency of that kind. However, he did not seem likely to find out, for a fresh gust of wind caught him up and hurried him away.

He quite enjoyed the next hour of his trip: he ran races with other leaves, and won them too; and when he finally settled down

on the roof of a car in one of the out-going trains from the city his delight was unspeakable.

As they left Boston behind, our little traveller saw for the first time long stretches of brown meadows and fields, and then the train rushed into a piece of woodland. The city leaf was so charmed with what he saw there — the noisy little brook with its overhanging willows and vines, — that he made a violent effort, and hopped from his perch to the ground.

But the last vestige of blue smoke from the engine had not disappeared when the pitiless wind picked him up and hurried him on again. Through the forest, over fields and farms, he came, never stopping long enough to get breath for the next effort. You would not wonder at his torn and soiled appearance if you had seen how roughly he was whirled into the smoky chimney of a great manufactory in the last town he came through. If the ascending current of hot air had not been strong enough to dislodge him from that perch and thrust him upon the tender mercies of the wind once more, he might have rested there over night; but now he is tapping for admittance at your window.

Can he come in, or must he go on in his weary, fruitless search?

H. E. F. '93.

IMPRESSIONS OF A "D. O. G."

SEPTEMBER the seventeenth, in the year of our Lord 1890! A gloomy morning, with the rain now drizzling, now pouring! A railway carriage, sparsely sprinkled with uninteresting passengers! Even the names of the stations seemed too insignificant to be called; but at length "Lawrence" awakened memories of class rides and tintypes, and "South Lawrence" and "Change for North Andover" rang memory's bells to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. Very soon the brakeman shouted, "Andover, Andover!" Dear old Andover! It seemed strange not to be laden with bundles, as we hurried down into the dingy little station. Not a familiar face was in sight; but a Mansion House driver soon appeared on the scene, and intimated that his carriage would wait for the Boston train. Outside, the rain fell in torrents, and gossamers and umbrellas occasionally stalked past the station; while within, Impa-

tience, *not* on a monument, sat in the waiting-room, longing for her first glimpse of Draper Hall.

At length came a distant rumble and roar, a few shrill shrieks, and the expected train rushed into the station. The first person to appear on the platform was a classmate, the "dig" and pride of that immortal class, the chorus of whose Ode ran,

"There never was a class
Like the class of ——!"

Of course we rode up together, and of course we talked of the changes the years had brought. She was coming back to serve her Alma Mater as one of the able corps of instructors, while a strong desire to see the year open under the new *régime* had been the reason for my pilgrimage thither.

The carriage wheeled in at the avenue, along the broad driveway, and our heads fairly reeled as we gazed out at the windows. It looked as if a very orderly earthquake had visited the old place. Davis Hall alone, "faithful found among the faithless," stood in familiar position; but the curtains were drawn at most of the windows, and it did not look like the home of a colony of twenty-five girls. Later on, we learned that it had been rented to a private family, which explained the change. South Hall seemed to have disappeared entirely, but, in reality, had only wheeled itself down on to Abbot Street, below the "old oak." The Academy had right about faced, and stood in the rear of the old site of South Hall, with its noble Ionic pillars facing Davis Hall dining-room. The building had been raised a story, and had taken on a thoroughly rejuvenated air. Small vines of Japanese ivy were beginning to creep up the brick sides, and "the oldest chartered school-building for girls in the United States" will soon be decidedly picturesque.

Our pensive mood was dispelled by the stately pile of brick and brown stone which is dignified by the name of Draper Hall. You have all seen pictures of the structure; but, unless her psychological views are based wholly on Locke, each Abbot girl should make an effort to see for herself this beautiful addition to the institution buildings. A little beyond, looking most natural of all, despite its new position and fresh color, stood Smith Hall.

Here, leaving E —— for a time, I wandered through the old corridors, and called up the ghosts of the past. A strange servant opened the door, for Katy has returned to Erin's Isle, and is no more a fixture at Smith. The parlors looked familiar, yet some of

the art treasures were gone to fill new niches in Draper Hall. A knock at Miss McKeen's door — will any door ever seem so dear to the Seniors? — brought Miss Merrill, with her pleasant smile and cordial greeting. She will enjoy the attractive suite, with its past associations. Up-stairs, new girls and old were hurrying through the corridors, or unpacking their trunks, or fastening up dainty draperies and "standing off" to see the effect. A certain door stood open into what *had* been a Senior room. It may have been more attractive than in by-gone days; but it had a strangely unfamiliar look, and that comfortable possessive *ours* did not seem applicable. And yet there we had conned Porter, pored over Lübke and Kügler, and committed pages from the English poets; there we had spent delightful "quarters," and had charming talks; there we had made ready for Anniversary morning, and thitherward had turned our steps when the exercises were over, carrying our sacred diplomas, with their blue ribbons and classic seals. No matter how changed in appearance, memory remained; and Longfellow was right when he said,

"You cannot buy, with gold, the old associations."

Too long Smith Hall held me within its walls; but at length I mounted the handsome granite steps which lead to Draper Hall entrance. The very first step within is a delightful surprise; for the vestibule is handsomely furnished, and with excellent taste, by a loyal old scholar. At the right is a dainty little room where messengers and business callers wait, and beyond is a magnificent parlor. You have heard of the munificent gift of a Boston trustee; but standing there in that elegant room, you will feel like repeating the words of the Queen of Sheba when she gazed at Solomon's treasures. Such a reception room ought to raise and dignify the very conversation and demeanor of the young ladies and their visitors!

Back of this follow the reading-rooms, library, and sitting-rooms. Individuals and classes have added chairs and tables here, and beautiful and useful things there — links of love to bind forever Abbot and her graduates, past pupils, and friends. The handsome fireplaces show where cheerful tongues of flame will shoot upward as the cold creeps on apace. The wide corridors, the happy-faced girls, the interested face of Mr. Draper as he consults with "*our* Miss Kimball" (who looks as if it were good for her to be here) — all these speak of comfort, happiness, and wise foresight. The

spacious dining-room is wonderfully attractive, with modern tables and chairs, and pretty dishes, and many windows.

Sometimes I pinched myself to see if "I were I," for such marvellous transformations make one think Aladdin must have rubbed his lamp hard and long to have produced such results. And, after all, was it not so? For Miss McKeen was Abbot's Aladdin; and has she not labored long and hard for this delightful end?

The suites for the young ladies are charming. One bevy of girls inquired *if I were a new girl*; and, again, I was asked *which room was mine*. Such queries give one an agreeable youthful feeling, which more than counterbalances the dignity coming from the fact that your name has had a dagger in the Courant for you dare not tell how many years! Pretty parlors, with sash curtains, bamboo lounges, handsome book-cases, comfortable chairs, home-like tables, with harmonious lamps, pictures, and bric à brac, made me long to linger with these fortunate younger sisters; but, after a peep into their pleasant bed-rooms, I hurried off to that Mecca for every loyal D. O. G. — the "McKeen Rooms."

To those of us who never knew Miss Phebe personally, it seems as if the influence of her presence in the school centred here, where the brave, faithful sister lives her strong, helpful life. Rich in art treasures and far-away curios, exquisite in finish, beautiful in conception, it is the room of rooms for our honored principal. There are quaint little seats carved in the chimney-corners, where she may enjoy her cheery open fire, or broad, comfortable window-seats, looking out on the velvet lawn.

As for Miss McKeen herself, she is radiant with happiness at the realization of her long-cherished dream. A few moments with her showed she was the same wise, thoughtful, loving director, with that retentive memory which holds all her girls in mind, without blending any two into a composite somebody else, who never lived. And *this* is my impression of Draper Hall. Are you reconciled, my sisters, for your struggles with "the ten-cent scheme"?

The Academy remained to visit; but I waited till nine o'clock the following morning, and followed the girls up the familiar stairs, took a seat by the megalithoscope, and listened to "prayers," amidst many new faces on the platform and all new ones in the seats. "Lorenzo the Thoughtful" and I would have sympathized, perhaps, if the bronze could have spoken from beneath its Florentine shield. No. 1 is rather finer than in days gone by. A group of Seniors had the map of Rome under consideration when I looked

in, and somebody was reading to the rest from "Hare's Walks. Down-stairs the "Gym." has divided itself up, and paint and paper have freshened some of the rooms wonderfully.

A visit at Abbot would be incomplete without a walk in the grove. The paths "wind about and in and out," the ferns wave their feathery leaves, and the trees are as stately and tall as ever they were. The oak leaves rustled as they did when we planted our class tree, and, looking around for that slender specimen of Norwegian birch, I arrived at the conclusion that the rear wing of Smith was the monument which marked its grave. It would appear that our shovelling had been in vain; but perhaps it developed latent muscle.

All too soon came the time for departure, and the carriage rolled rapidly down to the station, past the Old South church, where once thirteen girls stood up to sing:

"Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me.
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.
I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

And, still musing on that Abbot hymn, I seated myself in the cars to be borne away from Andover.

F. B. P. '82.

A WALK TO MOON TEMPLE.

THE city of Kobe lies at the base of a high mountain which seems to reach almost to the sky. At evening it was hard to tell where the lights of the city left off and the stars began. One evening, as I sat sleepily watching the stars come out, one by one, I was surprised to see one suddenly appear just above the highest mountain. This star did not seem to twinkle as the others did, but looked more like a light. Night after night I watched that star, and finally, calling the attention of a friend to it, was laughingly told that my star was a huge Japanese lantern on the very top of the mountain. My curiosity was now fully aroused. What could a light so far up in the sky mean? Surely, no one lived up there. I was told that on the very highest point of land there was a temple — Moon

Temple it was called; well named, I thought. In this temple was a golden image, which was uncovered but once a year; and all those who could made pilgrimages to offer sacrifices and to worship.

I had seen nearly all the temples in Kobe and Osaka; but, beyond all those I had visited, surely this one must be the most interesting, and I made up my mind at once to see it. When I informed my friends of my intention, they laughed at me, and said: "Surely you do not think of taking such a climb. It is impossible for you to walk up there, and it would be most uncomfortable to ride, as you would have to get a *carnago*." A *carnago* is a kind of sedan chair, the only difference being that it hangs nearer the ground, and is smaller. You are obliged to sit cross-legged, right down in the very bottom of it. This position, for one who is not used to it, is anything but comfortable; and, as it takes over an hour to make the ascent, one is apt to feel cramped and tired long before he reaches the top of the mountain.

"But why could I not walk up?" I asked. "Other ladies have done so."

"Yes," my friend replied: "English ladies have; but you Americans do not know how to walk. Several Americans have tried to climb up to Moon Temple, and failed."

"I will not fail," I replied. "I will walk up and back again in one day."

I was laughed at, and one of my friends rashly offered to bet me five dollars I would not take the walk. All this only served to make me more determined to prove that American ladies could be as agile and persevering as their English sisters. Now, it is a well-known fact, among my friends, that I am one of those lazy people who are averse to much exertion. My brothers were much amused at my wild idea, as they were pleased to term it. They even went so far as to offer to walk with me. I was not slow to accept their offer; and we made up a party of three ladies, besides myself, and four gentlemen. The other ladies were to ride; but I, in spite of all the persuasion brought to bear upon me, was firm in my determination not to take a *carnago*. My brothers and I were to start at daylight, and the rest of the party were to follow later, as they expected to overtake us on the way up.

The eventful day dawned, bright and beautiful. Taking rick-shaws, we rode to the foot of the mountain, and then began our ascent. The road was very rough and broken; for we had had a severe storm a few days before, and the water rushing down over

the side of the mountain, had made great ridges in the road. Before we were an eighth of the way up I began to realize what I had undertaken — an almost perpendicular climb on a hot August day.

When we were about a third of the way up, we came to what is known in Japan as a tea-house — four poles stuck into the ground, two on each side of the road, supporting a flat roof of bamboo or palm leaf. Under this rude shelter was a long, low table, on which were a number of tiny cups, holding about two tablespoonfuls of very weak tea. Entering this picturesque tea-house we seated ourselves on the long table, which answered the purpose of both table and chairs, and were served to several cups of tea. After we had rested a few minutes, we again set out on our journey.

About half-way up, we came to another tea-house, where we again stopped to rest and refresh ourselves with more tea. A little farther along we met a pilgrim on his way down. Early as it was, he had already been up to the temple. He wished us God-speed, and passed on his way.

Now we came to the third and last tea-house. This one was not like the other two. It looked more like a hut. In the centre a few fagots were piled up, and a fire smouldered under them. On this pile a small kettle was placed, over which an aged woman was stooping. The whole scene had such a weird effect that I should not have been surprised had my ears been greeted by the familiar words:

“Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.”

However, as we approached, the woman stood erect, and greeted us in a most prosaic manner. We remained here only a short time; for we were all anxious to see the wonderful temple.

Coming to a sudden turn in the road, I looked up, and a sight met my eyes which seemed to take all strength and courage out of me. Reaching, it seemed to my exaggerated fancy, right up to the sky, was flight after flight of grim-looking stone steps — *six hundred steps!* Could I ever reach the top? Giving one despairing look, I began to drag my tired limbs up — up — up, and, after what seemed to me an eternity, reached the top. And oh, the feeling of disappointment which came over me when my eyes fell upon Moon Temple! A small, grimy-looking building, with sloping roof and dingy walls. To the right of the temple was a long, low platform, with a roof over it, looking something like a pavilion, only on a

very rude scale. This was where the priests held their sacred dances. The temple was such a disappointment to me that I felt no inclination to enter it.

I therefore went to the pavilion, and, advancing to the edge, looked over. I was now fully rewarded for my long and tiresome walk. Such a view! I have not words with which to describe it. Before me, the water, dotted with its many islands; beneath me, the green valleys. Never have my eyes rested on a more glorious panorama. I stood spell-bound for a moment. I no longer felt tired; a cool, pleasant breeze was coming in from the sea. Far out on the water I could see a tiny black speck, which I knew to be the ship of one of our friends who had sailed that morning.

The rest of our party now arrived, much surprised to find us there to receive them, for they had felt sure of overtaking us. We all began to feel hungry; and, as we had brought our own well-filled baskets, the priest kindly placed his house at our disposal, and we spread our lunch on a long, narrow table which he had thoughtfully provided for us, and did ample justice to cold chicken, ham sandwiches, cucumber pickles, sponge cake, and other good American dainties.

After this pleasant "tiffin," we went into the temple, and persuaded the priest in charge to uncover the god for us. He did so very unwillingly. Again I could not help feeling disappointed. I had expected to see an imposing looking image; instead, I saw a very ugly one, about two feet high, standing in a little cell, with a tiny table at his feet, on which were placed small dishes of food and drink. As this was the only thing of interest in the temple, we soon left, and were not sorry to come again into the open air. We then went from this mountain to another neighboring peak, where we could get a better view of the "Inland Sea of Japan."

The afternoon was fast drawing to a close, so we began our descent. I had been told that it was even harder going down the mountain than up, but I did not find this to be true. I really enjoyed the descent very much, as it was cooler than it had been when we came up. We found our rickshaws waiting for us, and soon were all at home again, tired, but jubilant and happy. I won the five dollars, and, better still, proved that American girls are not to be beaten, even in a climb to Moon Temple.

E. P. B. '92.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

It was just twenty-three minutes past seven. The hands of the tall clock gave a mournful expression to the round face that solemnly declared the time. A like mournful look was on the round face of the young girl who sat by the tall clock in front of the open fire. Every other girl in school had gone away for Christmas. Many things had conspired to make it inadvisable for her to go home, and there was no other place where she cared to go. Perhaps no one from home could have come, but they *might* have sent a box. "I'd trade my Christmas for any other girl's that ever lived," she said disconsolately. Then thoughts came crowding, thick and fast, of the Christmas-tides of some newly made history acquaintances; of the fashion in which some girls she met in books had spent their holiday time.

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She sees within a prison Joan of Arc. The glory of her life has passed. Around her are faces cold and dark and hard. The ungracious king has forgotten the heaven-sent maid, with the banner of white, who led the inspired army to victory. Laughter and indecent mirth from the guards cruelly wound the sensitive little soul. She sits on the floor, in her man's garb. The twilight of the one window falls upon her back. Her face is buried in her hands, and she seems to think of the cruel buffetings of the coming trial, when the cunning and wit of the whole council will be used to confound a little peasant maid of nineteen. Then she thinks of former Christmas-tides in Domremy, quiet and peaceful. The voices have failed her; no thoughts of the "white Christ" bring her cheer; in darkness and loneliness she awaits the day of the nativity.

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Another vision rises, wavy and unsubstantial at first as a drifting cloud, it clears and assumes consistency. It is the queen who was not a queen, who ruled neither herself nor her subjects — Matilda of England. She is shrouded in white, and moves as swiftly and silently as a ghost, over the ice and snow, through the ranks of Stephen's army, into the cold, white night. Little she knows of "peace on earth, good-will to men," as, through much danger and

fatigue, she reaches her own army. Her Christmas gift was her liberty.

A soft wind fans tufts of great white lilies, and outlines them against a scarlet screen. A Japanese maiden sits on a low divan, leaning her face, with its childish smile, against the scarlet screen, and twirling a bright lacquer shoe on the end of her dainty foot. The sun makes deep shadows and bright flashes of her gold-fringed sash of blue. The dreamer recognizes the girl of Lady Brassey's visit to Japan. Her small white hands bring strange music from the "samien." Not a Christmas carol; there is not a thought of any quaint celebration of this day of all cheer. She does not even know what day it is!

On the gray stone background of a convent interior showed in strong relief a lone figure in nun's dress, but crowned with the glory of her unbound golden hair. A vision of eyes deep and blue, marked with all the intensity and pathos of a lasting, hopeless love; of cold, pale lips that kissed the convent veil only when love was denied, and, instead of Christmas anthems, formed themselves resolutely into "Abelard, Abelard"; of white arms thrown despairingly above the head in agonized entreaty for peace, this Christmas-tide — peace that neither the world nor the convent could give — the peace that the "white Christ" brings, and that passeth all understanding.

Tender thoughts come next, of a little maid in a sure embrace, where she loved to lay her head; of her face, fair, pensive, loving, lovely; of her eyes, whose calm and trusting light a shadow of unkindness never crossed, and of the rosy mouth that crooned the songs of the Christ child's coming; of the little presence full of hope, strength, courage, peace that come with that perfect faith, a child's full trust in a parent. It is Babie Stuart and Charles the First of England, who, whatever his public life, was to her a dear and loving father. No foreshadowing of her own early death, nor of the horror grimly settling on her father's life. Dear little baby face, how bright and beautiful it smiles through the long years!

Passing footsteps startled the dreamer, and her thoughts returned abruptly to the present, and with it came a feeling of relief. She

did not want the Christmas cheer of the pathetic Joan of Arc, nor of the white-robed queen who was not a queen. She did not even want to be the sweet-faced baby over whose golden hair hung her father's disgrace and death. The tragic figure of Heloise brought a rush of tears. What was Christmas without the sentiments which hallow the carol, mistletoe, and reunion. Better, far better, to be herself, with one dull Christmas, than any of these.

The door opened softly, and some one came in. The hands of the clock assumed a jubilant, if one-sided, smile. It was her father.

H. G. '92.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

HAVING just closed the album which contains the faces of so many of Abbot's graduates, it seems as if we must tell you a little of the pleasure you give us by your presence there. Perhaps a great many of you looked over the album, before you were in it, and thought, "Oh, I wonder if I shall ever have a place in this old book!" Yes, and now *we* are wondering just the same thing.

It does not take the new girls long to learn in just what drawer in the library the album is kept, and on many a rainy afternoon you may find a group gathered around it. And how we do enjoy it, especially if a teacher or one who has been here for several years will tell us about the old girls. Do you think we make fun of your queer, old-fashioned trains and remarkable neck-ties? No, indeed; we think far more of the sweet faces which we see than of any peculiarities of dress. If anything is said, it is, "Just think how oddly our photograph will look when we have been graduated ten or fifteen years." As we turn the pages over and over again, we find each time something of added interest, and after a while come to feel that we almost know you, and were you to come back we should say, "Yes, we remember your face very well." But all of you are not there. We miss you, for we do not like the vacant places: and where you have basely torn yourself away, we are sure you cannot realize what a goodly company you have left.

We girls go to the album in very different moods: alas, sometimes cross. If so, we are sure to come away in a better frame of mind, because we see so many bright and interesting faces, and because we know that you all must have had the same trials when you were school-girls. Some of the girls have chosen a special friend among you, and go to you for help and for a pleasant smile, and as we look we like to fancy our favorites out in the busy world, and we wonder if your thoughts ever turn back to Andover, or if you ever think about us. We look and admire, and wonder if this girl ever did lose control of herself, and if that one was ever dreadfully homesick. Another face will be sparkling with fun, and we know she must have been the life of her class, and another by her side looks toward her as if she loved her dearly. Not long ago a style of wearing the hair was adopted by many of us, and I think a certain sweet face in its beautiful setting of wavy hair had a great deal to do

with it. So you see that, instead of ridiculing, we adopt some of your old fashions.

Again we repeat, we are glad to know you by your pictures, and wish that each and every one could come to see us in person, especially during this our first year in our new quarters, and '91's last in Abbot Academy.

The renewed interest which has been kindling in and for Abbot Academy burst into enthusiasm, upon the anniversary of '88, when Miss McKeen, followed by the Teachers, Senior class, and members of the Alumnae Association, turned the first spade in the ground upon which Draper Hall now stands. Those who gather at the anniversary of '91 will witness the glad fruition of the hopes kindled three years before.

A stranger tells us that we are justly proud of our new surroundings, that every part of the building is a masterpiece of architecture and forethought. True, indeed; but one who sees but the architectural beauty has seen but the outside. Draper Hall was built not, as so many public buildings have been, upon a few large gifts, but it stands as a memorial of the many loyal ones who have gone out from the beloved walls. All over the world these girls — for "they are Abbot *girls* still, though the hair has become snowy white" — have been echoing the motto of '89, "Semel Abbas, semper Abbas."

For years past Abbot has been longing for more room in which to grow. The longing has been satisfied, and what shall be the outcome? Truly the girls of to-day should learn from the old girls a lesson of loyalty and earnestness. It is true that some of the highest interests of the school are in the hands of the Trustees, and that the standard of scholarship depends largely upon the teachers; but there is another side, the responsibility of which rests upon the girls — the girls of to-day. It is ours to raise a standard of active social life among the girls themselves. It is for individuals and classes to stand up nobly, unitedly, and enthusiastically for what they believe to be right and true. It is for those of us who are here just now to make Abbot Academy a centre of high social principles and genuine helpfulness, and surely there is no better time to catch the enthusiasm needful to do this than just now, when every nook of Draper Hall is speaking of the enthusiasm and devotion of former years. And in so doing can we not make Abbot girls prouder than ever of their Alma Mater?

With what anxious thoughts did we look forward to the last few days of our school year of '90, hoping and longing for pleasant weather, and comforted by the thought that there had been only two rainy commencement weeks within the last twenty years, and that the four-leaved clovers of '90 would surely bring good luck at the last.

Baccalaureate Sunday dawned clear and warm. As we sat in our usual place in the left-hand gallery of the South church, and anxiously watched for the first appearance of our reverend Seniors, we began to

realize that they were soon to leave us, and that this was the beginning of the parting. But we were proud of them, and were glad that they were *our* Seniors. The sermon was preached by Rev. Ezra Brainerd, D.D., LL.D., of Middlebury, Vt. His text was from the one hundred and twenty-seventh Psalm: "For so he giveth unto his beloved in sleep." The beautiful lesson which he drew from this was, that it is not only in the active walks of life that we receive God's blessing, but when we are sleeping, or think that we are doing almost nothing for Him. But in the school, in the shop, in the home, or wherever we may be, if our work be done faithfully and well, we receive from Him. Quite a large number of friends had already arrived, and we were glad to see how happy the girls were with them, and how proud the parents were of their daughters. It made the rest of us quite long to be Seniors. How happy and busy we were during those last few days!

Monday came, bringing the long looked for Draper Reading. At an early hour in the evening the friends of the school began to assemble in Abbot Hall, and soon every available space was occupied. It is needless to say that, under the care of Professor Churchill, the evening was a success. And from the interested faces of the audience, we knew that every one was pleased. Among the readers there were four Seniors, and it was especially fortunate for them that they could have so many friends with them. The programme of the evening was:

"An Expedition to Gretna Green" (Dickens), Edythe N. Goodrich; "Quite So's Latin Grammar" (T. B. Aldrich), Olive H. Wheaton; "Christie Johnstone's Heroism" (Charles Reade), Hattie E. Bliss; "The Little Brother" (Fitz-Hugh Ludlow), Bertha Louise Manning; "The Lady of Shalott" (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps), Josephine D. Crocker; "The High Tide of Lincolnshire" (Jean Ingelow), Adeline Gibbs Perry; "Mère Marchette" (Arlo Bates), Jessie E. Guernsey; "Jimmie Butler and the Owl" (Anon.), Julia C. Gage; "The Benediction" (François Coppée), Cora E. McDuffee; "Squire Paine's Conversion" (Rose Terry Cooke), Sadie F. Bliss.

Tuesday brought all that could be desired in the way of bright sunshine and good cheer. We hardly knew how many friends Abbot has, until we saw them coming to welcome another class into the ranks of alumnae. At 9 A.M. we gathered in Abbot Hall and listened to the class exercises. Then the audience was invited to the vine planting just outside the Academy. '90 proposed to plant a token of her love which should cling to the beloved bricks as long as the walls were standing. And now, as we see these vines growing and thriving, we cannot but think of those whom they represent. After each one had lovingly contributed her spadeful of earth to the tender vine, Miss Kuhnén, Vice-president of '90, transferred the spade to the incoming class. Miss Perry had written a very pretty vine song, in which the whole school joined in singing. The services at the South church followed. A pleasing and instructive address was de-

livered by the Rev. David Gregg, D.D., of Boston. We girls who heard him could not help being glad that we were women, and although not so great in the eyes of men, our work is still one of the grandest which God has given to any of his servants. After the diplomas were presented, by the Rev. Edward L. Porter of Lexington, and the parting hymn sung, friends and pupils gathered in Smith Hall to talk over the day and to renew pleasant acquaintances.

Then came the final tearing up and packing. The good-bys were hard to say, especially as some of the girls were going so far away; but for others there was the pleasant prospect of a reunion in September; and this, with the thought of a happy, restful summer at home, made many cheerful faces. Many of us who were to return would be in Draper Hall; and, although Smith Hall would hereafter enjoy the companionship of our French sisters, we wondered if the old house felt any regret at the prospective loss of the Seniors.

"Please step to the other door: this is the scholars' entrance." You have climbed the long hill from the station: you have noted the altered position of the Academy, of Smith Hall, the sloping lawn with its sweep of broad concrete walks, and the dignified aspect of the object of your visit — Draper Hall, with its bay windows, arched doorways, and odd gables. Pride in your Alma Mater rises high in your heart, as you ring the bell, only to be chilled by the realization that you are no longer a pupil in its beloved walls, but only a visitor, to be shown around to the "other door." But it is worth the extra walk to step through the vestibule, with its shining oak furnishings, into — What! Can this be a parlor in a boarding-school — this long, luxurious room, with its old oak panelling, delicately colored walls, and old ivory frieze: sunshine softened by tinted shades and Brussels lace? One is impressed by the harmonious shading of the damask upholstery, which no photograph of the room could reproduce; for the old blue, rose, and cream of the furniture blends softly with the cream and terra-cotta of the carpet, which in coloring and design is a reproduction of a mosaic flooring recently excavated in Pompeii. The old oak panelling and the heavy, polished oak table in the centre add dignity to the room. The class of '86 speaks to the girls and callers of to-day, and tells of continued interest and love, every time the silvery chime sounds from the clock of Algerian onyx which occupies the place of honor on the mantel. At the right of the fireplace hangs a water-color of beautiful pink roses, the work and gift of Miss Helen Pressey. There are a few things which pleasantly blend the memory of the old hall with the new. The white marble Pudicitia seems to have lost none of her quiet modesty since she has been transported into richer quarters. Some of the bronzes, also, which Miss McKeen brought from Europe, have their place upon this mantel.

We now pass across the hall into the bright, sunny reading-room, which,

with its great cheerful fireplace and its iron furnishings, the long reading-table ornamented with the handsomely-bound volumes of the new Century Dictionary, the rack filled with the popular and scientific magazines and daily papers, is a welcome retreat; and upon many a stormy day the roaring of the flames and the crackling of the pine-knots banish the thought of the gloom outside.

We pass through into the library itself, with its broad northern window extending nearly the whole width of the room, and its many rows of carefully-arranged books, over which the busts of Scott, Shakespeare, and the form of Daniel Webster seem to hold solemn guard.

We go down the corridor to our special pride and delight, the memorial guest-room. The blue carpet, with its mahogany border, seems doubly rich against the cream-tinted walls with the light blue frieze. The rich draperies, the mahogany furniture, the exquisitely appointed writing-desk and bureau, and the evident thought and taste pervading the room, seem to make it what it was designed to be — a loving memorial. Above the entrance of the tiny vestibule, which is separated from the room by heavy portières, is a carved screen, bearing the word "Nettie," the name of one to whose memory this beautiful room, with its complete furnishings, is given. And, though Abbot cannot claim her as a pupil, her name will always be a dear and familiar one, and we love to hear of her short, but bright and helpful life.

Now into the Trustees' room, which, with its carpet of brown and blue, the long table covered with dark blue felt, the heavy oak chairs with blue leather mountings, and the suggestive pictures of the "Syndies," has a marked air of dignity and solemnity.

Now around the corner to the "Old Girls' Room," which, with its dainty white furnishings and blue draperies, and, above all, its quiet, home-like atmosphere, will make them feel that they are welcome with us.

Pausing a moment at the door of the Seniors' parlor, we see another great fireplace: the antique, hand-wrought andirons seem to have a grotesqueness and weirdness about them, suggestive of old castles. The broad windows and glass door, opening upon the long balcony, give a delightful view of the sunset, which fills the room with a bright, cheerful glow. The richly-polished centre-table with its roomy drawers and desk-compartments, the oak couch with its brown leather cushions, the graceful wicker chairs in the eighteenth-century finish, the odd high-backed chairs (which may have come with the andirons), the walnut cabinets filled with choice art-books and pictures, show it to be a room for both delightful study and pleasant recreation.

Now up over the stairs, stopping for a moment upon the cosy landing, from which is a charming view of Maple Walk and the "old oak." Up, up! but the stairs are easy and the steps well worth taking, if only to catch glimpses of the beautiful pictures framed by the large windows. At the end of a long corridor we see "Lilian Holbrook," in tinted glass,

over large double doors, and we enter the fine apartment over which Professor Downs reigns supreme. Passing through the little vestibule, we come to the parlor devoted to the grand piano, and out of which open twelve practice-rooms, all provided with double doors and padded walls. The sunny room with a large bay-window is Professor Downs' sanctum. These rooms are also memorial, and to one of Abbot's girls.

Still another flight, and we come to the large, light studios, and pass through the well-filled east-room, the rooms devoted to oils, to crayon-work, the lecture-room: and we notice the softly-tinted walls, the beautiful windows, and the many conveniences for artistic work, and think of the fortunate girls who work here with Miss Means as their teacher and guide.

"All this is very good," you remark, as we turn our backs on the fascinations of these apartments, and begin to descend; "but are the girls' own rooms spacious and convenient?" "Judge for yourself," and, with a knock and a "May I show these ladies your room?" we enter a sunny suite, presided over by two pleasant-faced girls. The parlor, with its big, long window and dainty furnishings, opens into a good-sized bed-room, with its two snowy beds, two commodious bureaus, and — shades of Smith Hall! — two generous closets!"

Now down the winding stairway to a large, airy room. Floods of sunshine come through the many windows; snowy white tables are surrounded by quaint, high-backed chairs. Surely appetite ought to await us here, and good digestion too, when the chairs are filled with happy girls, the hum of voices fills the air, and the motto of the room might well be, "Now let the merriest tales be told."

Lack of time forbids a journey through the carefully-arranged kitchen and down into the basement, where the engineer presides over the heating apparatus and the dynamo. So we go back to the guests' hall, which is one of the most delightful nooks in the house. At one side is a door leading into a small dressing-room, while another door bears over it the inscription, carved in oak, "The McKeen Rooms." Entering the door, we see the part of the building on which the most thoughtful and loving work has been expended. One is instantly impressed with the permanent beauty of the room. It is finished to nearly half its height with heavy panelling of quartered oak, above which is a tinted wall of sympathetic coloring, surmounted by a frieze of blue and gold. The room seems to be divided, by the panelling and heavy pillars, into three compartments. In one, with the pleasant bay window is the beautiful desk, the gift of old girls, and seems to be a quiet recess for undisturbed work. In the centre, the library, built against the walls, which contains Miss McKeen's choice collection of books. Beyond that the general sitting-room, which has its cheerful fireplace, the andirons of which are a fac simile of those used by the renowned George Washington.

Beyond that is Miss McKeen's sleeping-room, which is furnished with the same beauty as the rest of the suite.

Here we say good-by, and the visitors pass out, tired with many steps, but satisfied and glad, and prouder than ever of Abbot Academy.

DRIFTWOOD.

Possibly we devote a disproportionately large space, in this Courant's issue, to our new Draper Hall. Forgive us if it is so, but know that we do it taking for granted your interest in what we are enjoying so much. We want you to know, also, what a happy year we are having, and, though we spend many moments in admiring our surroundings, we hope that our daily work is none the less thorough and good. We wish that friends would come oftener into our classes, and see for themselves what we are doing.

Our thoughts go out naturally to the girls of '90 — to Jessie Guernsey, visiting her brother in far-away Kansas; to Olive Wheaton in farther-away California; to Anna Johnston, teaching near her own home; to Elizabeth Brainerd, at work in the Middlebury High School; to Edie Dewey, busy with her father in the Boston bank; to Cora McDuffee and Esther Kuhnén in their homes, learning to be famous housekeepers; to Irene, industriously plying her needle and "learning to sew." But we have Adele Perry with us, and can see with our own eyes how busy she is with piano, violin, and French. We wish that before the next Courant each girl of the Clover Class would send us word of her home-life and work.

A WORD FROM SMITH HALL.

When we returned to Abbot this fall, it seemed strange indeed to find the English and German speaking girls settled in Draper Hall, and the new French family established with Miss Merrill and Miss Kelsey in prosaic old Smith Hall. To the only one of last year's inmates who remained here the changes have been especially marked. At first, it seemed impossible to realize that Miss McKeen and the Seniors were no longer to be seen here; but in a few days we had become accustomed to the small family and the two short tables in the centre of the dining-room, and from that time we have had such a happy and contented family that none of us would be willing to change places with the Draper Hall girls, in spite of the elegance of their surroundings.

Nothing of especial interest has occurred at "Le Palais Français," as some one laughingly called it, except that one Tuesday evening, early in the term, a small and select party was given for the amusement of our household, and later we had the pleasure of spending a part of the evening with Miss Merrill's guests, Dr. and Mrs. Selah Merrill, Miss Abbot, and Miss Robinson. One of our pleasant customs is to gather in the music-

room with Miss Merrill and sing for an hour every Sunday evening. We look forward, also, to the time, each night, between supper and the half-hour; for that is recreation-time, when we talk or dance in the cosy music-room, or buy flowers from the alluring collection of Mrs. Piddington, while we wait for the distribution of the welcome letters that never come often enough to satisfy us. Such privileges make our school-life very homelike, and we realize the advantage of being in a small family, where such liberties are possible.

One Saturday afternoon this term Mrs. Selah Merrill told us, in her own charming way, of her visit to Hebron and the cave of Machpelah. We were especially interested in this subject after our study of church history, and considered ourselves very fortunate that we could hear more particularly about the place from one who had visited there. Dr. and Mrs. Merrill went in company with General Lew Wallace, and Mrs. Merrill has been farther into the cave than any other Christian lady. She showed us several pictures of Hebron and the surrounding country, which made her talk all the more real to us. Afterwards we gathered round to see the mementoes which she had brought from Hebron, and thought for a little while that we had been in Hebron with her.

The lectures in the People's Course have been better than ever this year. The managers have shown excellent judgment in their choice, and certainly have not failed in their endeavor to please. The lecture by George Makepeace Towle upon Eugenie, Empress of the French, was very interesting. A concert on Nov. 10 was a pleasant change from the lectures, and was much enjoyed by all. "How Pompeii was Destroyed" was at once interesting and instructive, and some beautiful pictures were shown. Best of all was our own Mrs. Downs's lecture upon the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

On Nov. 22 we were invited to Phillips Academy to see a sleight-of-hand performance by Mr. Pray, whom we found as amusing and entertaining as we did last year.

Dr. Oscar Cheney kindly gave us a talk, in our Academy Hall, upon the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, and illustrated it by pictures which he obtained while in Europe this last summer.

The Andover-Exeter foot-ball game was played on the Andover campus Nov. 8. It was a fine game, resulting in a score of 16-0 in favor of Andover. We attended in a body, and waved our blue and white ribbons enthusiastically whenever Andover made a "beautiful play." To be sure, few of us knew when a beautiful play was made, except by the cheering, but we would not confess it. In the evening the boys celebrated their victory with a brass band, a few torches, a great deal of cheering and horn-blowing, and an enormous bonfire. All Andover rejoiced with them.

The girls in the German corridor, Draper Hall, spent a delightful evening with Miss Mitchell and her sister, early in October. We were invited to go to her room at half-past seven, and, as every one was prompt, the fun began at once. One by one we stepped across the hall and sat for our silhouettes. As soon as the pictures were finished and cut out they were exhibited, and a prize was offered for the first correct list of faces represented. Helen Gilchrist won the prize, and the envy of the beholders as well, for we all wanted that dainty piece of work. The unwelcome sound of the retiring bell was heard soon after the award was made, and we hurried to our rooms, after one of the pleasantest evenings of the term.

"Twenty Questions" still flourishes at the tea-table, and wonderful is the learning the game sometimes calls forth. One Senior classes a locust as a bird, and her neighboring Junior places frogs in the same list.

A cheery open fire has brightened several cold, dreary afternoons, and become a regular part of our Tuesday evening enjoyment. No better witness to the happiness of our girls could be found than their own bright faces, as they gather in the reading-room to play games or to chat cosily by the fireside. Would that '81 and '82 could look in upon us bodily, and rejoice with us.

We miss the daily presence of Miss Annah Kimball, but have enjoyed a pleasant visit from her, and hope to welcome her again when she may find time to run down from Concord to Andover.

All girls of '89 will be interested to hear of the bright, jolly face that has come to us by photograph. It is of little Master Stone, and we shall soon think of him as chattering in both German and English.

Still other girls will be pleased in our pleasure at seeing two pictures of Miss Belcher, taken as she was sitting in her garden-chair and against a background of luxuriant vines. It is the same dear Miss Belcher, patient and brave, and ready, could the picture only speak, to say some very droll and some very helpful words.

It is good to have Miss Kelsey with us again, rested and strengthened by her much-needed vacation.

We also wish to express our pleasure in having †Miss Edith Ingalls, '82, with us as a teacher.

Our Board of Trustees has been increased by the election of Horace H. Tyer of Andover and Arthur S. Johnson of Boston.

Word comes to us of the delightful trip to be taken by our Trustee Mr. Ripley, Mrs. Ripley, Miss May, and Master Philip. They plan to sail for England, by the Inman Line, Dec. 10, and expect to visit Sicily and to spend some time in Egypt, coming home with the warmer weather.

One September afternoon we picked some beautiful gentians, both blue and white, in a meadow on the Boston road. Placed in the bright sunshine of a south window, they opened morning after morning, and not until four weeks had gone by, and the fifth was several days old, was the last brave little blossom faded and withered, ready to be thrown away.

Long years ago a theologian in our parlor propounded the question, "Is it lawful for a man to marry his widow's sister?" The young lady answered, "Yes—at least, I *think* so: I know a man who has done so three times." One day last term the same old query was resurrected with like success. At the German table the answers varied: "Ich bin nicht sicher"; "Ja, in Deutschland, aber nicht in England." The best answer came from another table, and in English: "Oh yes, if the widow be really dead."

A few of the things some of the girls like best in our new home: The electric lights. The new pianos. The high-backed chairs in the dining-room. The willow couches in our rooms. The large mirrors on the bureaus. Having the reading-room and library in the home building. The easy stairs. Every Senior says, "Our room."

Was Galileo studying rhetoric when he discovered the "*phases of Venus*"?

Scene, Draper Hall. Time, Saturday eve.

Old Girl.—"Will you give me a quarter to-morrow?"

New Girl.—"Why yes; if you can change a bill."

Several such interviews as the above have been reported, the answers varying. One girl was especially indignant, because "her last quarter" was in demand.

The young lady who knocked for several minutes at the lower elevator door, one day in the early part of the term, really need not have been so impatient because no one responded "Come."

It shocks us to learn that Cato spent his last hours reading Plato "Upon the *Immortality of the Soul*."

We were amused and touched by the following prayer read to us by Miss Lucy Partridge, one Friday morning, as she told of her work in the South. This petition has already been printed, and was actually offered by an old colored man in behalf of his teacher, whom he evidently realized was beset with many trials and dangers:

"Go before her as a leadin' light: an' behind her as a protectin' angel. Roughshod her feet with de preparation ob' de gospel o' peace. Nail her ear to de gospel pole. Gib her de eye ob de eagle dat she may spy out sin far off. Wax her hand to de gospel plow. Tie her tongue to de line ob truf. Keep her feet in de narrer way, and her soul in de channel ob faith. Bow her heart in some lonesome valley wher' prayer and supplication is much wanted to be made. Hedge and ditch her 'bout her, good Lord, and keep her in de strait and narrer way dat leads to Hebben."

Is not the Genius of Draper Hall the presiding spirit of the finest of Abbot's buildings? And is not Abbot much richer in good buildings than most boarding-schools? But at times she does not feel exactly happy; the genius of Smith Hall knows so much, and the ruling spirit of the Academy is a marvel of wisdom, can do problems in Geometry, recite pages of Church History, and is familiar with every picture in the Art collection. So our new and ignorant spirit began to haunt the library, where one day she heard a girl reading a story that greatly interested her. It was of a German king, Frederick Barbarossa, who used to suspend his imperial shield from a high mast over his tent, and send out an invitation to all who had suffered, to come to him and have their wrongs righted. This seemed our spirit's chance.

"I will issue," said she, "a proclamation to the effect that all things in our beautiful new hall that are abused or unjustly treated may come to me with their trials." So the great elevator doors were opened, and there she sat in state and waited. At last a tiny sigh was heard, and a wee, small voice said: "I am the little draught that tries to blow through the slide, across the dining-room, and up the tower stairway. But I am constantly thwarted in my purpose by a girl who, as sure as I begin to blow merrily jumps up and shuts me out." "Go your way," angrily answered the genius, for she disliked draughts; and it went whistling off in a huff.

Then came a great dish, steaming and sizzling furiously, and its upper crust rose and fell with emotion. But it was too angry and indignant to speak and vanished, still sputtering vigorously. A little round cracker came forward timidly and entered a mild protest against its familiar and inappropriate nick-name; a troop of words came running along the corridor, each lifting its voice with some complaint. "Terrible" was ahead, and his claim to abuse was promptly recognized. "Schrecklich," too, was granted a reprieve for many a time when it ought to be resting. "Lovely" looked so sad and over-worked, that our Genius almost wept, and promised to take decided steps to bring about a reform. Word next came that the floor on the second story of the wing had a complaint to enter, and as it could not very well come down, the Genius went up to it, but frowned severely when told that its only grievance was that a Senior stepping down to breakfast one morning had carried away a bit of it in her foot.

Then the guests' door-bell said it was not used half enough, since every new-comer rang at the scholar's entry, and the door at the school entrance set up its plea that it had to open and shut enough for the girls without being obliged to let in the callers, too. The Genius waited for some time longer, but as nothing more came to her, she decided that most things in Draper Hall were running smoothly, and that her mission lay in other directions.

When the query goes around the school "Are you going home for Thanksgiving?" much pity is expressed for those of us who live at an

inconvenient distance, one which cannot possibly be compassed between half-past three of Tuesday and half-past ten of Friday. Still, as we see the other girls preparing to leave, we cheerfully start out at the same time, just to make believe. But those of us who have spent other Thanksgiving-days here do not need pity, but look forward to it as one of the happiest times in the year, and this Thanksgiving just passed was no exception. Then we realized what it was to be in school and yet to roam at our own sweet will, and not to keep study hours. Happy indeed were those who were so fortunate as to have friends or parents take them to Boston, there to enjoy the gaiety of a city in holiday time.

Wednesday evening Smith Hall opened its doors to us, and we enjoyed the hospitality of our French neighbors. There we played games and danced and talked until the clock warned us that unless we hastened home, the electric lights might be turned off and we lost in total darkness. It was no hardship when, on Thursday we gathered round our dinner tables with our pleasant guests, and the six little ones scattered among us to entertain and care for. How we did play with them, and enjoy their laughter and their delight. The three doll Chinamen and the white elephant must not be forgotten, nor their dilapidated appearance at the end of an hour, and the quiet sense of happiness with which a dear little girl carried one away in her arms. As twilight came on, and the lights began to flicker from the big wood fire upon the group of girls gathered there, waiting for the promised ghost stories, we considered ourselves a very happy family. We shuddered or laughed as the story happened to be thrilling or comical, and how we did enjoy the stories of personal experience. As the fire was dying out, the logs fell apart, and the light thrown on the twenty faces showed that the next best place to home on Thanksgiving-day was Abbot.

All those who remained at Smith Hall during the recess were invited to share in the Thanksgiving dinner at Draper Hall. We all enjoyed very much our visit with Miss McKeen and her guests, as well as the repast set before us. In the evening we were again at Draper Hall, seated before a cheery, open fire in the reading room, listening to stories told by some of the more eloquent members of the company; and thus ended a very enjoyable Thanksgiving-day with the teachers and young ladies of Draper Hall.

One day this Fall, the May Abbott of '72, now Mrs. T. J. Thompson of Hay Springs, Nebraska, paid us a visit, bringing with her, Katherine, her fifteen-year old daughter who is, of course, named for Kate Pierce, and who has her mother's blue eyes and blonde hair. In talking over old friends May told us of the death of Lizzie Genn, '72, and also that "Sed" Hubbard, the bright, merry "Ted" whom every '72 girl will remember with affection, died last winter in Paris, after a severe attack of La Grippe. Her death leaves Minnie alone with her parents in the home at Winterport.

Mr. Kyle, who interested us in his work in Dakota, brought a pleasant word of Mrs. Henry Briggs, Miss Amanda Hebbard (teacher from '65-'69 and again in '72.) Judge Briggs and his family are living in Ipswich, S. D., where they have a pleasant home. The two sons are thirteen and five years old, and very bright, intelligent little fellows. The older boy edits and publishes a little newspaper which he sends regularly to the subscribers in the town, who think it well done. We are not surprised to be told that Judge and Mrs. Briggs are among the strong and ready helpers in everything that is good.

†Annie Dwight, '71, now known as "Sister Annette," is in Newark, N. J., where she, with another sister of the Society of St. Margaret, keeps house and goes out among the sick and poor, visiting, holding meetings, and carrying help and cheer. During the summer she had charge of one of the country homes for poor children, and her whole life is given to those who are in need.

We were grieved to hear of the death of the little daughter of †Lilian Waters Grosvenor, '72. We learn that Prof. and Mrs. Grosvenor expect to return to this country some time during the coming winter. '72 must plan for a reunion in June.

†Elizabeth Chadbourne, '78, is teaching in the Misses Graham's school, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Another class-boy for '84. Master Osgood Johnson Bolton sends greetings to his class-aunts and to the four boys who will claim him as class-cousins.

It is pleasant to read such delightful sketches as come to us every now and then from †Fannie Bell Pettee, '82. One about Jamaica Island, published in the Boston Evening Transcript, gave us a vivid picture of the beauties of the place, even in the dust and the heat. We are glad to print an article from her pen in the present number of the Courant.

We were on the lookout for the first announcement of the new book by Mrs. Wiggin (Katherine Smith, '73.), and were pleased when the red-covered volume was in our hands. Our pleasure increased as we read of "Timothy's Quest," for the little fellow walked right into our hearts, wheeling Lady Gay there too. We delighted in Jabe Slocum, who, though he *was* ashamed "to lay abed so late," "d'ruther be ashamed n'get up," and are very friendly with Samantha, whose heart is warm as her tongue is caustic. Mrs. Wiggin surely understands the "happy heart of childhood," whose "simple creed is faith and trust and love," and to which the knowledge has not yet come "that the children of a common Father can do aught but love and help each other."

Julia Gage, '90, is busy with her music, and comes into Boston weekly for lessons.

†Lizzie Ryder, '89, is teaching in East Brookfield.

†Maria Gardner is in the training school at Haverhill, Mass., and †May Peabody, '89, has joined the ranks of the Abbot workers in the New Britain Normal School.

A member of the French History class of '89 sends a pleasant word of remembrance, and tells of a picture now in Washington University. "St. Louis in Tunis" is the subject. This picture was given to the first Catholic church of Virginia, in 1776, by the Archbishop of France, and hung in that church, where Lafayette used to worship.

†Grace Wanning, '89, writes from Edinburgh of her voyage and pleasant first impressions of the country beyond the sea.

†Cora McDuffee was the first from '90's ranks to revisit her Alma Mater. We say *first*, because Adele Perry still belongs to us.

Our hearts were saddened by the news that came of Dr. Heron's death. We have so often heard of and from that far-off Corean home, and have been so interested in its life and work, that this heavy bereavement touches us personally. The letters from Mrs. Heron that it has been our privilege to share are brave and beautiful, and make us admire and love her more than ever.

We learn, indirectly, of the death of the father of †Annie Watts Pillsbury, '82. Also of the death of Dr. Benjamin Redford, father of Mrs. Wm. N. Neale (Margaret Redford, '86).

On the list of those whom we have been glad to welcome among us this year, we have the names of †Miss Annah J. Kimball, '84; Miss Miriam Hill, '85; Mrs. Addie Stowell Roper, '67; Miss May Fisher, '69; †Miss Jennie Lanphear, '86; †Miss Carrie A. Bronson, '83; Miss Agnes G. Smith, '89; Miss Jean G. Conyne, '89; Miss Blanche McCue, '89; †Mrs. Nellie Hadley Rowell, '83; †Miss Maria L. Gardner, '88; †Mrs. Evelyn Fellows Masury, '71; Miss Anna G. Allen, '90; Miss Charlotte Barnard, '72; †Miss Nan Spencer, '89; Miss Helen C. Allen, '67; Miss Mary Giddings, '67; †Mrs. Sarah Wilcox Waterman, '87; †Mrs. Sarah Hunking Cheney, '66; †Mrs. Emily Fellows Reed, '67; Mrs. Henrietta Hamlin Washburn, '58; Mrs. Agnes Baldwin Fairchild, '89; Mrs. May Abbot Thompson, '72; Miss Mary Bachelder, '88; Miss Helen Pressy, '67; †Miss Fannie Bell Pettee, '82; †Miss Grace Smith, '87; Miss Florence Lewis, '75; Miss Emily Torrey, '85; Miss Mary Decker, '83; †Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne, '78; †Miss Cora E. McDuffee, '90; Miss Lizzie H. Pennell, '85. Miss Hattie G. Abbott, '85.

We had expected to make a formal acknowledgment, at this time, of the many favors by which the effort to furnish Draper Hall has been so much relieved. But as rumors of other gifts are still in the air, we will delay it till the next number of our magazine. So far, the thoughtfulness and generosity of friends has kept us in such a state of amazement, that it is no wonder that we are wild enough to half expect to see the other things which we so much need, come raining down, or knocking at our

door. — even the rugs for the vestibule and reading-room and library. It would give us special pleasure to acknowledge them in the next Courant.

At this last writing the girls of all our classes are busy preparing a Christmas box to rejoice the hearts of five children in South Dakota. Enthusiasm over red flannel skirts, warm stockings, and boys' caps is divided with interest in books, dolls, and goshes for the little ones.

MARRIAGES.

At the American school Gelik Pasha, Constantinople, Turkey, Sept. 4, 1890, by the Rev. Elias Riggs, D.D., LL.D., †Olive N. Twitchell, '76, to the Rev. Lyndon S. Crawford, missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. at Broussa.

In Groveland, Mass., Helen Ney Robinson, '72, to Dr. Louis A. Woodbury.

In Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 13, 1890, †Sarah Wyman Bird, '77, to Charles Nathan Harris.

In Talmadge, Ohio, Emma L. Porter, '68, to Rev. Serson D. Gammell.

In Richmond, Me., Sept. 3, 1890, †Mary Abby Libby, '86, to S. Reed Allen.

In Gloucester, Sept. 9, 1890, Emma Howe Phillips, '85, to Harry Haskell, 2d.

In Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 17, 1890, Louie Elizabeth Woods, '85, to Converse Denney Marsh.

In Andover, Mass., June 23, 1890, Sarah Anna Foster, of Andover, to Rev. Frederic Davis Green.

In Andover, Mass., Oct. 23, 1890, Edith Lyle Dove, of Andover, to Wilson Cary McHenry.

In Calais, Me., June 20, 1890, Emma King, '85, to George Olney Gibbs.

In Hay Springs, Neb., July 17, 1890, †Emma J. Lyon, '81, to Charles E. Rice.

In St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 1, 1890, Laura Nellie Barron, '79, to Dr. John Bliss Brainerd.

In Northampton, Mass., Aug. 21, 1890, Mary Florence Bridgman, '86, to William S. Stedman.

In Birmingham, Conn., Oct. 16, 1890, †Julia Plummer Rockwell, '85, to Sidney James Roby.

DEATHS.

Died in Concord, N. H., August 27, 1890, the Rev. Edward H. Greeley, State Sec. of the N. H. Home Missionary Society.

As we listened one Saturday evening to an earnest talk from Miss McKen, based upon some of the helpful sayings of this Christian man, and as she told us of his ripe scholarship, wise judgment, and noble practical living, our sympathies went out with added tenderness to our teacher to whom this father's life was so much, and who has worked with us all through these hard and lonely days so faithfully and bravely.

Died, suddenly, in Mt. Vernon, N. H., (in August) †Isabel Conant Greenwood, '78.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'91.

"Mehr Licht."

<i>President,</i>	KATHERINE H. WINEGARNER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	CAROLINE A. GOODELL.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>	NELLIE B. ROYCE.

'92.

<i>President,</i>	ALICE G. FLEEK.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	HELEN F. GILCHRIST.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	WINNIFRED S. LAWRY.

REPORT

OF THE

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

1890-1891.

The Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy held its annual meeting on the afternoon of June 17th. As it was the year for the election of officers, a nominating committee reported the following names :

PRESIDENT :

MISS EMILY A. MEANS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

MRS. LUCY MONTAGUE BROWN, of Portland.
MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, of Dedham.
MRS. FRANCES KIMBALL HARLOW, of Woburn.
MRS. ADDIE TAYLOR MERRILL, of Andover.
MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE, of Andover.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER :

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION :

MISS PHILENA McKEEN. MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER.
MISS AGNES PARK.

These officers were chosen, and the following resolutions passed, affecting the work of the new officers.

Resolved. That the incoming board of Vice-presidents have charge of the programme of the annual meeting during their term of office.

Resolved. That all necessary business for carrying on the Association for two years be left to the officers.

The Association regretted parting with its old board of officers, and felt deeply indebted to them, especially to our President, Mrs. Poor, for helping the Association so faithfully through its trying formative years. It stands now upon a firm basis, having 364 members and a fund of about \$2000, the income of which is annually used in providing something of use to the school. This year it has furnished the library with several volumes of the New Century Dictionary, and the art-rooms with some beautiful and valuable casts, chosen by Miss Means while she was in Europe.

The last gift to the Association was twenty-five dollars from the late Mrs. M. B. Bullard — a very pleasant tribute to its usefulness from one who had learned its worth by her own observation.

Abbot Courant Advertiser.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

The Winter Term

*Of the Sixty-second Year will begin on Saturday,
January 3, 1891.*

The Spring Term.

Will begin on Thursday, April 9, 1891.

For information and admission apply to Miss PHILENA McKEEN,
Andover, Mass.

FOR LIST OF TEACHERS SEE NEXT PAGE.

TEACHERS.

MISS PHILENA McKEEN, PRINCIPAL

MISS ABBY FRANCES MITCHELL.

MISS MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL,
French.

MISS JANE LINCOLN GREELEY,
Latin.

MISS KATHERINE R. KELSEY,

MISS ALICE JULIA HAMLIN.

FRL. NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER,
German.

MISS EDITH E. INGALLS

MISS EMILY A. MEANS,
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PROF. HENRI MORAND,
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PROF. JOHN WESLEY CHURCHILL,
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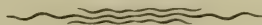
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VOL. XVII.

JUNE, 1891.

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THE CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

THE clock on the landing was thinking. Not a remarkable feat, you say, for a clock who has nothing else to do day or night but to tick away the seconds, and watch the coming and going of the many dwellers of the great building. Perhaps not; and yet this clock had always been content to live in the present hour, without care or thought of what was to come, and with few backward glances over the time it had marked with its sonorous tones. To be sure, it took much interest in the passers-by, beamed indulgently at the groups of girls chatting on the broad window-seat, or shrugged its mahogany shoulders in disapproval when the merry talk degenerated into foolish or unkind personalities. But this was different. A real thought, an original idea, had in some way or other penetrated into the mysterious complexity of wheels and springs that compose the brainwork of a clock, and its whole tall frame thrilled with the unwonted sensation.

It was an excellent time for meditation. The house was quiet, its inmates wrapped in slumber, and the moon sending broad beams of quiet light through the big window onto the landing floor. Could the clock have turned its head a trifle and looked through that window into the silent night, it would have beheld a fair scene.

All the young tender growth of spring, the lines of trees down the Maple Walk, the grove beyond, the many-windowed wall of the wing, with its gables outlined against the sky, all solemn and still in the moonlight. But no clock was ever born, with the power to turn its head, and so all the loveliness of the out-of-door world remained unknown to our poor timepiece, and its thoughts ran on undisturbed by the beauties of nature. Its horizon was closely shut in by architectural lines, and its wildest flights of fancy bounded by the stairway railing; so what wonder its thoughts had limited range, and, after the manner of every narrow-minded soul, began and ended in itself. For the first time it had felt the monotony of existence, and questioned the use of the eternal ticking, varied only by the striking of hour and half-hour, and of a life whose greatest excitement consisted in being wound up. And, as it pondered, its fancied wrongs assumed more gigantic proportions, and the things hitherto regarded as pleasures dwindled or vanished from its memory. Forgotten, or considered unworthy of remembrance, were the busy footsteps and the music of girlish voices, the glimpses of sweet faces, or the gratified glances as bright eyes sought the clock face and there found satisfaction that their owner was not tardy to her duties, or that some longed-for hour was near.

Just here the clock was obliged to stop thinking for a moment and strike the hour, which it did with a dissatisfied air, yet with such emphasis that as the two strokes rang out into the night one tired soul, awake for the moment, remarked their tone, but supposed it was her own restless imagination that gave the notes such spiteful sound. When all was again quiet the clock resumed its meditations. It decided that life was not worth living under the circumstances; that others were of the same opinion; for did it not hear every day many expressions of discontent? That it was time to do something about it. Knowing its power why should it not assert it, instead of tamely submitting to a dreary grind of monotonous duties? And so the little wheel of thought revolved on the tiny axle of self, and at each turn discontent and conceit increased. Who could set the world aright better than itself?

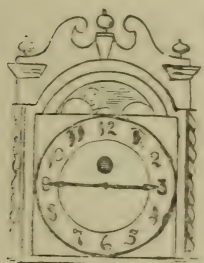
"Do I not manage all the workings of the universe?" it cried. "The sun arises when my hands point the proper time, and sinks to rest by my gracious permission. I tell the moon when to wax and when to wane, and as for the ways of the household, the most superficial observer can but see how completely they hang upon my pleasure. Through the day I mark the time for this busy com

munity, study-hour and play-hour, meal-time and bed-time, all appointed and controlled by my notes of command."

"These remarks are well timed," thought the clock complacently. "And," as it felt the throb of its pendulum, and gave a little tug to the rod by which it swung, added, "They must carry weight."

Then came the idea, so brilliant, yet so audacious, that the whole case of the clock shook with emotion, and the varnish crackled in several places at the mere thought of its possibility. Suppose, just

suppose, that it, the hall clock, should still its pendulum, cease the turning of its wheels, and hush the voice that spoke the hours! Of course everything would stop. The sun could not rise, and would recognize its dependence. There would be no ringing of rising bell. In short, all the universe would take one long nap. What was the use of drudging with such a possibility before it? Here, the time being quarter to three, the face of the clock assumed



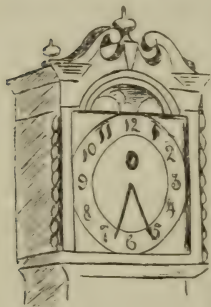
a broad smile, and the pendulum stopped.

There was a rasping noise as of the winding of a spring, a hand moved the heavy weight, and the clock woke up.

"Strange what made it stop," said someone, "it had not run down." And, "queer we had not noticed it before," she added, as she guided the hands to ten. The clock struck the hour in wrath, humiliation, and astonishment. *It* had stopped, but nothing else. The sun was shining, and the halls resounding with light footsteps and happy voices. It was puzzled and very much mortified. Instead of being an important factor in the doings of the world, its stopping of work had not even been noticed for hours. And so from the heights of self-esteem it fell to the utmost depths of self-depreciation, not knowing that one position was as misleading as the other. In its despondency it ticked more and more slowly, until the members of the household, exasperated by continual mistakes in regard to time (a fact in which the clock might have found comfort had it not been so low spirited), sent for one skilled in clock-work, and the poor time-teller underwent a thorough examination.

Though nothing was found that could explain irregularity, this overhauling did good, for the clock, determined not to submit twice to such indignity, did not again suffer its moods to affect its works. But the sense of its humiliation was ever before it, and the thoughts of its lost dream of power and freedom were very sore ones. Life

looked long and dreary and worthless viewed in the light of the continual ticking and striking, for in the fall from former opinions of self it did not truly estimate its real worth, and because it could not regulate the world it regarded itself as a cumberer of the ground. The last time I saw the clock was at twenty-five minutes past six, and it was still brooding over its trials, for its face wore a most melancholy aspect.



Tick away, good clock, and some day there will come to thee, as to all of us, a clearer insight; for it is by doing not thinking that we gain our light, and in the faithful performance of our daily round of duties that we catch glimpses of the larger meanings of life. Then do we understand that it is not in breaking away from our own work that we attain liberty, nor in attempting to control circumstances that we gain power, but in the well-doing of our particular tasks, and in the hearty compliance to the laws which bind us.

A. S.

BRITISH LEGENDS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

FOR over a thousand years stories have recurred in many forms in English Literature, which were told at British firesides long before Caesar landed at Pevensy. Handed in rude, alliterative form from one bard to another they acquired an enduring individuality. However the Norman influence may have affected them for the time, it is to our Celtic forefathers we owe a wealth of tradition from which our poets have drawn their greatest themes and sung their sweetest songs. They are surrounded by an uncertainty which renders them but the more fascinating. On the border-land of history and fable, they belong to the realm through which Milton's traveller passes when, "having set out from the night and travelled through a region of dreams he arrives where truth and light meet." Here Imogen lives, as well as Cymbeline, the half-demon Merlin seems no less uncertain than Arthur and the arm, "strong in its waxy whiteness," which raised Excalibur from the sea, as distinct as the human arm extended to receive. Arthur, Imogen, Cymbeline. —

magic lies in the names! They are childhood's inspiring companions, from whom the boy learns to be knightly and generous, and the girl dreams her first dream of sacrifice and love.

The story of King Lear is one of the oldest in modern literature. Shakespeare only varies it in some details. One sighs from very joy to find in the original that faithful Cordelia is successful in replacing her father on the throne. King Lear does not die mad, and the good daughter, succeeding, "lives happy ever after." But for dramatic reasons, one could almost wish that Shakespeare had followed the legend, the simple beauty of which may be seen in the death of Queen Cordelia's beautiful daughter, "who, like a lily newly broken from the stem, lay in a couch of purple, infinitely fair, and but for weakness like to one of the blessed ones."

In the story of Cymbeline the great dramatist finds material for one of his most ingenious plays. To a background of events in Caesar's time he adds a personal element in the healthiness and beauty of Imogen's nature and the simple manliness and love of the two brothers for their sister. True there was no Imogen in the old story. She comes from Italy, we are told; but to us it seems the legend needed just "this gentlest and completest of women" to make it "one of Shakespeare's most wonderful creations."

Poor little Sabrina! Her story is pathetic — a story of childhood in a hidden room for fear of Queen Guendolen's giant father — a story of tardy recognition as princess, and then the cruel decree that she must cast herself into the river. Small wonder the Severn took its name from her. Small wonder, too, that the water-nymphs received her, that Neptune gave her "a quick, immortal change," and she became goddess of the river. "Still she retains her maiden gentleness," and in Milton's *Comus* she reappears in answer to this invocation:

" Sabrina fair,
Listen, where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave;
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.
Listen, for dear Honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save."

Mindful of her own misfortune, she brings help "to a virgin in sore distress and need." "And men as they wander by the glassy Severn dream even yet of the gentle Sabrina, dwelling in the halls

of the river gods, and ready to hearken to the cry of the innocent and lend help to the oppressed."

From "the ample field of old tradition" Wordsworth "plucks one particular flower, and transplants it into a garden stored with poesy." It is the beautiful flower of brotherly love and sacrifice. It tells how Elidure could give up honors and crown to the exiled Artegal, not grudgingly, but thus :

"Oh brother, to my knowledge lost so long,
But neither lost to love nor to regret,
Were this same spear which in my hand I grasp
The British sceptre, here would I to thee
The symbol yield."

Lovingly insistent, he throws the mantle of royalty on the elder brother's shoulders, and as loyal subject counts it gain to lose.

"Thus was a brother by a brother saved ;
And from the triumph of affection pure
He bore the lasting name of pious Elidure."

But by far the most popular of the old legends are the tales woven around King Arthur and his knights, becoming through their later spiritual meaning that heroic myth which so strongly colors the life of English literature. In Spenser King Arthur is shown as hero in the rôle of lover of the "Faerie Queen." The unfinished poem does not state whether his search for her was successful. In the rescue, however, of various hard-pressed knights, it is evident that Spenser desired an epitome of all the virtues to show that no single one can bring a victor's reward. And where could such a complete nature be better found than in this valiant, yet gentle Arthur of the Round Table?

And of the knights that gathered about that table, what stories throng upon the quickened memory — stories immortalized by Sir Thomas Mallory's simple and beautiful narrative, to which Arnold and Swinburne, Lowell and Tennyson have gone as the fountain-head of the Arthur cycle. And very curious is this collection of stories, mingling the older mysterious legends of Brittainy, the enchanter Merlin, Launcelot the valiant, Sir Tristrem and Gawayne, with that which glorifies them all, the quest for the Holy Grail.

With masterly power Arnold paints the passion and despair of Tristrem and Iselt ; and Lowell, interpreting the meaning of the Holy Grail, grants the vision not to Sir Launfal in his pride, but to Sir Launfal who in "sweet humility" could serve the beggar as his Lord.

But to Tennyson it was left to make the finest poetical rendering of the Arthur stories. With breathless interest one follows Enid in her maidenly self-justification, and Sir Gareth as he conquers Death, saves Lyenors, and wins Lynette. One involuntarily bows the head at the vision of the Holy Grail, to raise it again when the boy knight, Sir Galahad, cries :

“ I saw the Holy Grail, and heard a cry,
 ‘ O Galahad,’ and ‘ O Galahad, follow me.’ ”

One by one the legends yield their richest meaning; one by one the living characters pass: Guinevere, beautiful, false, penitent, tortured by the innocent prattle of the novice; Launcelot, even in his sin noble and knightly. In Spenser's Arthur we see the knight; in these poems we see not alone the hero, “ pure unto purpose and strong unto strife,” but the man who loved and trusted Sir Launcelot, adored his queen, and by his Christlike character led his knights to take upon them the “ adventures of holy things.” What better departure for this noble Arthur than “ in the dusky barge, dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,” wherein were queens with crowns of gold, from whom “ rose a cry that shivered to the tingling stars.” Then night shuts them out as by a curtain, with Arthur's final words :

“ Pray for my soul More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of:”

These are among the finest of the British legends, loved not alone because particular virtues are represented, as in the brotherly love of Elidure, the filial devotion of Cordelia, or the holiness of Sir Galahad, but on account of their universal breadth and sympathy.

H. F. G '92.

KANSAS MEMORABILIA.

If ever a state bore a fitting name it is the "Sunflower State," broad, sunny Kansas. It will need but one ride between lines of gold, along but one road bordered by the tall stalks with their nodding heads of yellow and brown, to convince you. You have never seen a sunflower, if you have not seen it in Kansas. One wonders how the stiff, heavy Eastern variety dare claim relationship with these prairie queens. Sunflowers, sunflowers everywhere. Here stretches a field simply *covered* with yellow blossoms, gorgeous in the sunlight — a sight not soon to be forgotten. "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" is an unmeaning phrase no longer.

There is little in Kansas to remind a Massachusetts girl of home, save by contrast. The sunsets are worthy of Andover Hill in their brilliant coloring; but where in New England can you enjoy a sunset with such a boundless horizon before you? You may be reminded of the man from Boston who had to stop a policeman in the middle of a Chicago street to inquire the way across; certainly the streets are laid out with an extravagance which seems almost appalling. If you don't think of the tale, some one else will. Indeed, the question arises, "What would become of the West," especially the funny columns in Western newspapers, if the unending supply of time-honored flings at dear, characteristic old Boston, the city of crooked streets, Browning, Ibsen, and eye-glasses, should be cut off? There is considerable truth, if also some sarcasm, in the character Howells gives us of the western man who thinks that "some one ought to run New England as a pleasure resort." There are other westerners who would say with him: "It's pretty, and it's cool and pleasant, and the fishing is excellent; milk, eggs, and all kinds of berries and historical associations on the premises; and it could be made very attractive three months of the year. But my goodness! you ought n't to ask anybody to *live* there. You come out and see that country, and you'll know what I mean." It is well worth while to go out and see that country, and you do not wonder at the enthusiasm of which you have heard, albeit you go home more fond of the East than ever. Kansas certainly merits all the praise it receives. For quiet, attractive beauty it would be hard to excel the views along the numberless rivers and creeks. Rocks and trees and water rarely are given us in more picturesque combinations. But the first view of a prairie is something marvellous. The un-

ending distance, the soft, almost magical color, have an indescribable effect. One longs to keep the impression always.

Some day, when you are wondering whether this is really the "wild and woolly" West, you will catch your first glimpse of a line of movers' wagons, and you doubt no longer. They are the veritable article, with their canvas covers patched and discolored, with the forlorn, hopeless-looking occupants, and the invariable following of yellow dogs. Perhaps a family of movers settles into the little vacant house next door some time in January, and you can watch the cheerful, happy-go-lucky life these apparently aimless people live. Some morning in March an unusual stir will waken you in time to watch the process of packing up, and by breakfast-time the little house is deserted, and the movers are again on their way. You wonder whither? To Oklahoma, perhaps. If they are members of the genuine moving class, it matters little. By winter-time they will be on the move again.

Do you realize that southern Kansas is as far south as Kentucky? The fields of cotton will convince you, with the pale pink blossoms mingling with the bursting cotton. If you need further proof, drive out some cool autumn morning four or five miles into the country, and visit the cotton gin. The road lies between the Osage orange hedges, reaching high above the carriage, with the pale green or bright yellow balls hiding among the shining green leaves — such artistic boundary lines. See if you are not interested in the gin, in the odd mixture of horses, oxen, and mules which form the motive-power, patiently following each other around the circle. Watch the feeding of the cotton upon the revolving cylinders to the music of the brown seeds dropping out upon the floor. Take a peep into the room into which the cotton falls, and see it lying there so light and soft and white, very different from the same cotton pressed into bales ten minutes later. Don't dare go away from the gin without visiting the owner's wife in the two-roomed cabin, — "Aunt Rhody," a genuine old-fashioned southern "mammy." She reminds one of "Grandma Holt," another unique specimen, who stopped one of Abbot's daughter's on the street, one day, to give her this sage advice, delivered with a peculiar, indescribable emphasis on each word: "Honey, I just want to tell yuh one thing. Don't never marry, 'cause yuh don't know who yuh'll *git*." Grandma is certainly old enough to give advice, — she looks about a hundred — so "Honey" ought to profit by this new way of saying, "Marriage is a lottery." Listen to Aunt Rhody's account of her ailments, her

apologies for the room littered "with white folks' rags," and "stand up and turn round," so that she can give her favorable criticism of your dress. Never mind if she frankly tells you that you are "not so good-looking" as another member of the family. Perhaps she will reward you by bidding "Parthenia, daughter," crawl under the bed after an enormous yam for you to take home. Call the grinning little black five-year-old "Parthenia" with a straight face, if you can, but I defy you to count the six short, stiff little braids, wound with white string, and standing out at all angles from the little black head, without a lingering smile. I do not think you will need your handful of cotton to make you remember this corner of Kansas.

It would be unpardonable to give even this glimpse of a part of the West without at least mentioning the word "crops." And indeed, one can hardly think of Kansas in the early spring-time without being reminded of the fresh, delicate green of the wheat-fields. If ever fields on earth "stand dressed in living green," these do; and when they stretch away on both sides of the road, one quarter-section after another, it is a sight for Eastern eyes to remember. Two professors in the Kansas State University have the honor of having discovered the new remedy for the chintz-bug, that dreaded pest of the wheat crop. This year the farmer will send a handful of healthy bugs to the University to be inoculated by exposure to diseased ones. Then some breezy day he will scatter them along the edge of the wheat-field, and soon the ground will be black with the fallen insects, — a veritable "Black Death," but the wheat crop will be safe.

Kansas is justly proud of her wide, rich farm-lands, of her school-house on every hill, of her prohibition, — which, in spite of all adverse criticism, does very largely prohibit, — and of her business enterprise. It is a good sign when every Kansan, old or young, has a firm and enthusiastic belief in what the Kansas papers call the "resplendent past and glorious future" of his state. Alliance legislation may for a time injure the state's reputation for conservative good sense; but there is a strong under-current of energy, sincerity, and power which will yet bring about the fulfilment of all her cherished hopes.

J. E. G. '90.

AN ODD VISITOR.

IN a dirty, dusty old bookstore on M—— Street lives a dirty, dusty old man. He does not live there wholly alone; for there is an old woman who comes to do his scanty cooking and to look after the few rooms which are back of the store. And there is still another one in this queer little family. People have said, and do say, that this old man has dealings with the spirit world; but no one has ever really seen anything to prove it. But the old man is so queer, so absorbed, so isolated, that people must remark upon him.

This other one who lives in the store is never seen by daylight, seldom in the night, and then only by a favored few. He is also a queer little fellow — indeed, a very queer little fellow; for he is only about a foot and a half high, with a round little body, clothed in a dirty, dusty cloak. He has long, spindling legs, a large head covered with a perfect shock of gray hair, and great big eyes, which are always peering through huge, horn-rimmed spectacles. Over one ear is a large quill pen; and his nimble, inky hands are always fingering a memorandum book.

You may well ask me how it is I chance to know so much about this little personage, and that is just what I am about to tell you. You may not know that I am a writer, and you also may not know that of all classes of people writers are the most finical about times and places. For instance, I cannot write a good article unless it is about midnight. My productions are always more brilliant, more taking, when, after a short nap on my couch in the library, I sit down to write.

One night I was lying there, half-asleep, half dreaming, when there seemed gradually to grow upon my senses the idea that some one was in the room. When I had at last grasped the fact, I wakened myself, and, sitting upright, saw the most extraordinary object standing on my davenport. It turned, looked at me in rather a surprised manner, and then, jumping down, came to me and leaped lightly up on the couch.

I was perfectly dazed, and could only lie there looking at the apparition. At last he said, in a queer, cracked-little voice:

“We have never spoken before, I think; I have often seen you, but you have always been lying here asleep.”

I wished to ask him who he was, where he came from, and why

he was here, but could not seem to find my voice. He seemed to read my thoughts, for he said :

“I am called Read-a-book, the genius of Book-land.”

As I still stared at him in wide-eyed amazement, he continued, taking off his spectacles and wiping them :

“Maybe you would like to hear about me. You are a great favorite of mine, and I shall be glad to give you any information I am allowed concerning the mythical world.”

He looked as if he were preparing to relate quite a story, so I pushed a cushion towards him, and as he was settling himself comfortably upon it, I propped myself on my elbow, and prepared to listen.

“I live with F., the second-hand bookman of M—— Street. He is a great curiosity seeker, or rather, reader of all old and quaint books, and, as he cannot get them by paying for them, I go round for him at night and take them home to him, and after he has examined or read them I return them. He generally makes a note of those he would like to possess, so that if the owner should die, and there should be an auction of his library, he could get the books he wishes. O yes ; I have had some curious experiences.

“I do not see much of the people whose houses I visit ; but their books tell a great deal of their character and customs. Now the other night I went into the house of one of the wealthiest families in this city, and what do you suppose ! There was not a single book on the first floor, except a few ornamental books, — no library — lots of pictures on the walls, — but not a book. I went upstairs. The first room I entered was evidently my lady’s boudoir. On the wall hung a small carved book-case with curtains ; behind these curtains was a lot of books, and every one of them was on the “Toilet.” Leading out of this was her daughter’s room, and in a corner book-case was such an assortment ! Histories, language-books, prayer-book, and Bible — all shelved together with novels of every kind and description — some of them pretty bad kinds of books for a young girl to read. Maybe there might have been a book-case of cook-books in the kitchen ; but I had had enough of that house.”

“The way I do, I take five houses a night, and go through the books in them. I very seldom go to the same house twice a year, but of course that depends on the owner. Now I’ve been here time and time again, and always have carried quite a number home. O yes, they all are here now. I always take them

back. But would you like to sell Percy's Reliques, Washbourne's Third Edition? I'll warrant you a good price on it, if you do. Do not want to? Well, of course you like to keep your valuables, like every one.

"Last night I went into a little shabby old house, where I did not expect to find anything worth borrowing, and I was surprised. The family consists of a widow and her two children, poor as church mice, but neat and orderly as can be. They have a little room all nicely shelved and full of valuable books. I saw a little blank-book hanging from one of the shelves, and opening it found a neat little catalogue. I told my master of them, and he went up there to see if he could buy anything of them, as they are so poor; and, if you'll believe it, not one of those books would the widow sell. She said they were all that remained to her of her past prosperity, and that as long as her children had good books to read they would be good.

"I want to tell you about some houses I went to last week; but, bless me, it is time for me to go," and quick as a thought he vanished, leaving me lying there on the couch, looking fixedly at the pillow he had sat on, as if he were still there.

How he came and went I know not. I had had the intention of asking him about it before he went, but did not have a chance. I am hoping that some time in the future I shall wake up from happy dreams, and find that jolly, kindly face looking into mine through those big, horn-rimmed spectacles, and also hope that next time I shall have presence of mind enough to take a small part in the conversation myself.

J. D. C., '92.

SAN CLEMENTE.

FROM the summit of the Sierra Madre Mountains in Southern California, on a clear day, one can see the outline of a mountainous island far out in the Pacific Ocean. This is San Clemente, once the home of a race of Indians. On the rocky and picturesque coast, overlooking a beautiful little bay, stands the only dwelling-house on the island, the home of old Tom Gallagher, an Irishman who tends the sheep pastured on the island. This is a curious house, like so many others in Southern California, a long, low building, whitewashed on the outside. It contains three rooms, a general living-room and two smaller ones fitted up with bunks. Everything in this lonely house is on a large scale, for each spring many sheep-shearers are sent from the mainland, and have to be provided for here. In the living-room, which is about fifty feet long and twenty-five wide, there are immense tables and benches. Near the great stove the walls are ornamented with cooking utensils of remarkable size, and from the rafters a great variety of articles are suspended. There is no water supply on Clemente, so that "old Tom" has built large tanks to collect the winter rain, which is the dependence all summer. As a consequence the poor sheep often drink from the ocean, and die. But in spite of the large number which perish each year, there are still great herds kept on the island.

In the latter part of August, in the summer of '89, a party of twenty-one who were camping on another island, took a trip to San Clemente. We were so anxious to visit the deserted place that we were willing even to make the journey in an old schooner. The sail of twenty-five miles was accomplished in about twelve hours, and proved a most interesting one. Many times whales and sharks came very near the vessel, and swarms of flying fish were continually darting hither and thither, sometimes flying into the boat, and at other times dashing against the sides or sails. But even though the trip was so enjoyable, land was welcome.

As we entered the little bay, about eleven o'clock that night, we blew our horns frantically, and soon a response came, and a welcome light shone out from shore. "Old Tom" gave us a warm greeting, and soon made us feel quite at home in his mansion. For thirty years this uncivilized place has been the old man's home, and here.

for a part of the time, he has lived entirely alone, dogs and horses being his only companions, and, often, many months going by without the sight of a human face. At the time we visited Clemente a little Mexican shared "Old Tom's" home. When he first saw so many strangers he was quite abashed, but before we left the island he had become most friendly. "Old Tom" had a roaring fire in his stove when we landed, and soon set before us great cups of hot tea, and huge slices of bread of his own making. And the voyage had given us such an appetite that we were able to show our appreciation of the cooking. Soon after the refreshing meal, we began to long for rest, and even the bare wooden bunks looked inviting; but, alas! the fleas which infest the island evidently appreciated the new comers, so that between their attention and the hardness of the boards, we were glad to see morning light.

Before sunrise we were on our way over the hills. After a long walk through sand, cactus, and sage bush, we came to an old Indian graveyard. Not far from the shore were mounds of white sand strewn with bones, wampum, and shells. The Indians are buried only a few feet from the surface, so that searching for relics is easy. Despite the grim character of the occupation, all manifested true antiquarian zeal in unearthing the bones of the departed braves, and upon the discovery of a perfect skull fell into a moralizing vein quite worthy of a Hamlet. But now was the only opportunity of our lives to pick up money. Alas, that it was only Indian money! Crawling on our hands and knees over the mounds we were very successful in our search, after the eyes had become accustomed to the little pieces of bone or shell scattered on the sand.

After finding a good deal of wampum, we went to the other side of the island to gather shells. Little Juan, the Mexican, led us, and pointed out where the shells were. The rocks were covered with limpets, canoe-shells, and abalones, and in many little pools were what looked like lovely flowers blooming. Hastening to pick them, we found they were sea-urchins, their bright purple spines giving them the effect of chrysanthemums. The abalone is one of the most beautiful shells of the Pacific. It is somewhat oval in shape, and inside all the colors of the rainbow are seen. Many of the so-called pearl buttons are made of abalone shells. The fish, itself, is extremely tough, but after being pounded and cooked becomes tender, and is really delicious.

On our return to "Old Tom's" we passed some Indian mounds upon a high hill, but after our ten mile mountain tramp not even

an Indian's skull could have attraction enough to induce us to take that climb, so this cemetery was left unmolested.

The next morning two venturesome boys determined to walk to the other end of the island, a distance of twenty-five miles. Not realizing the journey before them, they took only one small canteen of water and very little food. They started about four o'clock, and were not seen until noon of the following day. There had been such a dense fog that they had lost their way, and were obliged to pass the night in a cañon, where great numbers of foxes kept them company. The water in their canteen gave out before they had gone far, and had it not been for the juicy pears of the cactus they might have suffered much.

Soon after the return of the wanderers, we set sail for home, and by four that afternoon had reached a point of Cataline Island where our tents were visible. But we were doomed to delay. The breeze died down, and here, in sight of home, we lay for twenty-four hours. There being no sleeping accommodations on board, we had to curl up on deck, packed in so tightly that it was almost impossible to move. When we at last reached land, we felt that we had never before fully appreciated Mother Earth.

E. S. '92.

VACATION NOTES.

IN the spring the school-girl's "fancy lightly turns to thoughts" of fun. Study is highly beneficial and quite interesting, but never less so than during the last week of the term. So our two weeks' vacation was very welcome, and the parting entirely hilarious.

Most of the girls went home or visited their friends; but we had come away for experience and to learn self-reliance, and therefore betook ourselves to Boston to continue our education. Our party of four — three from the West and one a subject of Her Majesty — were provided with pleasant quarters on Tremont Street; and there, in addition to all our sight-seeing, we had some interesting diversions. Not the least of these was the upsetting a full bottle of ink upon our landlady's carpet, some time near the opportune hour of midnight, when all but myself were in blissful unconsciousness of this world of troubles. But after that there was no more rest for

the weary than for the wicked, until we had all scrubbed for over half an hour, when we went to sleep with the satisfied feeling that we had not spent the time in idleness.

But the best part of all was the sight-seeing. Our first excursion was to Plymouth, to behold with our own eyes that "stern and rock-bound coast," and to step with our own feet upon the honored Plymouth Rock. We were somewhat disappointed to find the shore built up with docks and small buildings, and not one rock in sight but the one on which the Pilgrims landed. Even this was a disappointment; for we could not step upon it at all, only touch it by reaching our hand within the iron casing which surrounds it. The casing itself is very interesting; for it is canopied by marble, which contains the bones of some of those who died during that first severe winter, and were buried on a hill where the Puritans sowed wheat that the Indians might not know how many they had lost.

In the distance we could see the monument of Miles Standish, near which he lies buried. There is also a monument in memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. This has upon each side a scene—one representing the setting out from England; one, the signing of the compact on the Mayflower; the third, the landing at Plymouth; and last, the treaty with the Indians. The statues on the monument represent Law, Morality, Education, and Liberty, and above all stands Faith. Plymouth is a quaint and pleasant old town, and contains many other places of interest, among which are the old graveyard, the site of the first house and of the first church, the house of Governor Winslow, and Pilgrim Hall.

Between Boston and Plymouth the train passes through Green Bush; and the house, the mill, and the pond mentioned in the "Old Oaken Bucket" can be seen.

Our excursions to Wellesley and Cambridge were equally pleasant. At Wellesley we were shown through all the buildings, of which the main one is the most interesting. In the Faculty parlor is the picture given to the college by Mrs. Stanley. It represents a London dock scene, with half a dozen small ragged boys sitting on a rope. Here also is the picture "*Knowledge versus Power*," representing a "sweet girl graduate" in cap and gown, with lions at her feet. A number of copies were presented to other colleges where women are received as students.

We were unfortunate in visiting Cambridge on Fast Day, so finding many of the buildings closed. We went through the Agassiz Museum, however; that is, we attempted it, but, after seeing several

rooms thoroughly, we decided it would take us a month to examine them all in that way, and so were obliged to content ourselves with the little we had time for. I could not help thinking, in connection with the human skulls to be seen there, how wonderfully that of Agassiz must have been constructed to hold all the knowledge that it did.

We then went to Mount Auburn to see the grave of Longfellow. Upon the stone which covers the grave is only his name. But surely that is enough. That name speaks to the heart of each one of us.

The rest of the time we spent seeing places in the city, notably, Fanueil Hall, the old Court House, Bunker Hill, and the Art Museum. Besides the time spent in this way, some of the most enjoyable moments were passed in listening to some fine music. We heard the Passion music given by the Handel and Haydn Society; the Symphony, accompanied by Mr. Friedheim; the recital of Sharwenka, which last was especially enjoyable.

It is not to be wondered that the Bostonians are proud of their native city. They are certainly justified in being so. And this sentiment is shared by all who become familiar with its wealth of historical and literary associations, and feel the stimulus of its vigorous intellectual activity.

A. A. I., '93.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

With all due reverence and respect for Number One in Abbot Hall, we bade farewell to the old room which for so many years had been the sanctum of the Seniors, and gladly moved into our new quarters in Draper Hall. If you will come with us into our sunny parlor—the Seniors' parlor—and with us study the pictures for our art recitation, or sit with us some cold winter evening around the open fire as we read and talk together, you will scarcely wonder that our preference lies here, and that we think of the old room in the Academy only with a sigh of satisfaction.

Ninety-one counted it a great privilege to be the first to occupy the pleasant room, and to use the many pretty and convenient things given by the old girls. How we looked forward to this year! How highly favored we thought we were! And now it has all come and is nearly gone, and we find that the reality is even better than was our anticipation. It is so pleasant to have such a room. Nothing but happy thoughts enter here. It is here that we have studied and recited the famous Analogy; but the dim, far-off voices of you other girls were lacking to help us, and we bravely began the struggle alone. Here, too, with Miss McKeen, we have studied and enjoyed the old masters. But as the weeks quickly slip away from us, one by one, and we look forward to a certain day in June, so near at hand, we realize that we can have these privileges only a short time longer, and that others are to take our place. Having had our share of the good things, we leave the rest to Ninety-two, with sincere wishes that they, too, may find in it everything to enjoy.

Nature seems to favor the relaxed energy, which is almost sure to come with the spring weather, by making our subjects of spring study especially interesting and enchanting. Before the snow is off the ground the dainty snowdrops are waiting and watching for the first glimpses of the spring to gladden the barren earth with their presence. The arbutus soon sheds its beauty and fragrance through the wood, while in our rambles we come upon the upturned face of the early anemone, which seems flushed in the very joy of living. Then come the hepaticas, white and pink and royal purple, the golden eyed innocence, and, as the season advances, the dandelion appears, proclaiming himself absolute "monarch of all he surveys." This despot is soon dethroned by the gentler reign of the daises, clovers, and the buttercups.

Looking up from the flowers, we see that the birds are already filling

the woods with their merry notes. Master Robin is about the first to be ready with his spring song. A little later we see flashes of gold in the woods, as the yellow hammer darts to and fro. As soon as the woods are in leaf they resound with the beautiful notes of the thrushes, and occasionally the song of a meadow lark is heard not far away. As the summer comes on, and the sun becomes more intense, we find the little birds teaching the "real folk" lessons of care and thoughtfulness. One little fellow whose home had been exposed to the heat fastened twigs about it, and when this shelter proved insufficient he perched himself just above the nest, with outspread wings.

While the birds and the flowers are teaching us to be glad in the life and beauty of the present, the rocks are pointing to the past. Just as the ferns are unfolding we find not far away in the solid rock the delicate tracery of a fern which grew thousands of years ago. We read the history of former ages in the imprints upon the rocks, and learn something of the everlastingness of the creation. Thus, the lily in its present glory, the rock with the history of the past, the little sparrow that never falls to the ground unnoticed, each teaches us something of the magnitude of God's plan, teaches us, too, how truly important is our own small part in the great whole; and so life has a deeper earnestness and purpose than it ever had before.

School girls seem given to fads, ranging from political societies to pickled limes. Sometimes it is a matter of dress. One week may evolve from a variously clad school a phalanx of maidens in shirt waists and black straw sailor-hats. Sometimes it is physical culture. Muscle is a thing to be desired. Gymnastic suits and apparatus are favorite topics of conversation. Action is equal to reaction, and this is usually followed by a course of very quiet reading. If a composite photograph could be made of the girls' rooms in a boarding-school, several fads might be observed. One would find collections of teaspoons, different college banners, and tennis caps. One would see memory books, in which are pasted or tied anything "with dear significance," from a faded violet to an old shoe. And among this array photographs would be found a universal fad; photographs strung on ribbons, photographs on racks, groups of every degree of interest and silliness, photographs of the college friends who have probably donated a large share of the tennis cap-banner decoration, and photographs of the family, always photographs. A separate phase of this fad is having them taken. A school becomes successively a multiple subject, a general critic, and, finally, a wholesale exchange of pictures. There is doubt if the girls, themselves, know how many it takes to go around. There are fads for ice wool head gear, exchanging silver hearts, Kipling, tennis, nugatines, secret societies, knitted neckties, initialled letter paper, forget-me-not rings, military button jewelry, and chocolate éclairs. Perhaps fads are meant to give interest to monotony. It is hinted that they are not peculiar to school girls.

Shakespeare says that "fairies use flowers for their charactery;" is it to be wondered at, then, that prosaic mortals, following the example of the elf folk as best they may in their clumsy fashion, take flowers for symbols and attributes? Long years ago the Scotch chose the thistle for their national emblem, the French the fleur-de-lis, and for several years past we have been striving diligently to find a national flower for America. The ancient Greeks and Romans used to crown the successful competitor in the gladiatorial combats. The bay was the crown of the poet, the myrtle the diadem for Beauty, and the olive branch was always held out as the token of peace.

How did the custom of choosing a class flower first come to Abbot Academy, I wonder? Perhaps it was that some fair class in the years gone by was so good and sweet that it resembled some dainty blossom, and they found it out and chose it for their emblem. Or it may be that they merely wanted to do something different from what any class had done. But I like my first supposition better, for doubtless there have been many classes like one sweet blossom, each member a shining petal. The class of eighty-nine was a stately, glowing Jacqueminot; ninety was a modest clover; and ninety-one is a fringed, sweet-scented carnation. A fairer, truer symbol they could not have found, for are they not, to a girl, the very "pink of perfection?"

There are many other reasons why this class should choose the carnation. It blossoms all the year round. In winter we find the pink at the florists, in summer in the garden, where it stands by the side of its more stately sisters, the rose and the heliotrope. "The pink, in truth, we should not slight, it is the gardener's pride." Does this not show that it is thrifty and strong, and repays in full the care and labor expended upon it? No one can love a flower that steadily resists all endeavors to make it sweet and hardy. But, nevertheless, you will take more pride and interest in a delicate flower that has developed and grown beautiful through your efforts than in the independent dandelion whose growth cannot be checked. Here, again, does ninety-one resemble its emblem,—not perfect, but ready and eager to respond to efforts for their good. I think we can all join heartily with Shakespeare in saying, "The fairest flowers of the season are our carnations."

DRIFTWOOD.

The twenty-first of January dawned bright and sunny, and, although the afternoon brought clouds and light rain, there were none but bright faces among the many guests who came to our house-warming. — The hours were from two until six; but just before the reception began we gathered in the library, and Prof. Churchill read the account of the dedication of the Temple, and offered an earnest prayer which we shall never forget. Then came the busy hours spent in showing our guests our beau-

tiful home, and in entertaining them in the large and pleasant dining-room, where ladies of the Alumnae Association presided at the tables, and dispensed tea, coffee, and chocolate. The afternoon was a happy one, and, although many of the faces were strangers to us, we felt certain that they were at home in Abbot's halls, as well as we of to-day. A long account of our successful house-warming was written for the *Townsmen* of January 23d.

A few days after the house-warming we received the following lines from Mr. Botsford, who was present at the reception. We are glad to preserve them, and to express gratitude for his interest in our school.

O Thou who hast with wondrous skill
Built and adorned the arching skies,
Who beautifiest earth with spring,
With flowers and fruits and autumn dyes,

We dedicate this hall to thee
With prayer devout, adoring song;
Our hearts we yield to thy control;
Our lives, dear Lord, to thee belong.

O sacred Teacher, Friend divine,
Within these walls dispense thy grace;
Thy holy presence here make known;
Pervade and consecrate this place.

O promised Comforter and Guide,
Our thoughts inspire, our hearts inflame;
This hall of learning set apart,
That we have builded in thy name.

And when, through all the coming years,
Here youth and beauty daily meet,
Each temple-heart a votive shrine
Of sacred learning make a seat.

Let Music radiate each life,
And Art embellish with her skill,
And Piety the enlarging sphere
Of knowledge with her rapture fill.

C. B. B.

During the Winter Term two classes, of twenty-five each, were formed for special instruction in the Ling or Swedish System of Gymnastics. Lessons were given twice a week by Miss Maude Hopkins of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, under whose thorough, inspiring instruction great enthusiasm was awakened and much profitable work done. Systematic progression in detail and increased power of concentration of mind were remarked as special features of the drill. Decided improvement in carriage was evident as its result.

The floor above the music rooms in Draper Hall has three big studios and a room for the teacher. At the top of the stairs, turning to the right, is the collection of casts, with a clear, steady light upon them from a high window. Old friends, and new which have been added by the Alumnae Association this year, are on the walls, pedestals, and shelves. No one of us had realized that the school had so large and so good a collection while it was hidden in the attic of the Academy. The front room is a lecture-room, with rows of chairs, and photographs on the walls, where the Saturday afternoon class improve their powers of observation. In the end of the building is the painting-room, where jugs, bottles, bowls, and similar properties dear to the teacher of beginners are arranged in picturesque groups marked "Don't move," or are standing on the tall shelves behind the door awaiting their turn. Familiar mottoes remind the scholars of the principles which govern the work, and some clever specimens of the D. O. G.'s work are an encouragement to later comers. As a whole, our studios are called the best practical work-rooms in any school in this part of the country, except those of technical institutions: and we are justly proud of them.

One Saturday afternoon Mrs. Downs came in to talk to us about some noted English poets and their favorite haunts. She also told us a little about Westminster Abbey, but not nearly so much as we wished to hear, and the hour was all too short.

One morning, while visiting the literature class, she spoke to the girls of George Eliot and her novels. We wish we might oftener have the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Downs.

One evening during the Winter Term we were invited by one of the tables to gather in an informal manner in the parlors and Seniors' room. The closed doors, and mysterious noises coming from the reading-room, aroused our curiosity and drew forth many surmises as to what was coming. When the doors were opened our wondering was satisfied, for Miss Perry announced that a graphic impersonation of Tennyson's "Lady Clare" was to be given.

The tall and majestic Lady Clare and the short, sprightly Lord Roland enlisted our tenderest sympathy in the troubles of their courtship, and we rejoiced with them in its happy ending. The work of art of the evening was the lily white doe that Lord Roland gave to Lady Clare. What ingenuity was displayed in its make-up! It was so meek and gentle as it followed its mistress "by down and by dale," and it seemed to cast a reproachful look from its beautiful black eyes because we could be so unkind as to laugh.

In the charades which followed we were again reproached for our unseemly mirth when we saw in how many ways a doe could be useful. In the last charade, "Draper Hall," we saw the strong side of its character, when it required the united strength of five people to "haul" it from the

stage. We enjoyed Miss Clark's violin playing and Miss Merrill's singing, and altogether it was a very happy evening.

During all the good sleighing of this winter the Seniors could find no convenient time for their class ride. At last, one Friday afternoon early in March, they started out, not for the pleasure of the sleighing, which was anything but good, but that the class ride might have its place among the pleasant memories. The woods were beautiful in their pure dress of snow, and the clear-cut outlines of the spires of Lowell, standing out against the sunset glow, won our admiration. A spray of pussy willow in each of eight memory-bills has pleasant associations for '91.

What better time for a candy-pull than a stormy, snowy Wednesday, when all must stay in doors? So thought two of our Seniors on just such a day last term. With them to think was to act, and, with the permission of the powers that be, soon a fragrant odor pervaded the whole house, and made us all impatient for a chance at the sticky stuff. Five o'clock called us to study; but it was not quite all over, as we learned when, while waiting for our letters after tea, we were treated to some delicious nut candy.

Two of our artistic girls entertained their friends in Draper Hall very successfully, one evening, by illustrating the story of "Mary Jane," and giving it to us in shadow pictures. The figures were admirably drawn, and were so life-like that we almost felt like rescuing Benjamin from the danger which assailed him in the form of a ferocious cow. We felt deeply for him as he sailed off to sea, and were glad when he returned to claim his Mary Jane.

Four rows of intent maidens, standing position, straight, even to the finger-tips — twice a week. The costumes were varied, the stripes of an occasional tennis dress enlivening the black of the regular gymnasium suits. The voice which gave the commands was singularly soft and low, but the effect was remarkable. Our heads bent back, then forward, we "fell out" and in again, we marked time, we marched and wheeled. More than all, we jumped. Confusion as to right and left sometimes brought two jumpers face to face, then followed a blank look of wonder and, of course, a laugh. Whether we attained a healthful, graceful carriage or not we leave others to judge, but the lessons were always interesting and often amusing. The presence of many guests, the good-natured criticism of the rival classes, and the prospect of a happy reunion made a merry ending to a most pleasant feature of our winter's work.

Do you enjoy a quiet revery after all are gone, as you sit beside the dying embers, thinking of the past and all that it has brought, and sometimes reaching out into the unknown future? Do you ever in imagination hear the stories told by grandmother to the little child at her knee? Do you think of the merry lads and lassies in their quaint, old-fashioned

dress; of the laughter and heartache of dames and sires of long ago? Will you sit with us awhile before our open fires, and listen, not to tales of long ago, of love, or any great heroic action, but only of a crowd of merry school girls, who often met to enjoy the warmth and brightness of the blazing logs? As you listen you hear of happy gatherings almost every Tuesday evening, of games played, and stories told. You can almost hear the clink of the winks as they strike in the pot, and hear the cry of dismay as they provokingly hop out again. You may hear chestnuts popping gaily in the ashes, or see one or two girls who have lingered after the others have gone, just to enjoy the fire a little longer. In another room close by you may almost see as you hear of eight girls gathered there, begging for just one more chapter, even when they know the bell has rung. Do you hear a sigh that these happy times are over? Yes, but then comes the thought that next fall other girls will be in these same rooms, and the pleasant times will begin all over again.

Almost the entire school attended the Kirmess on the last evening, February 6. We were invited by the ladies of the November Club to come to the hall in the afternoon, that we might examine at leisure the booths and the pretty things that were for sale in them. The usually plain Town Hall was scarcely recognizable, trimmed in gay colors and with many flags and bright hangings. In the evening, when the lights were lit and the hall filled with busy people, it did not seem possible that we had sat there many times, and listened in almost total darkness to stereopticon lectures. We sat in the gallery, and thus had an excellent view of the stage when the boys gave the amusing pantomime of "Mary Jane." We returned feeling very well satisfied with our evening, but when we arrived home we found a surprise that more than satisfied us, for a dainty spread of cream and cake given by Miss McKeen and the other teachers awaited us in the dining-room.

On March 14 we were invited to the Phillips Gymnasium to witness the finals of the Athletic Tournament.

The Glee Club concert was given March 16, and was, as usual, a great success. It was well attended by the girls. The Banjo Club is particularly fine this year.

Our Piano Recitals this year were even finer than usual. On March 12, Fräulein Aus Der Ohe rendered a very brilliant programme in a manner that thrilled her whole audience. We have come to look forward to Fräulein Aus Der Ohe's yearly recital with great pleasure, and we are never disappointed.

On April 16, Mr. Ethelbert Nevin played. This was his first appearance in Andover, and no one could fail to be charmed with his playing, quiet and dainty, yet full of feeling. A number of years ago Mr. Nevin had a cousin at Abbot, and was then a frequent visitor at the school.

Miss Clark, of Boston, assisted at the recital, and sang a number of songs very sweetly.

Prof. Carl Baermann gave the last recital on April 23, and held us spell-bound for fully an hour and a half by his wonderful genius.

Great gratitude is due to Mr. Downs for his efforts to bring the best and most celebrated talent of the day to Andover. It is an education to hear any one of these performers.

The Senior Reception came very late this year, for many good reasons. No one wished to have it before the house-warming, and after the house-warming was past the term seemed so full of other things that it was crowded entirely out of the winter. It was held on April 17, the first Friday of the Spring Term. The Seniors received their guests in their own room, and after we had shaken hands with our hostesses we were each presented with a pretty dancing programme, which we quickly filled. After a few minutes of social conversation we were asked to step into the reading-room, where we found nothing unusual save a small blackboard. While one of the Seniors went around with a small basket, and distributed slips of paper, another explained that it was an "artist's reception," and asked us to please examine our slips carefully, and whatever we found written thereon, when our number was called we must go to the blackboard and draw. About an hour passed pleasantly in this way, then we were asked to write on other slips what we supposed each drawing to be. When the slips were collected and counted it was found that everyone knew that Miss Hamlin's drawing was the "Whale swallowing Jonah," so to her was given the first prize, a very pretty coffee-spoon. We next went to the dining-room, where cream and cake were served, and then to the music-room and corridor of the third floor, where we spent the remainder of the evening dancing. Although "we" included none outside of our own school and family, it was a very happy time, and ninety-one were charming hostesses.

The hall clock stands on the main landing, and beams alike on the punctual and the tardy. It seems strange that such a little difference of the hands as a minute before or after the hour can call forth such varied expressions on the faces of the passers-by. A minute before, you see beaming satisfaction with oneself and the clock; a minute after, you hear the despairing sigh "another tardiness," and such looks of resentment and reproach are cast at the clock, that one wonders that its cherry sides do not quake. The beaming, many-colored moon is watched with a great deal of interest, and often when it sits round and full in the middle of the clock certain sentimental damsels have been seen standing before it softly singing snatches from a popular little song.

For the benefit of those who did not see the Townsman article we quote the following :

"One of the latest gifts, an elegant clock standing upon the first

landing of the principal staircase, elicited numerous expressions of enthusiastic admiration; and when it was known that it was a gift from Phillips Academy, it was regarded with even greater interest.

"Abbot and Phillips Academies have always indulged in the pleasant custom of mutual remembrance, but this last of Phillips excels all in beauty and fitness. It was bought of Shreve, Crump, and Low Co., and is what is known as an English hall clock; was made in London; is seven feet nine inches high, and twenty-three inches wide. It strikes the hours and half-hours, and the tone of its cathedral bell is like that of Big Ben on St. Paul's, London. The dial is of silver and gilt, with gilt figures of Arabic design.

"It is so arranged as to indicate the days of the month; and the moon which moves upon an azure background shows its different phases by the alternate figures above it. The case is solid mahogany, beautifully carved and polished, with fluted side columns and plate glass front, through which can be seen the swinging pendulum, and weights of polished brass. Upon the front of the clock is a heavy brass plate bearing the following inscription:

*Phillips Academy to Abbot Academy,
1891."*

On the Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges the Rev. F. E. Clark spoke to us. His earnest words were both stimulating and helpful. As we write we learn that he has recently sailed for Liverpool for a few months of needed change and rest. Our best wishes go with him wherever he is.

We also learn that Professor Grosvenor has lately arrived in America, after an extended tour in Asia Minor and among the Greek Islands. Mrs. Grosvenor (†Lilian Waters, '72) and her sons had already reached Millbury, where Professor Grosvenor joined them.

We have been interested in reading several good short stories in Harper's Bazaar and Weekly, written by †Anna Fuller, '72. In a late Boston Transcript we found her name among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Cal.

In January, Miss McKeen received an invitation to the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Dwight, parents of Anna, Clara, and Marion Dwight.

In March, †Mabel Wheaton, '76, read before the Castilian Club of Boston a paper upon Burgos. We have heard the paper most highly commended by one who heard it read.

Hattie Tufts Loring, '68, goes abroad in May to spend a year. She purposes visiting Scandinavia and Russia, as well as the southern countries.

A pleasant letter came this spring from Santa Barbara, telling of Susan Noyes Tenney and her happy life in California.

†Mary Hillard, '83, has accepted an invitation to become principal of St. Margaret's School at Waterbury, Conn., and will begin her work there in September.

The French Play this year was one of the most successful we have ever given, so say those who know. Surely, the girls did their parts well, and everyone looked pleased and interested.

Some very fine photographs of the school buildings, the grounds, and many interior views have been taken by Mr. Thomas Lewis of Foxboro, Mass. The pictures can be obtained at Mr. Cole's bookstore.

Dr. Selah Merrill has been re-appointed United States Consul at Jerusalem, and is already at his post. Mrs. Merrill did not accompany him, but remains for a time with her uncle, Mr. Edward Taylor. A short time ago Dr. and Mrs. Merrill presented to the school a large and handsome photograph of Jerusalem, which, in its beautiful frame, hangs in the library, and is a great addition to the room.

Virginia Gilmer, '89, is to be one of a party of twenty which sails from New York, June 4th, for a summer trip in Europe. The list of places to be visited includes London, Antwerp, Brussels, and Cologne, a trip down the Rhine, then Zurich, Lucerne, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Paris, and so back to London. She writes: "Of course I am studying at a great rate now, trying to get posted somewhat on the sights and sites I am to see." She also speaks of a "delightful visit" of six weeks from †Mabel Strong, '89, this winter, and says they two scoured Chicago in all kinds of weather.

Anna Wright, '88, and her father and mother, who moved from Des Moines, Iowa, to Chicago last fall, are just getting settled in a new home on the south side of the city. She says that when some Abbot friends were visiting her, during the winter, they sent for Lou Carmen, '88, who lives just out of Chicago, so as to have an Abbot gathering. Miss Carmen had, however, gone South for the winter, as she is threatened with consumption.

Jean Conyne, '89, has been seriously ill this winter, and, though better, is still far from well.

Ida Schuster, '89, spent several weeks of the winter visiting her sister in Texas. †Jessie Guernsey, '90, had a pleasant twenty-four hours' visit with her, in March, in her home in Savannah, Mo.

The name of Ella Love Quick appears frequently in the society papers of Des Moines, Iowa, in connection with a young ladies' cooking club and other gay gatherings.

Katherine Reed Gage, '88, writes of a summer visit with Kathreen Sanborn, and of a delightful Abbot reunion these two had with †Mary F. Bill, '87, at Miss Bill's home in Cambridge, about Thanksgiving time.

Ernestine Wyer, '87, writes of being pleasantly settled in Minneapolis at 402 West Franklin Ave.

Lizbeth Foster, '89, is teaching in the primary department of a school in New York City.

Norma Allen, '87, is teaching at her home, Davenport, Iowa.

Anna Allen, '90, writes of a home made anxious by the continued illness of her mother.

Mary Huntington, '89, is busy in the Art School recently opened in Norwich, Ct., beside being President of the Y. P. S. C. E., and of a temperance society. This last fact reminds us of the time when Miss H. was the sole representative of the Prohibition Party at our school election.

It seems like a long look backward to the first of the year, when some of us were fighting with German gutturals and wrestling with polysyllabic words. We do not claim to be linguists yet; but we can afford to laugh at some of the mistakes we made in those days of beginning. One girl whose desire to speak, fast outran her knowledge and carefulness, was eager to tell how the toothache had kept her awake, and announced, more rhythmically than grammatically, "*Ich hatter Zunger-achter alle laster nighter.*"

The following conversation was overheard, and laughed at until the last three words are a familiar quotation: "*Habe Sie Ihr Lesson?*" "*Nein, nicht a bit.*"

And how badly the Courant editors felt when one German girl announced that she did not think it a very *sparsey* magazine. (Did she mean witty?)

"Oh for the Seniors twain who did not know "that Columbus had a last name"! "

Games bring out much latent and some remarkable knowledge. "Tripe are fish, and the hen-pecker is an interesting bird."

"She is a girl who never sews;
She never reads nor thinks.
Her time in its entirety goes
To playing Tiddle-
dy-
winks."

But it is not quite true, after all; for our girl does sew, does read, does think, and yet she *does* play "Tiddle-dy-winks."

She did not marry Apollo because she preferred "some other gentleman."

One poor punner was not heard to speak for forty-five minutes. When called upon to recite she could only shake her head and sigh. And what was the pun? "The Senior class ate more than the rest of the school."

"Oh, see that young man riding on his *Encyclopaedia*."

It is sad to think of the Senior who knows "from experience" how Satan felt.

"Get out of the drawing classes as much as you can," was meant to be interpreted in one way only.

Was it the ethics teacher who thought the apple-tree was "too near a house"?

How can the dining-room clock tick when "there's no room for a pendulum"?

Very appropriately the early part of the Spring Term brought much "sowing." The different tables vied with one another in propounding puzzling conundrums. Many bright questions and equally bright answers have been kept in some little record-books. We think, however, that the prize belongs to the Senior who, being asked, "Sow widowers' hats, and what will come up?" answered, "Bachelors' buttons," surprising the questioner, who had in mind only a few "weeds."

An Abbot granddaughter, a dear little two-year old, said her "Now I lay me down to sleep," and surprised her mother by adding, instead of the usual "Amen," "Rah, rah, *Harvard*." It is needless to explain where her big brother is at college.

†Helen Bunce, '87, and †May Peabody, '89, are teaching in the Normal School in New Britain, Conn.

†Kathleen Jones, '89, is busy and happy in a small private school which she has lately opened in Newton.

†Mabel Strong, '89, has been in Washington, D.C., through the winter, and expects to spend the warm months among the mountains of Virginia.

†Grace Wanning, '89, is still in Europe. She writes of seeing Venice by moonlight, and has many delightful plans for the summer. She will not return to America before September.

†Addie Puffer, '88, has gone to spend the summer with her sister in London. Her sister Edith expects to go abroad in the fall for a year.

The many friends of Mrs. Anna Hunter Bracewell, '79, and Miss Helen Hunter, '89, of North Adams, will be saddened to hear of the sudden death, from a fall, of Robert Hunter, the younger brother of the family.

†Alice Hendryx, '89, is visiting her sister in Spokane Falls, Washington.

Those who were grieved to hear of the death of the little daughter of †Florence Rowley Richdale, '86, will be glad to know that another dear little girl has come to the new home in Victoria, B.C.

Ninety-one's parting gift is one of especial value to succeeding classes. It consists of six handsome books: Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice," Justi's "Velasquez and his Times," and the three volumes of the fine English edition of "Our National Cathedrals," and a copy of "Reynard the Fox," illustrated by Kaulbach.

At an April meeting of the November Club, †Miss Mary Wheeler, '66, gave an interesting lecture upon Greek Art and its influence. The Seniors were the only scholars present; but as Miss Wheeler was Miss McKeen's guest from Saturday until Tuesday, we all had the pleasure of listening to her twice, at our Saturday evening meeting, when she spoke of our opportunities, and on Tuesday, in chapel, when she urged upon us the importance of drawing as a factor in general education. Miss Wheeler is a successful art teacher in Providence, R. I., and this year opens a private school at her home, 26 Cabot Street, where girls may not only do studio work, but take a regular course of study under the best of teachers, and with many special advantages. It always rejoices our hearts to see for ourselves how long and faithfully school-girl friendships may endure, and so we, too, had a share in the good time of the "girls" of a quarter of a century ago, for Miss Kate Roberts and †Mrs. Emily Fellows Reed, '68, were invited to tea with Miss Wheeler.

Some very pleasant and kind courtesies have been extended to the Senior class. Mrs. Crocker gave them a delightful afternoon at the Methuen library and her own home, and the hospitality of Professor and Mrs. Taylor will long be remembered among the bright "happenings" of '91.

Miss McKeen is planning to spend a large part of the summer vacation with her nephew, Mr. Charles McKeen Duren in Eldora, Hardin County, Iowa.

Mrs. Mead has been in Andover two or three times during the year, and it was very good to welcome her one Sunday night to our tea-table. Miss McKeen was, for a few days in February, the guest of Professor and Mrs. J. B. Clark of Smith College, and one day in South Hadley was among the pleasant things which she had to tell us on her return. We were glad to hear of Mrs. Mead's pleasant surroundings, and of her useful and happy life.

With Mrs. Downs as a guide — never weary, never uninteresting, knowing the life of the famous village to the heart — nothing could bring richer delight than a perfect spring day in Concord. Even the doors of

the "Wayside" and of Emerson's home opened to the eager pilgrims through the kindness of their leader's friends, and the days of 1775 will never again to them be far-off or unreal.

A card before us bears the address of †Sarah A. Jenness, M.D., 429 Shawmut Ave., Boston.

Many old scholars have come to us this year, and we have enjoyed their pleasure in our new home. We are glad to hear of many more who plan to visit Andover at Anniversary time, and the Courant expects to gain interesting "items" for the next issue, and, too, hopes to add some new names to the list of subscribers. It takes this opportunity to express thanks to the many who have shown themselves friendly and helpful. Through the frequent and inevitable changes in the editorial corps, seeming neglect and some mistakes have occurred, but it is trying hard to avoid all such, and to please and interest those who love the school.

We enjoyed a visit, a few days ago, from †Olive Twitchell Crawford, '76, who is spending a couple of months in this country. She spoke to us at our Saturday evening meeting, June 5th, and we were charmed with this old scholar, whose name we have so often heard. We understand that her sister Julia returns with her to her home in Broosa, Turkey.

Only the week before, we were glad to welcome Anna Dawes, '71, who was with us a night and day.

Miss Sara E. Wiltse spent Saturday and Sunday with us a few weeks ago. We became acquainted with her through her "Brave Baby," and were happy to have the acquaintance ripen into friendship. She told us much of her work in the kindergartens and in the reading-rooms that have been and are such a blessing to Boston, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Quincy Shaw, and to the faithful labors of such women as Miss Wiltse.

As a continuation of their successful re-union at the house-warming, a large number of the class of '82 re-assembled the following Saturday at Mrs. Wilde's (Effie Dresser) pleasant home in Malden. The companionship of "auld lang syne" and the good cheer "rolled back the tide of time," happily proving that years could not weaken the bonds of '82.

Up to June 1st we have recorded the names of the following old scholars who have visited us. Surely no school welcomes her daughters more warmly than does their Alma Mater. †Annie Fry, '82; Annie Wight, '88; †Edie Dewey, '90; Myra Taft, '90; †Maria Hitchcock, '86; †Katherine Crocker, '87; †Alice Gardener, '78; †Lizzie Ryder, '89; †Annah Kimball, '84; †Mollie Hutchings, '89; Hattie Clark, '83; †Kathleen Jones, '89; Julia Gage, '90; †Maria Gardner, '88; †Nellie Walkley, '88; †Mary Stow, '88; †Martha (Barrows) Hitchcock, '56; †Fanny

(Fletcher) Parker, '72; Evelyn Fellows Masury, '71; †Lucy Montague Brown, '66; †Caroline N. Potter, '79; Ellen Webster, '83; Mary Decker, '84; †Frances Marrett, '86; †Mary Wheeler, '66; Bertha Hall MacKeown, '88; Augusta Swazy Gardner, '84; †Fannie Bell Pettee, '82; Charlotte S. Barnard: †Alice Hendryx, '89; †Nan Spencer, '89; †Dora Spaulding, '75; Florence Lewis, '75; Martha Ripley Faulkner, '75.

We are looking forward with much interest to the musicale to be given by the pupils of Mr. S. M. Downs, assisted by our school choir. When the Courant, appears it will be a thing of the past, but, we are sure, a very pleasant memory. The following is the programme:

Part First. — Part song, Hark! from the Woods (Abt), the choir. Piano, Allegro Vivace and Trio from Octette (Schubert), Misses Odell and Himes. Piano, Gondoliera (Liszt), Spinning Song (Wagner-Liszt), Miss Beal. Song, "Good-bye, Sweet Day" (Kate Vannah), Miss Merrill. Piano, Rondo from Concerto, C minor (Beethoven), Miss Perry. (Orchestral part on second piano.)

Part Second. — Maestoso pomposo — Allegro — Menuett — Allegro, Die Feuer-musik, (G. F. Händel), Misses Beal, Crocker, Odell and Sanborn. Part songs, Frühlingslied (E. Lassen), Heidenröslein (N. W. Gade), Misses Carrie Beal, Soule, Sweet, Staats, Perry, and Odell. Piano, Ballade, A flat, Op. 47 (Chopin), Miss Crocker. Piano, Variations, Pour deux Pianos, sur un Thème de Beethoven (Saint-Saëns), Misses Perry and Beal. Chorus, Gipsy Life (Robert Schumann); solos, Misses Soule and Carrie Beal.

Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Patton (Pauline Whittlesey, '83), of Westfield, N.J., are to spend the summer vacation in Europe, leaving home July 1st, and returning the first week in September.

The fraction of this year's interest of the Alumnae Fund left after the purchase of casts and the last payment for the Century Dictionary has furnished some simple dissecting tools for zoölogy, a field-glass, and some valuable geological charts.

The zoölogical cabinet has just received from two of its friends a Hermit crab and a Luna moth. There is always room for more such souvenirs. Duplicates are often useful to the class, and new specimens are sure of a welcome.

As we write, the Seniors and Readers are in party attire, starting for the reception at Prof. Churchill's beautiful home. These coming days are full of attractive "doings," and sometimes we wonder if we are really in the prosaic school life. But when our next number appears these same "doings" will be far in the past, and the school round begun again, and Ninety-two will be our Seniors.

A neat little booklet has been issued, containing the Constitution, By-Laws, and the latest list of the Alumnae Association.

Our miniature mass meeting, held the evening of the exciting "Phillps Day," resulted in a subscription of seventy-five dollars, which has already been collected, and paid into the fund for the Andover Cottage.

While we rejoice that Miss Mitchell has before her a year of rest, we grieve that we must miss her presence here. Her self-forgetfulness in devotion to the interests of the school and family, her scholarly preparation for her work, the originality of her methods, and her enthusiasm in the class-room, as well as her personal sympathy with her pupils, will leave a helpful influence which will abide with us. Meanwhile we gratefully hope for the best results to her from an extended vacation.

The friends of Abbot Academy will congratulate us that Miss Emily A. Means will take the work, in the Senior Middle and Senior classes, which has been Miss Mitchell's care, and she will also continue her instruction in the studios. As she will live with us in Draper Hall, we shall have the further pleasure and advantage of her society in our family.

One of our brightest memories is of our visit from happy, sunny Helen Keller. We begged a copy of a home letter that went to far-away Texas, telling about the little girl who has grown so dear to us.

"I called down wondering looks several times Friday at dinner. I was trying to eat with my eyes shut, so as to be in sympathy with Helen Keller, who came to see us that afternoon, and stayed till Saturday evening, the guest of the Senior girls.

"I saw, when she came into the dining-room, a girl a little like Madge D—— as to figure and curly hair, with a face which seemed a mirror for thought indeed. You see, she was very ill when a baby, and lost both sight and hearing in three days. Of course she has no memory of sound, and could not learn to talk, and so she lived in a world alone till four years ago.

"Her teacher seems only less wonderful than Helen; for with touch as the only means of communication, she has, as Helen says, "brought light and music into her soul, so that she has learned what a wonderful thing language is." It was fascinating to see her face respond to the thought kindled in her quick brain. She has learned to talk, too, and held quite a reception Friday evening in the Seniors' room, and later in the drawing-room. She seemed utterly unconscious that girls were crowded around her on all sides,—behind the sofa where she sat in state, on the floor in front of her, and in a big circle all around her,—and seemed to enjoy the talk as much as we did. Her sense of touch was very acute. After supper she was introduced to many of the girls, and afterwards recognized each one easily, which is more than I could do on such short acquaintance—with both eyes and ears. I showed her my Jap 'Johnny,' and she said at once: 'Japanese,—is n't he funny.' Once she put her hand on Miss Sullivan's mouth, and the teacher whispered, 'You are a chatter'—but before she could finish, Helen answered, 'Chatterbox, oh, no!'

"We asked her about Tommy, whereupon she grew eloquent in telling us of the little waif she is determined shall have the advantages she has, although, she admitted, 'he didn't like to learn, and could n't even spell boot.'" Fancy how two blind, deaf, and dumb children set out to play together; Helen stamps her foot, Tommy stamps his, and then they both laugh. 'But,' she gravely assured us, 'he can think: for he unscrews the electric bell, and he loves to play.' We knew the pretty story of her sacrifice of her money for her new dog 'that Tommy might have a teacher,' and resolved to, and did, add our mite to the fund that has now grown to over six hundred dollars. The Senior girls gave her a cast of the Lion of Lucerne, which she knew as soon as she felt it, for she pretended to scare us by showing her teeth like the lion. Casts were her delight; and she went into ecstasies in the art rooms, recognizing easily her old friends of mythology, of which she is very fond. They showed her Nero, a head she did n't know, and, passing her sensitive fingers over the face, she rendered the verdict, 'Proud.' Passing her hands over the features of Niobe, a shade came over her own sweet face, and she said, 'It is *sorrow*.' She can recognize most flowers, and even analyze them by touch if they are not too fine. If she had painted portraits I don't think I should have been surprised.

"Oddest of all, she delights in music, and asked that some one play on the piano for her, so we went, an enthusiastic throng, to the music-rooms. It was wonderful. There she sat in darkness and silence, with one hand on the keyboard, and kept time to whatever music was played, for she feels music from the vibrations of the air. She even tapped her foot in the 'Skirt Dance,' as though she would like to try. Her teacher is refined and cultivated, and I couldn't help thinking what a comfort it must be not to know any cross words or slang expressions. Poetical in thought and word, Helen is bright, as well, in history and arithmetic. If she could see and hear she would be called a very bright child, but as she is, she is a marvel. She was so clever in her talk, too. Saturday morning she held a small reception of Andover people, and some one gave her a bunch of violets with a Jack-in-the-pulpit in the centre. 'See,' she said, 'he preaches to the nodding violets, but he is not so large as Dr. Brooks.' Then some one answered, 'But Dr. Brooks is a bishop.' 'Not yet,' she answered, 'he is not elected bishop yet.' She heard some one speak (if she didn't hear it seemed like it) of Dickens, and immediately asked how Dickens wrote. We gave it up, and her face fairly beamed with fun as she told us, 'All of er 'Twist.'

"She came to Hall Exercises Saturday afternoon, the teacher telling her on her hands all that was said. Finally she said to her teacher that she wanted to tell us good-bye herself—for only lovely people live in her world, and she knows no confusion or fear. I wish you could see the picture of her as she stood before us, so afflicted, and yet so sweet, modest, and happy. And this is what she said: 'Dear girls at Abbot, I want to

thank you for your kindness to me. I have enjoyed my visit very much, I am sure my mother will thank you, too. The world seems to me full of love and kindness, and God has written His goodness all over the walls of nature. I wish you would all come to South Boston to see me, and then you can see Tommy.'

Half the girls in the room had bowed their heads, and some one sobbed outright. For, as I heard it expressed later, 'Think of her being so grateful for what she has, and see what a pig I am.' I am sure she preached us the best of sermons."

The account of these days would not be quite complete without a recognition of the pleasure given us by Miss Frances Marrett, with whom Miss Sullivan and Helen came, and who told us much that was interesting of her own work of teaching the blind.

MARRIAGES.

In North Adams, Mass., January 28, 1891, at the home of Mrs. Mason Hodge, by the Rev. John P. Coyle, Mary Elizabeth Hodge, '88, to Frank J. Barber.

In Chelsea, Mass., January 28, 1891, Maude M. Foster, '88, to Heywood S. French.

In St. Louis, Mo., January 15, 1891, Elizabeth Browne Sargent, '86, to Theodore Worcester.

Miss Mary A. Bybee, '86, to W. L. Milliken of Boston.

In Alamosa, Col., March 12, 1891, †Julia Marcia Spear, '86, to William Forrest Boyd.

In Spencer, Mass., June 4, 1891, May Prince Jones, '85, to Albert Sauveur.

In Cambridge, Mass., June 3, 1891, Esther Aline Dow, '87, to Harry Perkins Ball.

In Sewickly, Pa., April 2, 1891, †Martha Mary Nevin, '84, to John Broomall Booth.

In Washington, D. C., June 2, 1891, †Marion Percival Keene, '84, to Arthur Mitchell Little.

In Woods Holl, Mass., April 23, 1891, †Ruth Anna Hatch, '85, to Asa Frank Shiverick.

In Pottsville, Pa., April 15, 1891, Emily Baird Thompson, '86, to John Parke Hood.

In Haverhill, Mass., June 2, 1891, †Harriet Louise Raymond, '86, to Frederick Lewis. They will live at No. 1 Whalley Avenue, New Haven, Ct.

DEATHS.

At her home in Worcester, February 19, Fanny R. (Emerson) Childs, '77.

Four little ones had come to her since the home-making began, the youngest but three weeks old when the light went out of the mother eyes. But many hearts are full with testimony to the rich inheritance which they do not yet understand, — an inheritance of earnest purpose, skillful activity, quick and unselfish interest in every life touching her own, a warm, true heart of love, and a pure Christian faith. Surely they will "rise up and call her blessed."

Miss Temple's life in Abbot Academy was brief but full of usefulness. During the year spent as matron in South Hall, her ready sympathy and kind, motherly ways won all her household, and when she came to Davis Hall to take Mrs. Bullard's place, we felt sure that a helpful friend had come into our midst. Nor were we mistaken, but it was only in the closer acquaintance, the daily intercourse, that we learned something of the sturdy common-sense, the keen humor, the strong sympathy, which found scope in her life here. All this year her health was failing, but we little realized when she left us on the day of the house-warming that she would never come back to us. In spite of her sharp disappointment at leaving her post, there was yet a brave facing of the future, and her trust never wavered. She died at her brother's home in Reading, March 15, 1891.

January 8, 1891, in Providence, R. I., Mrs. Benjamin White, formerly Miss Frances M. Aborn, teacher in Abbot from 1851-53.

It does one good to read the earnest words of admiration for the life of this noble woman, and to know how many people have been and are to-day happier and better because of her work.

In Middleboro, Mass., †Adeline Osgood Eddy, '40. Mrs. Eddy was at one time invited to become Assistant Principal of Abbot Academy, but her health did not allow her to assume the duties.

In the Brattleboro' Insane Asylum, Ruth Nichols, '65, widow of the late Rev. Edward P. Wild, formerly pastor at Newport, and also at Manchester, Vermont.

In Manchester, N. H., May 5, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Lowell, formerly matron in Davis Hall.

"All the city who knew her bear testimony to her lovely character. She has always been the generous, helpful friend of the poor, trusted and beloved by rich and poor alike. Mrs. Lowell has illustrated the saying that 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches'. Almost fourscore years were her portion, but looking at her sweet face to-day it seemed impossible to believe it."

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'91.

"Mehr Licht."

<i>President,</i>	KATHARINE H. WINEGARNER.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	CAROLINE A. GOODELL.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	NELLIE B. ROYCE.

Class Colors,	Carnation-red and white.
Flowers,	Red and White Carnations.

'92.

"As I can."

<i>Acting President,</i>	HELEN F. GILCHRIST.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	WINNIFRED S. LAWRY.

OFFICERS
OF THE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1890-1891.

PRESIDENT :

MISS EMILY A. MEANS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

MRS. LUCY MONTAGUE BROWN, of Portland.

MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, of Dedham.

MRS. FRANCES KIMBALL HARLOW, of Woburn.

MRS. ADDIE TAYLOR MERRILL, of Andover.

MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE, of Andover.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER :

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION :

MISS PHILENA McKEEN, MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER,
MISS AGNES PARK.

1829.

1891.

THE SIXTY-SECOND

ANNIVERSARY

OF

ABBOT ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, MASS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1891.



BACCALAUREATE SERMON

AT

The South Church,

June 14, A.M.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. RYDER, ANDOVER.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16,

9.00 A.M.

At the Academy Hall.



Music. — "The Soft Winds are Blowing." — *Weber.*

The Choir.

Essay : Some Characteristics reflected in Art. *Miss Brown.*

Essay : Einige Gedanken aus Faust, *Miss Hinkley.*

Music. — Menuett. — *Moszkowski.*

Misses Bull and Odell.

Essay : Two Views of One Subject, *Miss Royce, Miss Hinchman.*

Music. — Aufschwung. — *Schumann.*

Miss Crocker.

Reading : "Imperfect Instruments," *Miss Goodell.*

Essay : Compensations. *Miss Hitchcock.*

Music. — Étude. — *Chopin.*

Miss Beal.

Class Exercises.

Oration, - - - - - *Miss Winegarner.*

VINE PLANTING.

Transfer of the Spade.

TREE SONG.*

By Annie Sawyer Downs.

Mystic tree of song and story!	Mystic tree, whose source immortal,
Mystic tree of love and fate!	Springs afresh in Nature's heart;
Old when Rome was in her glory;	As in age, so in thy spring-time;
Old when Egypt still was great.	Type of human life thou art.
Tree which knew the bliss of Eden;	And we gather round thy branches.
Tree of knowledge, tree of life;	While we call thee by our name;
Tree which in the fair Aválon	Linking thus our fleeting service
Healed King Arthur of his strife.	To thy rich enduring fame.
Linking thus our changing fortune,	
Change of time and change of place:	
To thy strength and to thy beauty;	
To thy quiet and thy grace.	

* The Class tree of 1891 is a *Pyrus baccata*.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16,

10.45 A.M.

At the South Church.

Voluntary and March.

INVOCATION.

HYMN.

Address by Rev. Philip S. Moram, D.D.,
of Boston, Mass.

PRESENTATION of DIPLOMAS by REV. JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR.

PARTING HYMN.

Words by Miss A. L. Waring.

Music by S. M. Downs.

"My times are in Thy hands,"

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,—
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

* * * * *
In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children "free,"—
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Alumnae Meeting at Academy Hall, at 2.30 P.M.

Names of the Graduating Class.



"MEHR LICHT."



Annie Cora Brown,	<i>Providence, R. I</i>
Annie May Bull,	<i>Middletown, N. Y.</i>
Caroline Andelia Goodell,	<i>Whitinsville.</i>
Lena May Hinchman,	<i>Middletown, N. Y.</i>
Alice Hinkley,	<i>Portland, Me.</i>
Martha Barrows Hitchcock,	<i>Hanover, N. H.</i>
Nellie Billings Royce,	<i>Middletown, N. Y.</i>
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*Of the Sixty-third Year will begin on Thursday,
September 10, 1891.*

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Will begin on Thursday, January 7, 1892.

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FOR LIST OF TEACHERS SEE NEXT PAGE.

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January, 1892.

THE
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THE ABBOT COURANT.

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VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY, 1892.

NO. 1.

HOLMES IN ANDOVER.

DO we realize how many famous men and women have walked the streets of Andover, and lived in the very houses which we pass with so little thought? Yet did we but know it, every landmark of this old town is eloquent with memories of such names as Josiah Quincy, S. F. B. Morse, Ray Palmer, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and a host of others. In this illustrious group, there stands no brighter name than that of

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the brilliant "Autocrat," who for one year brightened Phillips Academy with his presence.

In his paper entitled "Cin-

ders from the Ashes," we have an account of young Holmes' first journey to Andover. Escorted by his father and mother, the fifteen



year-old boy set out from Cambridge in the Andover stage-coach. We can follow them through the intervening towns of Stoneham, Reading, and Wilmington, until, by the "old Boston turnpike," they reached the "hallowed borders" of the "academic town," and stopped at the house we know so well as Professor Smyth's. but then the home of Doctor James Murdock, a professor in the Theological Seminary.

"I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden plot,
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor;
The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door;
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill;
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still."



One of these new faces proved to be anything but grave and still, however; for young Abraham Murdock was a mischievous lad, "whose mission was to smile."

One of Holmes' fellow-students, who remembered him well, has said of him: "A beautiful boy he was, bright, cheerful, and unsophisticated, and brilliant in every department. Well do I remember the day that he passed his last examination, when he read his poetical

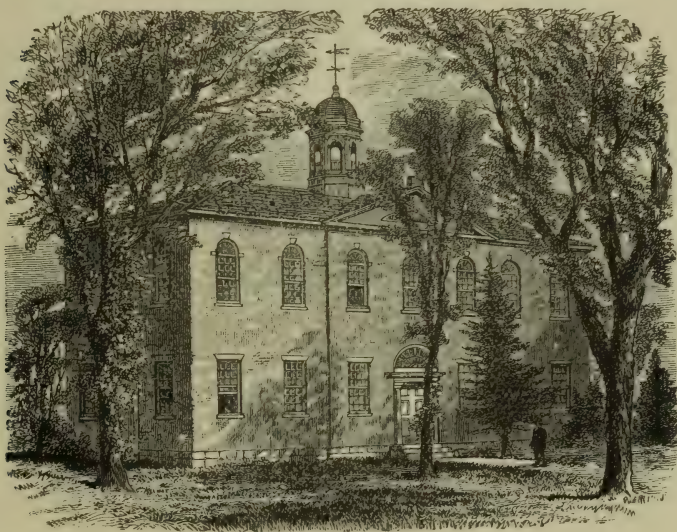
translation from one of the Roman poets. This was a passage from the first book of the *Aeneid*, beginning,

“The god looked out upon the troubled deep,
Roused into tumult from its placid sleep,”

and is of special interest, because it was Holmes' first attempt at verse.

He must have been good in debate; for in the books of the old Social Fraternity, afterwards merged into the Philomathean Society, there are records of several discussions in which Holmes was one of the leading speakers. Two of these subjects — the case of Mary Queen of Scots, and the relative merits of poet and orator — will serve as examples; and, to judge from the recurrence of the phrase “The victory was adjudged to Holmes' side,” we may conclude that he was even then something of an “autocrat.”

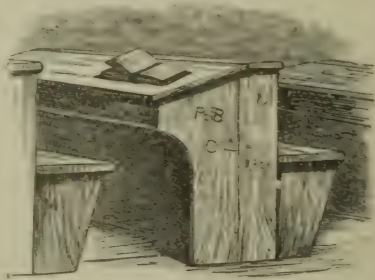
A programme of the Commencement exercises of 1825 is still preserved in the archives of the Academy. The small sheet on which it is printed is very unpretentious, the paper faded and yellow, but half way down the page may be read the words, “Fancy, —



O. W. Holmes.” That is enough to glorify the page in the eyes of all who have laughed over the “Autocrat,” or dreamed over “The Chambered Nautilus.”

So Holmes left Andover, and not until forty years after did he make a pilgrimage to the scenes of his school-days. This time he came by rail, and approached the town from the other side. He tells how the ghost of his boyhood walked beside him, up the street from the station, past the professors' houses, still unchanged, past the "pale, brick Seminary buildings," to the "bleak, bare old Academy." "Could I believe my senses," he says, "when I found that it was turned into a gymnasium, and heard the low thunder of ninepin balls and the crash of tumbling pins from those precincts. The little ghost said, 'Never! it cannot be.' But it was."

So the traveller wandered among the old familiar scenes; looked at the old house where he had spent many pleasant hours; hunted up the big rock where he cracked his nuts, by and by finding himself in the grave-yard. Here he sorrowfully scanned the stones, reading, alas, many a familiar name. Then in view of the distant mountains, he chose a pleasant place near a clump of birches, and sat down to eat his lunch and indulge in a little revery. Tradition has it that he left a record upon one of the trees. Who will find it, or the mythical Basil's Cave, where, according to Holmes, a Phillips boy of fabulous wealth stored his treasures and lived luxuriously.



Afterward, Doctor Holmes set out to explore the rest of the town. The Shawshin looked to him just the same; even the bathers were there as of old. "The same river, only the water changed," he said to himself; "the same boys, only the names and the accidents of local memory different." Indian Ridge more than justified his boyish impressions, and he felt repaid for his journey by the sight of its lofty bank.

But we have as yet made no reference to Holmes' poem, "The School-boy," written in 1878 for the centennial celebration of Phillips Academy. At this time hundreds of alumni gathered, from near and from far, to honor the old school. Doctor Holmes was the poet of the day, and was introduced by Dr. William Adams, who was the son of his former preceptor, and had heard the boyish effort in "Fancy."

Later in the day, when called upon by Professor Churchill for an after-dinner speech, he responded by producing a scrap of yellow paper, the original copy of the translation from Virgil. Turning to Professor Churchill, — who immediately announced, in the loud voice of an old-time schoolmaster: "Expectatur poema ab Olivero Wendell Holmes." — he proceeded to "speak his piece" in regular schoolboy style. At the close he again bowed profoundly to the President, who remarked, in a patronizing tone: "Young man, your verses are very praiseworthy. By diligent cultivation, you may yet become a poet of no mean repute. Perge, perge, puer, ad majora."

In company so delightful let us leave the kindly humorist, rejoicing that in the fresh pages of the Atlantic we may yet welcome new verses from his pen.

J. C. '93.



DOROTHY'S CARNAL-MINDEDNESS.

"Now, you will be very careful of the turkey, Sarah Ann? I should feel dreadfully to have it burn when all that company is coming!"

The time of this admonition was Thanksgiving morning, in the year of grace 1816; the place, an old-fashioned kitchen. The speaker was a young girl of eighteen, who stood in the doorway. Like any well-brought-up New England girl, Dolly was going to "Thanksgiving meeting" with her father. She would never have dared to ask that she might stay at home; but it must be confessed that her thoughts were more on practical than on spiritual matters.

Dolly had been the housekeeper since her mother's death, but this was her first dinner-party. No less a person than the minister himself would be among her guests; then there would be her two older brothers with their families; and lastly, the widow Parsons with her son Ezekiel.

Most of the preparations had been made. The pies stood in an appetizing row, and the turnip and squash were boiling peacefully. But the turkey, that crown of all, had just been intrusted to the brick oven, and we need not wonder that Dolly disliked to leave it in the care-less hands of Sarah Ann.

It was with a very pre-occupied mind that the little housekeeper walked toward the sanctuary. While the Reverend Elijah Bradford spoke of the perils of the country, Dolly thought of her turkey. His eulogy on Washington mingled, in her mind, with calculations as to the number of pies required; and — shall I tell it? — during the closing sentences of the sermon this sober little Puritan maiden thought only of the question whether there were enough pie-plates!

There are so many "last things" to do in serving a meal! Dolly recognized this fact, as she hurried hither and thither, till, at last, she heard her father say: "Come, child, it's more than time for dinner." Alas! the turkey had not quite reached that perfect shade of brown on which she had set her heart. She drew it hastily from the oven, placed it on the spit in front of the fire, and hurried to the table, where all else stood ready.

The Rev. Mr. Bradford arose to ask the blessing. Long prayers

were the rule in those days, and this one was no exception. He prayed for the world at large, for the nation, and finally for "the family here assembled." Alas! he had but just risen when Dolly's keen sense detected a faint burnt odor in the kitchen. Mr. Bradford invoked the Divine blessing on the aged father, on the sons, and their families. "What will Josiah's wife think of me when she sees that turkey?" said Dolly to herself. "It will burn up before he finishes."

The minister spoke of the young daughter, "like a green olive-branch on the parent stem." He little realized the anxiety he was causing her. For now the burnt odor grew stronger, and Dolly did a most dreadful thing. Without waiting for the blessing to be over, she rose noiselessly from her seat, hurried to the kitchen, and bent eagerly over the turkey. The firelight showed a very pretty picture, as it fell on her bright eyes and cheeks flushed with excitement; but Dolly knew nothing of that. With a sigh of relief she noticed that the turkey was not yet badly burned. She placed it on its platter, waited till she thought Mr. Bradford must have finished, and returned to the table.

It seemed to her that all eyes were fixed upon her as her father said: "I did not look for such carnal-mindedness in you, Dorothy." But all dreadful things pass away. The turkey was just done, the pies most savory, and in the course of the meal Dolly almost forgot her crime, and became her cheery little self once more.

As the guests were leaving, Ezekiel Parsons lingered a little behind. "Never mind, Dorothy," said he: "I like you just as well, if you are a bit carnally minded."

M. A. T. '93.





SEE here a modest friend, known in all places :
 It has the secret which dull care effaces. —
 Bubbling so merrily,
 Humming so cheerily,
 Gay as a cricket
 Upon the wide hearth.

So now while gently this sweet spirit sings,
 Lightly I'll mount on its ether-like wings.
 Fill, then, my dainty one ;
 Let it be deftly done ;
 Soon shall our nectar come,
 Fit for the gods.

And when its essence our dull sense suffuses,
 And gaily fancy trips, led by the Muses,
 Then shall those airy sprites,
 Rarest of soul-delights,
 Lift us to regions
 Of thought and of song. E. E. I. '82.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.—A TRUE STORY.

A FEW travellers were sitting together outside the door of an English inn, resting after the day's journey, and enjoying the calm beauty of the evening. Presently the genial host joined the group, and was plied with questions about the ruins of an ancient church, whose ivy-clad arches and sashless windows stood out clearly against the sky. In the course of the conversation he related to his eager listeners the following tale, which was the more thrilling because it had taken place in the very building of which they had been speaking.

Until a few years ago, service had been held in the now unused and lonely church. Few persons attended vespers; but among the regular worshippers was one beautiful and delicate young girl. One night she awoke with a start, and hurried to her dressing-table to find an important letter which she had received that afternoon from her father. Suddenly she remembered that she had left it in her prayer-book in the church, and, without a moment's hesitation, she threw on her clothes and crept out of the house. The peaceful village lay asleep, and no one saw the little figure glide along the moonlit road towards the deserted church. As to herself, no thought of timidity or anxiety crossed her innocent mind. To those happy creatures who know not the sin and wickedness of the world "the night shineth as the day," and the rustic maiden's only care was for the missing letter. She entered the church, and without difficulty found her usual seat. The moon cast a weird brightness in certain spots, leaving the corners and recesses of the building all the darker by contrast.

After finding the letter the girl turned to retrace her steps, when a faint sound from the chancel made her crouch terrified in the pew. The sound was repeated—this time more distinctly. It was the ominous clank of an iron chain. Nearer and nearer it came, down the aisle, to the very door of the pew. There it stopped, and the poor girl, trembling in every limb, saw a being with dishevelled hair, gaunt features, and fiery eyes, looking down at her. It was an insane man, who had escaped some days before from a neighboring asylum. With a fierce growl of rage, like that of a wild beast about to spring upon its prey, the lunatic brandished a huge knife with a

glittering blade. Paralyzed as she was, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to remember the power of music. Perhaps the thought of King Saul, soothed by the notes of David's lyre, flashed into her head; for, just as the wild man was about to plunge the cold steel into her heart, her sweet voice broke the deathlike stillness. The upraised arm was lowered, and the wretch succumbed to the magic spell. If the music ceased but for a moment, his former ferocity returned. So his victim sang on, hour after hour, until the first rays of morning light crept into the church. The sexton, looking in at sunrise, saw the strange sight, and hastened to bring a force of men to the rescue. None too soon did they arrive; for the moment that her frightful jailor was captured the heroic girl swooned, and was borne, almost lifeless, to her home. She lived but a few years after this terrible experience, speechless, and broken in mind.

The popular superstition that the ghost of the maniac walked in the church at night was so great that the services were discontinued, and the old building had fallen into disuse.

A. T. N. '93.

WILLOW CATKINS.

HALF-BURIED under ice and snow,
The brook's song is but faint and low;
Silenced so long, how should it know.

At once, the way to sing?
The north wind blows o'er pastures where,
Except for snow-drifts, all is bare;
And yet, above the brooklet there,
The "pussy willows," swing.

Of fair spring violets, blue and white,
Of Mayflowers, hiding from the light,
And all the host of blossoms bright,

Let other voices sing!
The "pussy willows" bring, indeed,
Best comfort to my time of need;
In them, in spite of snow, I read
The message of the spring.

M. A. T. '93.

FRANK WILCOX.

FRANK Wilcox's father was poor. Frank's grandfather had been poor, and his grandfather's father also. The family had been rich, but through his great grandfather's hands the money had slipped away from them. Since that time no one had had the energy to replace it.

Frank's father did make a half-hearted effort. He wandered to the North, from his home in Mississippi, and ran away with old J. B. Clough's daughter and only child. J. B. Clough was a Michigan lumber-merchant, who had made his fortune and meant to keep it. Like other tyrannical fathers who are thwarted in their fondest hopes, he burned his daughter's letters unread, and made a new will.

Emilie Wilcox wept bitterly when she first saw her southern home. Then she got up and put on an apron, and began to clean the house. She continued to clean until the day of her death. She never learned to adjust herself to her surroundings, nor to recognize the necessity of ignoring dirt. She washed, scrubbed, and cleaned; and was finally swept out of the world, another martyr to the great god of cleanliness. She left behind her one little boy, named Frank, to the care, or — more properly speaking — to the neglect, of his father.

Knife-works had just been established in Frank's native place, and presented to him a glorious opportunity. Frank wasted no time, and in a few days wrote to the superintendent. The spelling was dubious and the handwriting shaky, but there was nothing shaky in the spirit of the composition.

"Mister Superintendent: I wud like a place in yur employ. Frank Wilcox."

The superintendent laughed heartily, as he tossed this into the scrap-basket. The next week he received a *fac simile* of the previous letter, to which he gave similar treatment. When he saw the same straggling characters upon an envelope in his mail the third week, he opened it with an amused curiosity. It contained the same request, with an appeal for a speedy "anser." His hand hovered again over the scrap-basket; then he drew it back. The foreman entered at that moment, and he asked him if he had room for another

boy. Upon receiving an affirmative answer, he sat down and wrote to Frank to say that he might come on trial.

The first week was a trying one for Frank. He made few friends, although every one was friendly. He rarely talked, and when he did it was with a deliberate slowness known as the "southern drawl." Apparently he pondered all he heard; for gradually his bashfulness wore away, and he became a satisfactory feature in the office.

This corporation was a shrewd one. They had bought up three thousand acres around the site selected for their knife-works. Their laborers lived in cottages owned by the corporation, and bought their goods in the company's store. But in the centre of the settlement was a "Naboth's vineyard." The "vineyard" was a family burying-ground, owned by Captain Parks, who refused to listen to any propositions regarding its sale. The superintendent remonstrated with him, but in vain.

That he would die, and this land be sold, had never occurred to the captain. The question "How about when you die, captain?" as put by Frank, in his deliberate speech, almost staggered Captain Parks. After a long, serious conversation, the "vineyard," with one acre adjoining it, was sold to Frank, on condition that he would keep the graves in good order, and pay the captain one hundred dollars. If the latter condition was not fulfilled within a year, the captain could reclaim the land and all its improvements. Frank knew the history of his family, and he determined to restore it to its former prosperous condition, if strength and opportunity were given him.

What the improvements on this land meant, the whole town soon knew. Frank's shop was the talk of the village. Although it was little more than a shanty, the laborers soon learned that its goods were of better quality and of lower price than those on the shelves of the company's store. The money used in establishing himself was a small sum which Frank had gotten by selling at auction the only things which he owned — the worn-out roof which covered him and the bit of land on which it stood. His father had lately died, and there was no one to interfere with his investment. To the superintendent's advice, "Better put your money in a bank," Frank answered submissively, "Yes, sir"; but he did not follow it.

At first Frank's store was open only at night, and Frank waited on the customers; but as the business grew, a small boy tended the

store by day and assisted Frank at night. The clerks at the works frequently visited Frank, and warned him of the big corporation against which he was working. Frank listened to each one, and said nothing. As yet the superintendent had not spoken to Frank about it; but that came later.

As Frank was passing through his office one day, he stopped him. "Wilcox, how much do you hold your land at?" he asked carelessly. "What do you think it worth, sir?" inquired Frank respectfully. "Not much," replied the superintendent. "I've my store built and paid for, I've paid for my land, and business is growing," answered Frank, as though he was calculating aloud. "Take a week to think it over," said the superintendent hastily.

At the appointed time Frank appeared. "Well, Frank, how much is it?" asked the superintendent. "It is fifteen thousand dollars," answered Frank. When the superintendent heard the price he was very angry, and he perceived that it behooved him to walk carefully. "The directors could n't consider such a price," he said. "It would n't be worth that to them." "No, sir," said Frank meekly. "I know it is not worth that price to any one but myself."

Then it was that the superintendent gave vent to his feelings, and gave Frank to understand that he considered him as infringing upon the rights of the company in whose service he was.

Frank was puzzled at first. He was still ignorant of the ways of the world; and being told that he must choose between the office and his store, he immediately answered, "Yes, sir; you have been very kind. I was thinking that my clerk was not doing as well as he might if I was there and had my eye on him."

The superintendent was completely stunned by the boy's innocence, combined with his knowledge of business.

At the next meeting of the directors Frank was called before them, but with no more success. The questioner, a fine-looking, gray-haired man, on recovering from a fit of laughter into which he had been thrown by Frank's droll answers, suddenly asked the superintendent, "What did you say the lad's name was?" "Frank Wilcox," answered the superintendent. "Wilcox — Frank Wilcox," pondered the old man. "What was his father's name?" "Frank, also, I believe," said the superintendent. "It's he, as sure as my name is J. B. Clough: it's he," cried the old man, rising to his feet

excitedly. "Where has he gone? Where has he gone?" He rushed from the room, followed by the bewildered superintendent.

When they returned Frank Wilcox was with them. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Clough, "allow me to present to you my grandson, who was formerly of the firm of Frank Wilcox, but now a full-fledged partner of the lumber-firm of J. B. Clough and Grandson. We, — that is, my partner has decided that it is more advantageous for our present business to be on agreeable terms with the Knife-works Company."

B. M. '92.

A DUET.

Two walked, one night, by the sounding sea;
And I think the moon might tell
Of hands that were closely clasped, that night,
And of lips that met, as well.

But the moon, the listener, heard but few
Of the words on that night said;
"Forever and ever," and that was all,
So low was bent one head.

"Forever and ever," the very words
Men have spoken so oft before.
To the wise old moon they seemed a jest;
They were that, and nothing more.

A. A.

"THE NUNNERY."

"THE Nunnery"! Call up visions of your childhood, when your two friends, Katy and Clover Carr went to Hillsover to begin "What Katy did at School." We will not believe that there is an American girl who does not know Susan Coolidge's delightful story, and would not be interested in learning the exact place where Katy and Clover enjoyed their happy year of boarding-school life.

I shall never forget the deep satisfaction I felt when I first knew that Concord, Mass., was the home of "Little Women," and Boston, the adjacent city where Jo encountered her first publishers. It was with even greater pleasure that I could finally locate "the Nunnery," and talk with those who had lived within its walls.

You know how those two Western girls journeyed East. You can see them arrive at Hillsover, enter the barge full of gay school-girls, among whom was the irresistible Rose Red; you share in the curiosity of all when the barge stops and the good Dr. Carr announces that Katy and Clover will spend the first night at the hotel. To the child reader the whole scene is a vivid mental picture.

Now listen! The town of Hillsover is none other than Hanover New Hampshire, and it is from the windows of the Dartmouth Hotel that on the following morning the two sisters looked eagerly for the Nunnery. Shall we share their disappointment as we see the plain exterior of its original, known as the Rood House? It is a large two-story frame structure, having a high, steep roof, with many dormer windows. In front is a wide porch, supported by heavy pillars. The house was built by Benjamin Perkins, and was first occupied by two professors of Dartmouth College. Mrs. Peabody founded the school, about 1840, having the house altered for its accommodation. Her successors were Mrs. Dickinson, Prof. Hubbard, and Mrs. Sherman. One wonders if either of the ladies mentioned was the beautiful Miss Florence or the parsimonious Mrs. Nipson.

It was, doubtless, in one of the two parlors on either side of the wide hall that Miss Florence fascinated her visitors. Shall we follow, as she conducts them to Quaker Row, on the second landing, and shows them the corner room, overlooking the campus of "Arrow-

mouth College." With a delightful sensation of surprise you recognize the clever perversion of the name "Dartmouth," and appreciate the trying neighborhood of this girls' school. On one side was Pres. Lord's residence, always full of boys; and on the other, across the road, were the college buildings.

You will now understand why Mr. Berry Searles, in passing to his rooms, saw and appreciated the mourning decorations upon Rose Red's window — that touching tribute to the memory of a deceased congressman. Such an episode may justify the screens of cotton cloth which were tacked over the lower sash of each window.

The construction of the bureau drawers will explain Rose Red's escapade in silent study-hour, that ridiculous position from which she was so summarily rescued by the ruthless hands of Miss Jane. In all the rooms drawers were built into the walls in such a way that if a drawer of one room was pulled out the back of the corresponding one in the next might be seen, and this a little dexterous pushing would dislodge. At the end of this same corridor is the obnoxious "lavatory," from which Dr. Carr rescued his daughters by the purchase of wash-stands. Shaker Row was on this floor, and upstairs the wicked little Attic Row.

The bathing establishment, the occasion of another of Rose Red's daring pranks, actually existed; and one morning in the week was reserved for Mrs. Peabody's girls. Under the strict escort of a teacher, they paraded through the street, each armed with towel, soap, and sponge. One recalls Rose Red's effective use of these equipments — the towel streaming from the back of her hat, the cake of pink soap neatly pinned among the bows, the sponge deftly poised as an airy pompon. It adds interest to this novel scene to know that it was a veritable occurrence.

But, although the inmates of the Rood House were commonly under such strict surveillance, at the Commencement season of Dartmouth College the young ladies were allowed to assist in preparing the church decorations. You will remember, in "What Katy did at School," the rival "Symposiums" and "Craters," and the dainty confections found in the bundles of evergreens.

Such, then, was the setting of this delightful book. Who will help us to find Burnet, that we may visit for ourselves that Paradise for children?

THE SEA CALL.

RUTH was a quaint little maiden who had lived all her nine years at the very tip end of Cape Cod. Her father had been lost at sea soon after she was born, and when her poor heart-broken mother died, two years later, she had been given in trust to her grandparents.

The two old people cared for their charge tenderly, and loved her with all their hearts; but they often told an artist friend, who spent his summers at the cape, that she was a "queer, onsartin' little creater." It was this same artist who painted Ruth's portrait; and the beauty of her great blue eyes and golden hair, that he had likened to the aureole of a saint, together with the vague queerness and restless uncertainty of her face, made so wonderful a picture that the fame of the painter was assured.

"Everything talks," she said to her friend, one afternoon, as they were returning from a long ramble on the shore, — "the birds and flowers and trees; and the sea, too, that is most beautiful of them all," she added, a moment later, with a wistful look in her beautiful eyes. "It keeps calling to me all the time. That buoy out there says, 'Come here! come near! come dear! hear! near! dear!' till it seems as if I must go; and the little waves are singing a lullaby."

The tone in which the artist answered this outburst startled her: "My dear, you are ill," he said. "Go home and ask your grandmother to give you another dose of pennyroyal tea."

"No, that does n't do a bit of good; it makes me feel worse, and I wish all the harder to get out to my beautiful sea," she replied sadly.

That was the last time the artist saw Ruth that fall. When he returned in the spring his first inquiries were for her.

"She died before the snow flew," they told him. "No, she warn't sick much, just kinder pindled out gradual. She seemed real chipper all the fall; used to lay and watch the clouds an' fog, an' talk real peart; but one mornin' when they called her she didn't answer, and when her grandmother went up to her room she found Ruth dead."

But the artist knew that little Ruth had gone out to the calling waters.

“To suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange.”

H. E. F. '93.

TO INDIAN RIDGE.

FROM HISTORY OF ABBOT ACADEMY.

Oh, faithful ridge! how many cares
Were lost amid thy pines!
How fondly still, through changing years,
To thee my heart inclines!

In many a tired, discouraged hour,
When all my work seemed vain,
Thy quiet loveliness had power
To soothe my weary brain.

MIRANDA B. MERWIN, '68.



A SKETCH.

THE stars seemed to burn close to earth, as I caught occasional glimpses of them through the interlaced boughs of the live-oak trees. The masses of hanging moss, trailing in odd shapes, seemed in the camp-fire's glare to be solemn, ghost-like watchers. When the wind stirred they waved and murmured, as though discussing our invasion. Down below us the Colorado River roared as it fretted over the rocks of the rapids at Sulphur Falls.

"It's a good place for a camp," said my brother, heaping up the cedar driftwood, while I shortened my pony's tethering rope.

"Yes," I assented. Then we both started and listened; for from the distance came the bay of a hound, deep, loud, and prolonged. The echoes answered from the darkness, as though the rocks were inhabited. Quiet followed. Only the rush of the water, the occasional neighing of the ponies, and the whispering of the moss broke the stillness. We turned our attention to supper, as much for relief of mind as for hunger. The sputter of broiling quail is a cheerful sound when one is hungry, and "Tittlebat Titmouse," whose history my brother was reading, was as ludicrous as ever. Who cared for the plotting of moss ghosts or the baying of a dog?

But the next moment we sprang to our feet, as that hoarse bay, exultant now at closing the trail, re-echoed up the cañon. Again and again it sounded, closer each time, and finally broke into a series of yelps, which echoed from the rocks in multiplied answers. From the shadows of the forest appeared a party of horsemen, who tore aside the moss in their progress and halted quietly in the glare of our camp-fire. The light shone here and there on the mounting of a pistol; the eyes of the bloodhound gleamed as the eyes of some wild beast.

Trembling, we arose and faced them. Horse-thieves do not come with bloodhounds. What could be the mission of these strange visitors? They looked us over carefully; and then, from under the brim of one slouched hat, came the half demand:

"I reckon ye can tell us who ye air, and what ye 're doin' here."

I sank down by the fire, and my brother explained our peaceful intent. Meanwhile the great dog called again and again, dashed

into the shadow toward the river, and then reappeared. I vaguely wondered if he were not trying to join his echo companions in the cañon. A whispered talk followed my brother's explanation, and the leader said :

"Ye 'ain't seen a man skulkin' round, have ye? Ye see, he shot him in the back."

Then we knew; for the story of the man who shot his brother ranchman was ringing over the whole county. We had not seen any one; but I wondered again if that wretched Mexican were not watching us somewhere from the darkness toward the river. Then the men rode away, as quietly as they had come, and we were left alone once more.

"It seems like a grim game of hide and seek," I said, shuddering.

The ghosts were only tattered ribbons of Spanish moss as, in the early morning, my brother went to hunt, and I led the ponies down the steep bank to the river. A delicate mist rose from the trembling water. On the opposite side of the narrow river towered the brilliant "Pictured Rocks" of the lower Colorado. The sun had not yet reached the bottom of the cañon, but fired the dull green of the thickly matted cedars at the top. On a narrow, projecting ledge a rank growth of Spanish dagger spread long, spiney arms over the rapids below. A cactus, too heavy to stand upright, clung, sprawling, to the shelf.

I watched the ponies wade in up to their knees, and drink long, comforting draughts. A buzzard rose, swooped, and circled over some prospective feast on the cliff, far above me. The sun struck lower down. A broad band of light suddenly illuminated the ledge, and there, behind the Spanish dagger, and cactus, I saw the white, drawn face of the murderer!

H. F. G. '92.

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY.

ATLANTA University, the some-time protégé of the American Missionary Association, stands on a breezy hill-top, just outside Atlanta city, and on the site of a Union fort of war-times. There are sixty acres of red Georgia clay, and there are four large brick buildings, made picturesque by ivies and Madeira vines. There are six hundred students, of all colors, characters, and capabilities. There are thirty teachers and two matrons, and more needed. There are departments numerous and varied; for, besides the lessons of the class-room, the students are taught dressmaking, cooking, laundry-work, practical nursing, printing, farming, gardening, carpentering, and blacksmithing.

In the boys' dormitory, South Hall, you may be sure I was delighted to read, over the door of one room, "*Abbott Academy*." Now, as every room bears the name of the donor, or person in whose memory it was finished, of course, the Abbot girls of long ago (when our Alma Mater used that superfluous "*t*") furnished this particular room. I have never looked beyond the door, for within reside two bright college boys — sophomores.

Again, at North Hall, the home of the girls, is another door with the same inspiring placard. This room is inhabited by the music teacher, a very talented young lady from Boston.

But dear old Abbot is here more visibly than by door-labels. Come with me, for a few minutes, to the room of the matron in North Hall. Do you know her? She knows Abbot, and enjoys talking of it. Miss Mary Santley was, for one year, matron of South Hall, at Andover, taking the place of Mrs. Gorton, resigned.

And now to the nurse, who is a graduate of the finest training-school for nurses in this country, and, best of all, is an Abbot D. O. G. Her name is Mrs. Amanda (Hardy) Burdick, and she belongs to Miss Haseltine's reign, antedating Miss McKeen's time.

This institution is a great power for good throughout the South; for the old graduates are scattered from Florida to Texas, laboring for their people; and the students of to-day spend four months of each year (depriving themselves of vacation time) in teaching in out-of-the-way places and backwoods districts. Many are the un-

pleasant experiences they meet with; but only the recording angel can tell all the good they accomplish.

The students of Atlanta University are, as a rule, very well-mannered, studious, and obedient. There are exceptions: but where are there not? I wish you might see them all in chapel some morning. It is a picture to hang "on Memory's wall." There are pink and white girls with flaxen hair, boys with blue eyes and blonde or auburn locks; some with hair as straight and blue-black as an Indian's, some with Spanish faces, and some bearing the unmistakable marks of their African lineage. It is somewhat amusing to find that color fixes their social standing among themselves. The "white" ones clan together, and class the dark ones as "niggers," belonging to the lowest social strata. The other day, in my Latin class, I asked what was the Latin word for black. Imagine my amazement to have a light octoroon boy answer, with a complacent smile, "Nigger, ma'am."

When these girls and boys are sincere Christians, they are a lesson indeed to most of us. They are so grateful to God and to their teachers for their advantages. It is often that one and another say to me, — scholars who hardly know where to turn for the money to meet their tuition-bills, or to buy the boots or flannels they need, — "God has done so much for me, that I know he expects a great deal from me throughout all my life": "I feel as if I had been particularly favored by my Heavenly Father," etc. The ambition of several of our girls is to earn money enough, after they graduate, to support one or two students each year at Atlanta University. Think of that, for poor girls who never had a father, and who support themselves by their vacation earnings!

Do not forget Atlanta University, with its two Abbot rooms and its three Abbot women, and if our representatives in the North appeal to you for aid, help us so far as in you lies. F. B. P. '82.

MISS BELCHER.

THE announcement of the death of Miss Mary J. Belcher will awaken memories tenderly cherished by many readers of the Courant.

During eleven years (1866-1877) Miss Belcher was a teacher in Abbot Academy. Her natural qualifications for teaching were pronounced; but she did not rely upon these, apart from thorough preparation. Her education was broad; she excelled in the higher mathematics, and was not only a critical English scholar, but was well read in Latin, French, and German. Her perception of truth was clear, and her literary taste was refined; she was original in methods and in expression. Naturally, her pupils were fascinated by her presentation of subjects; they both admired and feared her; they caught her enthusiasm, and valued her estimate of their work. But the best lesson she taught was imparted unconsciously. She impressed *herself* upon all of us — her wonderful patience and fortitude, her self-forgetfulness and constant thought for others.

When she was a young girl she contracted the disease which was a life-long restriction to her muscles and joints. With her, suffering was habitual, and sometimes, especially under surgical treatment, it was terrible. Most persons in her condition would have considered themselves bed-ridden. On the contrary, Miss Belcher did everything which it was possible for her to do. She studied and taught; she painted and visited; she went out for recreation; while living in Abbot Academy, she went to Boston whenever she wished to go, although she had to be lifted to and from hacks and trains.

When, at length, in 1877, she yielded to the persuasions of her brothers and sister to join them in California, she adopted that western country as her own, and enjoyed its new phases of beauty, and interested herself in the great problems of society there. Nothing was lacking to her comfort or happiness in the home of her brother, Judge Belcher; but the love of her chosen profession was so strong that she accepted a position in the Mills Seminary, which she held for several years; and after leaving there she often had private pupils — perhaps some boy fitting for college, or some class of young ladies wishing to study French or German, or litera-

ture or rhetoric or history. At one time some gentlemen and ladies asked to come to her as a week-day class in Bible study.

When her health required her to go to some hot springs, the guests at the hotel with her requested her to conduct Sabbath services, which she did, although so ill at the time.

With courage undaunted, accompanied by her maid, she joined a party of friends and made the trip from San Francisco to Alaska. Although mostly confined to her wheeled chair, and unable to leave the steamship, she wrote thrilling descriptions of the bold scenery of that northern region.

Her life was one long struggle with her muscles. Her soul seemed to be always beating against the bars of the body, and yet she was happy. A letter written two weeks before the end of her life closes with, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." She was then in her usual health, or, rather, ill health; but a short, sharp illness released her from her physical restrictions, and she escaped, a freed spirit, on the evening of the tenth of September, the very day upon which our present school year opened. Her last utterance was:

"Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling."

If she went empty-handed, how shall we appear before our Judge!

P. McK.



EDITORS' DRAWER.

We have been speculating lately about the name of our magazine. There were other school publications in Abbot before the "Courant." "The Work Basket" was the first. The name certainly sounds industrious and good, and it is said its contributions were "lively." The next attempt was called "The Experiment." Though the "Andover Advertiser" said editorially that it trembled at the announcement of so formidable a rival, "The Experiment" was not a success. Only four numbers were issued. The classes of '71 and '72 issued a pair of rival papers, whose names are characteristic, "The Knife" and "The Fork." The records briefly and suggestively say, "they were too pointed and slashing in their style for permanence." We regret that none of its numbers are on file. Our "Courant" came next. Perhaps it took its name from that old magazine, "The New England Courant." This was edited by James Franklin, an elder brother of the famous Benjamin, liberally aided by some young "doctors," whose knowledge was exceeded by their impudence. One of their first numbers called the new medical discovery, termed inoculation, an "invention of the devil," thereby mortally offending the Mathers, who at once withdrew their subscriptions (and thereafter sent punctually each week and bought a copy). A little later the "Courant" called down the wrath of the State, and one day the editor-in-chief suddenly retired from office. He had been sent to prison. Then it was that the future "poor Richard" was released from his apprenticeship and made editor. The radical spirit of its spicy pages is in marked contrast to our own quiet conservatism; doubtless we have profited by their example, and have stood in awe of a fate so terrible, of an existence so short lived. But we congratulate our Courant upon having attained the dignity of seventeen years.

Abbot to Phillips: Allow us to thank you for the dedication of the beautiful spring number of the Philo. Mirror. We wish to acknowledge, also, your kind invitations to Prof. Pray's juggling exhibition, the Exeter-Andover tennis tournament, and the Yale Fresh. foot-ball game. We extend the heartiest congratulations on the result of the tennis tournament and your fifth successive victory in the Exeter-Andover foot-ball contests.

Again it falls to us to recount the proceedings of Commencement week. The Baccalaureate Sunday of '91 was like the traditional Baccalaureate Sunday at Abbot, a beautiful June morning. An admirable sermon was preached by Prof. Ryder of the Andover Seminary upon the text, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

The Draper Reading followed Monday evening, and in spite of the insufferable heat, the programme held our attention until the end. It was as follows: "The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner" (Dickens), Harriet E. Forsyth; "The Day of Judgment" (Phelps), Elizabeth D. Nichols; "Sydney Carton's Sacrifice" (Dickens), Charlotte L. Odell; "Polly Mariner, Tailoress" (Cooke), Mary H. Beal; "The Royal Princess" (Rossetti), Nellie B. Royce; "Little Dombey" (Dickens), Josephine D. Crocker; "Tom's Little Star" (Clark), Bertha L. Manning; "Tiger Bay" (Buchanan), Helen F. Gilchrist; "My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Reagan" (Davis), Alice Hinkley; "A Lesson in Etiquette" (Wiggin), Aida Dunn.

Tuesday was all that had been prophesied, the hottest day in the memory of Andover. At nine o'clock we assembled in the Academy Hall to listen to the class exercises, which were conducted in a most dignified and graceful manner. Immediately after these exercises we hastened to the grove to witness the planting of the class tree, a *Pyrus Baccata*. It was the subject of a beautiful song, written for the occasion by Mrs. Downs. At the church the address was given by the Rev. Philip Moxom, D.D., of Boston, upon the subject, "In School and After." It was not until the diplomas had been presented by Prof. John Phelps Taylor, and we had sung the "parting hymn," that the fact from which we had so persistently turned our faces forced itself upon us, and we realized that another class had gone out.

COMMENCEMENT FROM '81'S POINT OF VIEW. — Did we ever doubt a warm reception? Doubt no more. On this June day the mercury stands at 112°, but the ardor of our first class reunion and our tenth anniversary is equal even to 112° of summer heat. The Berry house is our headquarters. What emotions would have torn our breasts ten years ago to have actually lodged where the feet of Phillippians daily trod! But no such emotion ruffles the calm of these six girls — yes, girls — despite the ten added years since they stood in the Old South Church, and received their diplomas from the hand of John B. Gough.

Who are we who return to keep this feast? The class of '81, four of whom are matrons, and three spinsters, besides Lillie, an '82 representative admitted by unanimous vote.

But we are here for more than a class supper; we are here for everything, the Draper Reading included. Have the years rolled backward? The old hall is the same; Patrick recognizes each one: Miss McKeen

sits in her accustomed place; well-remembered friends are all about, chief among them Prof. Churchill. The same droll, pathetic, grave, gay readings, the same arms full of flowers, the same congratulations! It cannot be a decade since we were a part of all this!

And now it is Anniversary Day with its bright sunshine, crowds of friends, essays, music, tree planting, procession to the Old South, Prof. Downs' familiar touch upon the organ, the diplomas, and then the well-remembered strains,

" Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me."

Why do the tears start as these words ring out? Ten years ago we sang them courageously and hopefully; now we sing them thoughtfully and with more of trust.

Anniversary Day is almost over, and in the beautiful June twilight we are gathered about "our table" in "our reading-room," not in the little old room we first inaugurated a decade ago, but in the large, comfortable, well-lighted, convenient room of Draper Hall. We are in the old new Abbot,—old in its home feeling, in Miss McKeen's undiminished interest in each girl; new in its beautiful building, in its comfort, in its wide halls, in its open fire-places, blackened by real and cheery fires; new in its electric lights; new, delightfully new, in its homelike and beautiful rooms!

Last spring graceful invitations announced a musicale to be given in Abbot Hall by the pupils of the school. All who know Professor Downs' high standard of attainment appreciated the compliment thus paid his class, and awaited the occasion with no small degree of pleasure and expectation. The programme was exceedingly tasteful, and the selections were varied and difficult. But the young ladies justified Professor Downs' confidence in them, playing not only with great technical skill, but with such spirit and power of interpretation that one could hardly believe it the work of pupils. The charming songs of the choir awakened repeated applause, and the enthusiasm reached its height when Miss Merrill appeared. While the singers and players on instruments were covered with glory, Prof. Downs was heartily congratulated upon the finish and success of the performance.

The June meeting of the Alumnae Association proved to be of more than usual interest. In addition to the ordinary business and the reports of the school welfare during the past year, the order of the afternoon included an able and interesting paper on "The Education of Girls in the East," by Lilian Waters Grosvenor, '72, whose home and work have been for many years in Constantinople. An animated discussion regarding an endowment fund for increasing the income of the school was aroused by remarks from Mary Douglass Macfarland, '77, of Washing-

tion, and resulted in the appointment of a committee consisting of Mrs. Macfarland, Mary Tarbox Raymond, '71, and Mabel F. Wheaton, '76, to consider the means of raising such a fund, his definite application to be discussed at the next annual meeting. The formation of an Abbot Club in Boston, for literary purposes, was discussed, and Laura Wentworth Fowler, '80, was appointed by the chair to see what could be done by way of working up this organization. Considerable stir was caused by the question of a representation of women on the Board of Trustees. A vote was finally passed that the matter be respectfully brought to the attention of the Board then in session at Draper Hall. Word was returned that a committee of their number had already been appointed to take the matter into consideration, and report at a subsequent meeting.

The committee mentioned above has issued this circular and card, addressed

To the former pupils of Abbot Academy:

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association of Abbot Academy, held at Andover, June 16th, 1891, a committee consisting of Mrs. Henry R. F. Macfarland, Mrs. F. T. Raymond, and Miss Mabel F. Wheaton was appointed to make an appeal to the old scholars of the school for regular annual contributions, in large or small sums, to the income of the school, which is insufficient for its needs. This plan has been tried successfully in other educational institutions. The idea met with the unanimous approval of those present, and various sums were subscribed on the spot. "One dollar a year for five years," "Five dollars a year for five years," "Ten dollars a year for five years," and "twenty-six dollars a year," the last being fifty cents a week. The suggestion was made that an Abbot Academy box be kept for that or any other sum, as missionary boxes are kept nowadays.

Abbot Academy's need of a larger income is very apparent to those who know her intimately, and it is hoped that the day is not far distant when she will have a sufficient endowment to enable her not only to hold her own, but to make marked advances. In the meantime, it is believed, that she can be greatly aided by the aggregate of small regular contributions.

This appeal is not intended to deter any who are thinking of giving all or part of the large endowment so seriously needed; on the contrary, it is hoped that when those who are able to give largely read this appeal for small sums, they will realize the necessities of the school more fully than ever, and stand not on the order of their giving, but give at once.

While other institutions are being so generously aided by those who have enjoyed their benefits, we, who feel that we owe so much that is

best in mind and heart to the strong sweet influence of Abbot Academy, ought not willingly to let her lag while other schools press forward.

Shall we not each show our gratitude and our love, by doing what we can for her, even if our ability to give is small?

Will not you, to whom this appeal comes, fill out the enclosed blank, and return it in the addressed envelope, that is also enclosed, to the chairman of the committee? And if you cannot give, will you not oblige the committee with a reply to that effect?

MARY L. D. MACFARLAND,
MARY P. RAYMOND,
MABEL F. WHEATON.

I promise to give annually for _____ years the sum of _____
to increase the income of Abbot Academy.

When the scattered members of last year's French family returned in September from their summer wanderings, they found that certain remarkable changes had been made in their venerable but well-beloved Smith hall.

The outside of the house remains unchanged, and there is nothing to indicate the transformation that has taken place within, except that a real window now looks out over the front door. But as the old girls arrived, one by one, during the first day of the term their surprise was amusing.

When the first warm greetings were over, and they had time to realize where they were, their delight knew no bounds. Where was the staircase that used to greet one at the very entrance? It was actually gone, together with its companion flight, now replaced by a handsome walnut staircase in the rear. The walls are covered with terra-cotta cartridge paper, and the wood-work has changed its tint from cold gray to rich brown. The long strip of rubber cloth is banished, and a large Brussels rug nearly covers the hard-wood floor.

Upon entering the parlor one feels as if a fairy had laid her wand on the dismal hair-cloth furniture and ugly carpet. And, truly, it was a modern fairy wand, guided by Miss Merrill's careful thought and exquisite taste that accomplished the wonderful change. For, behold a room daintily decorated in soft brown and yellow tints, with here and there a touch of dull blue or Indian red in both carpet and upholstery. Several pretty wicker chairs and a polished table, on which lie a few well-chosen books, give grace and variety to the furnishings. The creamy wall-paper lights up the room, and makes a fitting background for the east of Mino da Fiesole's fair Madonna, whose beauty is enhanced by her surroundings. Altogether the room is a delightful place, and the members of the French family take great satisfaction in receiving calls there.

The dining-room is little changed since last year. The tables are somewhat lengthened to accommodate the size of the family, and the new chairs are a decided improvement; but the same cheerful, homelike atmosphere pervades the room, and encourages even the beginners to struggle bravely with French idioms and pronominal verbs, rather than be left out altogether.

The funds for all these improvements came from the A B C system, started by Miss Merrill during the summer of 1887. On the principle that "many a mickle makes a muckle," a considerable sum was collected. Though entirely insufficient to build a new French Hall, it was quite enough to make these improvements, which have given us a veritable Palais Français.

We present with this issue No. 1, Vol. XVIII. of the Courant. The article "Holmes in Andover" is rendered more attractive by the illustrations. We owe these to the kindness of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., who lent us the plates used in their edition of "The School-boy." In connection with the editorial upon Dorothea Dix, "The Landlord's Tale" gives no exaggerated glimpse of the former condition of the insane. The picture of the horrible figure, with clanking chains and brandished knife, was not impossible. The collection of *short* stories is the result of the recent introduction of the Harvard system of theme work. We are glad to welcome Miss McKeen's loving tribute to the memory of Miss Belcher.

DRIFTWOOD.

By the kindness of Mrs. Harriet Chapelle Newcomb, '78, and by her desire to complete the vestibule of Draper Hall, we now have a handsome and dignified entrance, worthy of the McKeen rooms on the one side, and of the Mason drawing-room on the other. The walls, above the wood-work of the dado, are of a full, bright Pompeian red. They are separated from the gray ceiling by a frieze of black, which is enlivened by gay yellow garlands, tied with floating ribbons, and varied with a little red and green. The whole arrangement was carefully planned, so as to carry out the Pompeian scheme of color and of decoration.

ABBOT'S CHRISTIAN WORKERS. — Soon after the opening of the school Miss McKeen invited to the reading-room of Draper Hall all young ladies interested in Christian work. The need of having a religious society in the school was acknowledged, and a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution. A few evenings later the young ladies reassembled, and banded themselves together, under the name of "Abbot's Christian

Workers." About thirty names were signed to the constitution, to which others have since been added. Prayer-meetings have been held every Thursday evening, in place of the former recess-meetings, and have proved interesting, as well as helpful. It is hoped that this society, through its earnest and active members, may contribute much to the spiritual needs of the school.

From the Literary World of Nov. 21, we cull the following extracts from its review of "Beggars All."

"This is one of the strongest, as well as most original, romances of the year. The author, L. Dougall, has well harmonized realistic detail with keen and sustained psychological analysis, both based upon a broad humanity. To define in one phrase the manner of L. Dougall (we are not aware whether the prefix should be Mr., Mrs., or Miss), it derives from the work of Mr. Walter Besant, and develops into a clear individuality of its own." After giving in outline the principal features of the story, dwelling particularly on its strong, yet natural close, the reviewer says: "All go to make up a masterpiece of restrained dramatic fiction."

Those readers of the Courant who were in school in the spring of '84, will remember Miss Lily Dougall, then of Montreal, now of Edinburgh, Scotland, and will be glad to learn of her literary success. Indeed, as a school, we may rejoice in the pleasant reception that this, her first book, has met with, both in this country and in England.

An effort is making to establish in the school a lending library of good fiction. The ten-cent contributions have resulted, thus far, in the purchase of six entertaining volumes in the "Unknown Library" series. It is hoped that all will avail themselves of these charming books, and assist us in greatly increasing the collection.

We wonder if it is generally known among our readers that Dorothea Dix, the great philanthropist, once sent a special message to Abbot girls. Here it is, just as she gave it to Miss McKeen: "Tell your girls to be women, not men; to show what a true woman is, and how great a power she has." She spoke further, too, of the harmful effects of glaring and obtrusive dress and manners, and warmly commended such womanly duties as housewifely knowledge, industry, loving ministry, and a quiet spirit.

There has been placed in our Jackson library, this term, a life of Dorothea Dix. It is the record of a wonderful woman. She had no childhood, but from the time she was fourteen made her own way. She was never very strong; and when one remembers that she educated herself while teaching others, provided for her mother, educated her brother, wrote several books, taught a charity school, and acquired a competency

for life by the time she was thirty-three, the only wonder is, she did not break down before. She was helpless eighteen months. Then, having done what would seem a life-work, she began that for which she is famous. Accidentally she discovered the conditions and treatment then considered fitting for the insane. This knowledge excited no transient feeling. With characteristic energy she gave herself to the righting of these abuses. She visited almost every important city in the country, she solicited money for insane hospitals, she wrote, she memorialized and petitioned authorities, till, as a result, came the almost complete revolution in the treatment of insanity. In addition to all this, she was quick to see and prompt to act whenever reform was needed. Among these lesser works is the ocean life-saving service of Sable Island. Not till she was eighty did she cease from active work. Her last words are characteristic of her spirit of self-sacrifice: "I think that, lying on my bed, I can still do something."

One bright day in September a party of forty set out on a trip to Salem and Marblehead. The literary and historic features of Salem were carefully explored,—the house of Roger Williams, the square which marks the spot where Hester Prynne and the witches were tried, and the place where Governor Endicott cut the cross from the British flag in 1634.

The scenery at Marblehead Neck was greatly enjoyed. The effect was especially fine at the "Churn," where the waves shot through a narrow opening with tremendous force, throwing up showers of iris-hued spray. One western girl of the party will never forget this, her first glimpse of the sea.

Upon October 24, Mrs. Downs contributed from her inexhaustible store of literary reminiscences some delightful pictures of John G. Whittier. We saw the beautiful Merrimac valley illuminated by tradition and song, felt a keener interest in the old Haverhill homestead, and listened with deep attention to her account of the wonderful meeting in Boston, when Mr. Emerson read "O, for a Knight like Bayard" in the presence of Mr. Whittier himself. We shall never forget this delightful Saturday afternoon, and heartily thank Mrs. Downs for the great pleasure.

"'Twas a cheering sight to see." — *Mikado*.

The Seniors received Friday evening, October 29th. By half-past seven the drawing-room, library, and reading-room seemed a veritable "rosebud garden of girls." Blue and white violets were the decoration of the Seniors' parlor, where '92 gave welcome. A movement was soon made toward the dining-room, where the chairs were so arranged as to command an improvised stage. A moment of anticipation, and it was announced that "they hoped to give us pleasure by tableaux from

Romola, accompanied by the reading of the text in connection." The red curtains swung apart to show pretty Tessa asleep, quite unmindful of her scattered vegetables or of the saucy Tito, who creeps up to waken her with a kiss, and beg "a breakfast for love." Then Monna Ghita entered, and amidst her energetic scolding and Tito's rejoinder the curtain closed. The second scene gave the introduction of Tito to the blind Bardo. It was a beautiful picture,—the stately Romola, the querulous scholar, and the fascinating stranger, who knelt that the father might feel his features, yet smiled at the daughter.

When the curtains parted again there was Tessa's humble home. Her distaff was idle, for the beautiful Romola was there, and Tessa could only prattle of Bardo, and adore her guest. How intently Romola listened and questioned. Her bright hair fell like a mantle as she said in farewell, "If you ever need me I will come to you." It was a pathetic though bright tableau.

The final scene showed the blue Italian sky, with a Florentine villa in the distance. By the roadside sat Romola, in nun's garb, ready for flight from her hated life. Then Savonarola stepped before her. With earnest speech he conquered her proud spirit, showed her the path of duty, made her willing to bear her hard life. As she sank on her knees exclaiming "Father, I will be guided, I will go back," the priestly hands extended in benediction, and the curtain fell on this most powerful of all the tableaux.

The scenery and costuming were singularly beautiful and appropriate. Small wonder, since they were arranged by Miss Means, to whose care the tableaux owed their success. The parts were taken as follows: Romola, Miss Slade; Tessa, Miss Whipple; Tito, Miss Sanders; Bardo, Miss Grey; Monna Ghita, Miss Finch; Savonarola, Miss Stewart. The readings were by Miss Gilchrist and Miss Crocker.

After ice-cream and cake were served, began the order of dance, as shown by the dainty programmes of violet, gold, and white.

On the whole the Senior reception was considered one of unusual interest and beauty.

Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs is engaged for a course of four lectures at Abbot Hall, upon the following subjects:

1. Concord, Mass.: Its Men and Women.
2. History and Romance of two Great English Churches.
3. Literary Shrines.
4. The Great Churches of the Border.

Two of these have already transpired. In the first, Mrs. Downs gave much interesting information about the early history of Concord, her patriotism, and thrilling battle scenes, and monumental recognition of the

valor of her sons. She spoke in a delightfully neighborly way of the Alcotts and the Hawthornes, of Margaret Fuller and Thoreau, and of Ralph Waldo Emerson and his sister. Persons who had seemed so distant to our reverent gaze came near, and we found them to be of like needs and infirmities with ourselves.

The second lecture was about dear old Canterbury and the beautiful abbey which garners the traditions and precious memories of Westminster. These churches were so brilliantly illustrated by the stereopticon, that, although a stranger to England, one might feel at home in her churches. Many were busy with memories of happy days spent under those groined roofs, and were homesick to be there again, especially if, instead of the old verger, Mrs. Downs might be their guide.

The interest shown last winter in the practice of the Swedish gymnastics, and the excellent result of the practice, were so marked that it is especially gratifying to know of the prospect for continued work in the Ling system. Miss Catherine F. Pedrick of Lawrence, who succeeds Miss Hopkins as instructor, is, like her predecessor, a graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, and comes with most hearty recommendations regarding her knowledge of the subject and her skill in teaching.

Do our subscribers read our advertisements? Every student in the school and all the friends of the Courant are under some obligation to patronize the friends who advertise here. Without advertisements our magazine would not exist, and in simple justice we should take some pains to give the patronage of the school to these firms. When an Abbot Academy girl is going to shop in Andover, Lawrence, or Boston, let her take her Courant with her, using it as a directory until she finds that what she wishes to buy cannot be bought from any firm advertising in our columns.

A Boston musician, having set a song written by a Boston poet to music, sent the manuscript to Germany to be printed. The proof-reader, although like most of his countrymen a model of accuracy and proficiency, was much puzzled by the refrain of the poem.

“O shore, O shore, O lovely shore
Of Appledore!”

Looking in an English dictionary, and finding no such unintelligible word, he printed, instead,

“O shore, O shore, O lovely shore
Of Applecore.”

"IF THE SHOE FITS, WEAR IT."

A maid in this school beatific
Says, each day, with accent terrific.

"I'll break every rule":

But in the whole school
No maiden so mild and pacific.

* * *

You may see her in the morning,

You may see her late at night.

As you come from a reception,

As you rush off to recite.

At the slightest provocation,

Be it lunch, church-bell, or call,

She is always there — the maid who

Pops her

head

into

the hail.

* * *

A maid in this school, they say,

Declares, in a tragical way,

"I can't eat a thing":

But all her friends sing,

"She really grows fatter each day."

* * *

A young politician comes next;

By no facts or figures perplexed;

To the Democrat side

She clingeth with pride,

And "tariff reform" is her text.

* * *

A maid in this school is found,

So rosy and dimpled and round;

Milk is her diet;

And no wonder she's quiet,

For she sleeps though the study-bell's sound.

* * *

No distance whatever could daunt her.

She never was known to saunter:

"Vita est brevis,

Currere facilis,

That's why I run," says Atlanta.

The zoölogical class and cabinet have received many favors this term, and feel most grateful to all who have shown such an interest. We mention some of the most prominent. Mr. Prindle kindly sent us alcoholic specimens of the starfish. Mr. Alden brought us specimens of protozoa and green hydra. Mr. Van Vleck has given us frogs and newts. Through Miss Staats, Mr. H. W. Staats, of Pasadena, Cal., has sent us a specimen of the trap-door spider's ingenious work. Miss Lewis has brought us from the seashore several tests of the horse-shoe crab, of different sizes. We are heartily grateful for them all.

A famous battle in the Hundred Years' War. "Portieres."

"Kennen Sie den Herrn?"

New pupil: "Nein, ich habe ihn nicht gegessen."

The Thanksgiving recess was a joyous occasion for the young ladies who remained in the school. Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were spent around the open fire in the reading-room. The Smith Hall girls shared in the bountiful Thanksgiving dinner given in Draper Hall, and everything was in happy accordance with the spirit of the day.

During the absence of Miss Lina Kimball in Europe, Mrs. Mary Todd has held the position of Matron at Draper Hall, and has won great favor by her competent discharge of the duties of her office and her cheery friendliness. Miss Kimball has already returned to this country, greatly refreshed by her tarry in foreign lands, and takes up her cares again at the beginning of another term. A brief call from her, a few days ago, hardly gave her friends here time to express the warm welcome which awaits her. French Hall has found itself fortunate in having in charge of household affairs Miss Sara E. Graves, who is becoming a valued member of its home life.

In the reading-room of Draper Hall may now be found a large book-case, built for the place it occupies, in harmony with the other wood-decorations of the room. Above it is a fine brass tablet, bearing this inscription:

In Memoriam.

SAMUEL C. JACKSON.

CAROLINE T. JACKSON.

1891.

This bookcase and tablet were the gift of two ladies, former pupils at Abbot Academy. Most of the books, too, were purchased with means furnished by the same kind friends.

In the right division of the bookcase are works upon American history, American biography, and American literature. In the left division are

commentaries upon the Bible, and other works helpful in Bible studies. Here, also, are volumes of sermons for rainy Sundays, missionary biographies, and other books of a religious character. In the central section are volumes of German, French, and English literature, also works upon philosophy, political economy, and the natural sciences: for instance, the new *Riverside Natural History*, eight volumes; *McCook's American Spiders and their Spinning Work*; *Goodale and Sprague's American Wild Flowers*; *Eaton's Ferns*; *Grove's Musicians*; *Dana's Volcanoes and Coral Islands*; *Roscoe's Chemistry*, eight volumes, etc.

"Time is winging us away," and even now it may be needful to state who were the individuals memorialized, and why these, and wherein is such a memorial appropriate.

Samuel C. Jackson sustained official relations to Abbot Academy through many more years than any other person. He was present at the first meeting called to consider the establishment of an Academy in Andover for girls; was one of the first elected Trustees; and remained a zealous, efficient Trustee until his death, or for forty-nine years. His devotion to Abbot Academy was like that of a wise, affectionate parent to a child. Many an educational institution dies in its infancy; that Abbot Academy survived the crises of its early life is due to his fidelity, constancy, and sound, practical common sense.

Of a woman's work it is not always so easy to reduce our estimate to words, as of her husband's. Felt and appreciated even more tenderly, it cannot so well be delineated. We cannot reproduce the celestial by terrestrial phrases, but the recording angel wrote it down, and his report is laid up in heaven.

For these friends the fitting memorial was only to be found in that which would cultivate character, enrich the spiritual life, stimulate and expand the mental powers.

May the ever-present reminder, both of worth memorialized and of the grateful love of the donors, be a perennial blessing. Are not the gifts a memorial of the givers, also? Will not present and future teachers and pupils of Abbot arise and call them blessed? Would they could listen to the enthusiastic words and see the joyous faces which daily greet these precious books!

In several important particulars the ordering of the school has this year been changed. At a Faculty meeting at the close of the last year, Miss McKeen proposed that the reporting system in the government of the school be discontinued. The suggestion met with great favor among the teachers, and was adopted. It is, perhaps, early to draw comparisons between the present and former years; but it may safely be said that the standard of conduct is equally high, and that the relation of teacher and scholar is freed from certain inevitable disadvantages of the old system.

The day's programme has been altered to bring dinner at five, and lunch at twelve, thus securing a gain in many respects — an earlier, lighter meal at noon, with the possibility of work as hard after as before it; earlier recreation, from which to come in fresh and eager for dinner; an unbroken period of evening study, from seven to nine. The new arrangement has been an unqualified success.

Larger numbers bring a vigor and zest into class-room work and the social life of the school which it is pleasant to note. The gain this year is a marked one. An equal increase another year will tax the accommodations even of the new Draper Hall.

The sixty Indian boys and girls under the care of Mary Gorton and her mother, away out in Montana, are to receive one of the Christmas boxes which the school sends out this year. To choose and make ready gifts where there is such absolute freedom from the chance of duplicating, and such certain pleasure in the gift, is a rare delight. Another box goes to a missionary family in Dakota, in whom the school is much interested. The preparation of the Christ-gifts is one of the great pleasures of the Fall Term.

The following collection of anagrams has proved such a source of entertainment that we think many would be interested in preserving it:

I send you a letter in *a pagoda*, my dear *seat chair*, knowing the *house rats* of such learned books as yours will soon come to an *evil suit and gin* of my meaning. I can imagine the *no stern action* of your good father, the *cry mangle*, should this *early bat* of my feelings for *surely for* fall into his hands. So I will place it upon the *I creep safe*, where you will find it when you descend to your *quite spruce* garden. Any of his *I hire parsons* would expect the heaviest *nine thumps* which words could inflict in approaching the *cry mangle* as the accepted *there we sat* of his only *aged Ruth*. Please advise me whether to employ a *Philly ate no trip*, or whether to come myself with what *mad policy* I can command.

To-night I shall go to the *I cheer tea*. I wish you might be with me to hear the new *a dry shop* performed by the *curry house*. When I return, I shall look for the light of your *nice herald* as no *moon starrer* ever looked for the light of a newly discovered planet. If it is burning I will accept it as a sign that I may present myself as a *cat dined for into my arm*. If you do not approve, send me word by *great help*.

I am much occupied at the *way I repeat it* at present. The *stain crash* have excited a spirit of *love to ruin* among the men. One of them has been shot. I was his *go nurse*, and must attend his *real fun* to-morrow. During his last days he told me that he had acquired the *law* by the sale of *oil soap* and *I General Moore*, but had wasted it all in trying to crush the *ten ten pacs* of different countries. He assured the *live agents* who

visited him that he belonged to the *best in prayer* church, and maintained with his latest *the bar* that he never sympathized with the *neat herds* of the doctrine of *sin sat on a tin tar tub*, but, on the contrary, thought it a *Simon Peter in tears*. Two *sly ware* of my acquaintance tried with witty *stupid tale* and many a brilliant *hair mops* to obtain control of his effects, but he left everything to the *sheep at Cairo* who attended him.

I have a ring of *thy mates*, which is of somewhat *neat leg* design. I want to send it to you, and hope soon to see it worn by my *rice soup girl*.

PERSONALS.

It is gratifying to learn that the condition of Mrs. Abby (Chapman) Poor, who has been for a long time lying ill at her home, 177 West Chester Park, Boston, is much improved. Though her left arm is still quite helpless, her mind is cheerful and bright, and she is able to take a short walk daily.

We are glad to learn that absolute rest has greatly benefited Miss Mitchell. During the summer months she was with her brother's family in Glen Ridge, N.J., and is now visiting with friends in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

A crayon portrait of Lillian E. Holbrook, the gift of Mrs. Charles Olney, now hangs in the reception room of the music suite. It is pleasant to see the face of her in whose memory these beautiful rooms were made.

The Putnams of New York will publish in the spring a series of sketches by Anna Fuller, '72, now of Colorado Springs. It is entitled "Pratt Portraits."

The school has recently received from Mary Dow Scott, '60, the valuable gift of a Webster's International Dictionary.

Sarah Puffer Douglas, '81, has returned from Middleton, N. Y., to her old home in Medford, Mass.

Fannie Bell Pettee, '82, is teaching Latin and literature in Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga. We gain a pleasant picture of her life in the article which she so generously contributed to this number.

Katherine Chase Geer, '82, has now entered upon her novitiate in St. Margaret's Home, 17 Louisburg Square, Boston. She is known as "Sister Kathleen."

†Cora McDuffee, '90, is studying in Boston at the Emerson College of Oratory.

†Edie Dewey, '90, is with Miss McDuffee. She is studying German in Boston, and comes to Andover once during the week for music with Prof. Downs.

Mrs. Mary Tuttle Chace, who was graduated from Abbot Academy in 1860, and her husband Prof. T. N. Chace, were for many years connected with the Board of Instructors in Atlanta University; but are now at the head of the Missionary Association School in Selma, Ala.

Adeline G. Perry, '90, has written a sketch of Helen Keller's visit to Abbot Academy for the St. Nicholas.

New Britain, Conn., is quite a center for Abbot girls this year. †Helen Bunce, '85, †Mary Peabody, '89, and †Jessie Guernsey, '90, are teaching in the Normal School there. †Mrs. Mattie Hart Moore, '89, is settled in a charming home of her own on Vine Street, and others of the girls are in towns near the city. The recent State Christian Endeavor Convention in New Britain brought together there †Emily Smith, '88, †Mary Stone, '88, Fanny Mather, '89, Grace Penfield, '89, Etta Johnson, '89, and Anna Allen, '90.

Miss Ella P. Rogers, '65, has applied for admission to the Library School at Albany to fit herself for a librarian.

†Anna Davis, '70, is writing a Life of Charles Sumner, which will appear in the spring as one of a set of books entitled, "Makers of America."

Katherine Reed Gage, '88, spent a few days this summer with Annie Wight, at Cooper's Beach, Rockland, Me.

The library has recently received from the author a copy of the "Life of Dr. Bittinger," written by his daughter. Dr. J. B. Bittinger acted as principal of Abbot Academy during the absence of Mr. Farwell, when he went abroad in 1847. The book supplies an important link in the history of the school.

During the vacation the school received visits from Mrs. T. D. P. Stone, whose husband was principal of Abbot Academy from '39 to '42, and from Mrs. Asa Farwell, whose husband was principal from '42 to '52.

Mrs. Emeline Palmer Dexter, wife of the late Dr. Dexter, who died in New Bedford, Mass., some months ago, was a member of this school in '43.

As a sample of what "old girls" may do for the school, read this. A lady was so charmed by a graduate of '87 whom she met last summer, that she determined to send her daughter to Abbot Academy. Let '92 take notice.

Elizabeth K. Wilcox, '89, is in Germany.

Mary Huntington, '89, has accepted the position of drawing teacher in the public schools of Norwich, Conn. She gives one lesson a week in twenty-five different rooms, and enjoys the work exceedingly.

Did any of our readers notice the disablement in mid-ocean of the Cunarder, "Servia," last June, and her safe though ignominious return to New York Harbor in the tow of another steamer? Virginia Gilmer, '89, was one of the Servia's disappointed passengers. Her party could not get passage upon another steamer soon enough for the carrying out of their plans, and so postponed the trip until next year.

Mrs. Stedman (May Bridgman, '86) is living at Mt. Holyoke.

Susan Noyes Tenney, '85, writes from Santa Barbara, Cal., of a long, delightful visit in "the land of sunshine and flowers," and asks if there is room in our cabinets for any of the interesting things she may bring home. Indeed there is room, and as we answer the question for one we answer for all. We want just such things for the cabinets as the girls who are scattered all over this great world of ours can give.

†Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, '78, is teaching a class in the History of Art in Miss Graham's school, Fifth Avenue, New York.

†Annie C. Lawrence, '85, is teaching private classes in the History of Art in Worcester and Boston.

†Alice Carter Twitchell, '86, and †Emma Frances Twitchell, '87, are once more in Portland, having returned in October from their year's wandering in Europe.

Mrs. May Reakirt Tilden, '70, is teaching music in Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Mrs. Jeanie Carter Prall called during the vacation with her husband, Mr. William Prall, and her sister, Miss May Carter.

On the list of visitors whom we have welcomed since our last issue are the names: Mrs. Fanny Kimball Harlow; †Mrs. Carrie Hall Bird, '77; Miss Anna Bumstead, '75; †Miss Edie Dewey, '90; †Miss Cora Brown, '91; Miss Mary McCulloch, '88; †Miss Katherine Crocker, '87; Mrs. Charlotte Safford Bryant, '59; †Miss Annah J. Kimball, '84; Miss Elenora P. Blanchard, '90; Miss Minnie Merriam, '70; Mrs. May Reakirt Tilden, '70; Mrs. Ida Nettleton Fiske, '76; †Mrs. Sally Ripley Cutler, '80; †Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne, '78; Miss Mary A. Schaufler, '85; Miss May Carter, '89; †Mrs. Jeanie Carter Prall, '87; †Mrs. Clara Locke Thompson, '72; Miss Laura Billings, '80; †Miss Phebe Curtis, '86; Miss Maria Trow Dyer, '82.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, '73, has just finished a story for girls, which will appear in the November number of the *St. Nicholas* for '92. The new editions of "The Bird's Christmas Carol" and "Timothy's Quest" are selling rapidly. While Mrs. Wiggin is busy with magazine articles, she gives occasional parlor readings from her own works.

Mrs. Alice Keith Whelden, '79, is studying in the Normal School of Gymnastics in Lyne, Mass.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: The Mount Holyoke; The Academy Student; The Speculum; Res Academicæ; The Adelpian; The Phillipian; The Philo. Mirror; The Drury Mirror.

MARRIAGES.

In Northwood, N.H., Aug. 12, 1891, Annie B. Hill, '85, to Samuel D. James.

In Lyme, Ct., June 13, 1891, Grace Duncan Ely, '74, to Ernest Cushing Richardson.

In Somerville, July 22, 1891, Ada Dean Atwood, '90, to Arthur Haskell Goodwin.

In Bethel, Me., Sept. 1, 1891, Kate Hutchins Locke, '85, to Stephen S. Abbot. Residence, 1708 Gaylors St., Denver, Col.

In North Adams, Mass., Oct. 29, 1891, Helen Elizabeth Hunter, '89, to Edward Davis, of Philadelphia.

In Peabody, Mass., Sept. 15, 1891, Louise Endicott Osbourne, '79, to Francis William Morandi. 189 Clifton St., Malden, Mass.

In Rocky Hill, Ct., Nov. 25, †Harriet Young Smith, '80, to Edmund Merriam Wilcox.

In Meriden, Ct., Nov. 4, 1891, Esther Cornelia Johnson, '88, to Dexter Leete Bishop.

DEATHS.

In the Sandwich Islands, May 5, 1891, †Clara Shipman Thurston, '79. Mrs. Thurston died after a brief illness of five days, leaving her husband and a little child of about three years.

In Andover, Oct. 27, 1891, Priscilla Hawthorne, youngest child of Edwin and Emily Reed.

In Concord, N.H., Sept. 26, 1891, Mary E. Kittredge, wife of Rev. F. D. Ayer, D.D. Mrs. Ayer was a teacher in Abbot Academy in 1859.

In Dedham, Grace Ray Whitaker, '87, wife of Lindsley Horace Shepard. She died leaving two young children.

In Middletown, N.Y., Joseph Hinchman, father of †Lena M. Hinchman, '91.

In Ithaca, N.Y., Rev. B. F. Bronson, D.D., father of †Anna Bronson, '87.

In Lowell, Mass., at her sister's home, October 2, 1891, †Mattie Kenneson, '85.

The tie which bound Mattie Kenneson to this school was one of unusual strength. From the day when she entered as a student, in the fall of '79, to her return for special work last year, her loyal affection for it and deep interest in its welfare were unceasing. Her cheery humor and quick sympathy gave her a wide range of acquaintance and friendship among the girls; while her high principle, clear judgment, and faithful endeavor won from teachers and pupils alike an esteem which deepened daily. In how many ways her life here was a devoted and grateful service to her friends, it is impossible to tell in these few words. Especially in the last year was the influence of her strong, true nature felt, even in spite of her increasing weakness, which made the year full of suffering to her. Grave and gay, young and old, were stimulated or cheered by her interest. Loyal and hopeful — these are the words that describe her best; loyal to her friends, her conscience, and her God; hopeful, through all dark days, for herself and for them, even at last through many weeks of sickness, till hope passed into knowledge of that life where, we believe, she sees and understands.

In Boston, Mass., Nov. 25, W. P. Walley, husband of Clara Dove, '58. Mr. Walley died suddenly of heart failure.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'92.

"As I can."

<i>President,</i>	EMILIE A. STAATS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	BLANCHE MORTON.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	WINNIEBEE S. LAWRY.
Class Colors,	Violet and White.
Flowers,	Violets.

'93.

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE T. NETTLETON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ANNIE DOWNS INGALLS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	HARRIET E. FORSYTH.
Class Colors,	Gold and white.
Flowers,	Buttercups.

OFFICERS
OF THE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1890-1891.

PRESIDENT :

MISS EMILY A. MEANS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

MRS. LUCY MONTAGUE BROWN, of Portland.

MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, of Dedham.

MRS. FRANCES KIMBALL HARLOW, of Woburn.

MRS. ADELAIDE TAYLOR MERRILL, of Andover.

MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE, of Andover.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER :

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION :

Miss PHILENA McKEEN, MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER,
Miss AGNES PARK.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

The Winter Term

*Of the Sixty-third Year will begin on Thursday,
January 7, 1892.*

The Summer Term

Will begin on Thursday, April 7, 1892.

For information and admission apply to Miss PHILENA McKEEN,
Andover, Mass.

FOR LIST OF TEACHERS SEE NEXT PAGE.

TEACHERS.

Miss PHILENA McKEEN, PRINCIPAL.

Miss MARIA STOCKBRIDGE MERRILL.

French.

Miss EMILY A. MEANS.

Drawing and Painting.

Miss JANE LINCOLN GREELEY.

Latin.

Miss KATHERINE R. KELSEY.

Miss ALICE JULIA HAMLIN.

Mrs. NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER.

German.

Miss EDITH E. INGALLS.

Miss CATHERINE F. PEDRICK.

Gymnastics.

Prof. SAMUEL M. DOWNS.

Vocal Music, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony.

Prof. HENRI MORAND.

French.

Prof. JOHN WESLEY CHURCHILL.

Elocution.

MATRONS.

Mrs. MARY E. TODD.

Matron at Draper Hall (Fall Term).

Miss ANGELINA KIMBALL.

Matron at Draper Hall (Winter and Summer Terms).

Miss SARA E. GRAVES.

Matron at Smith Hall.



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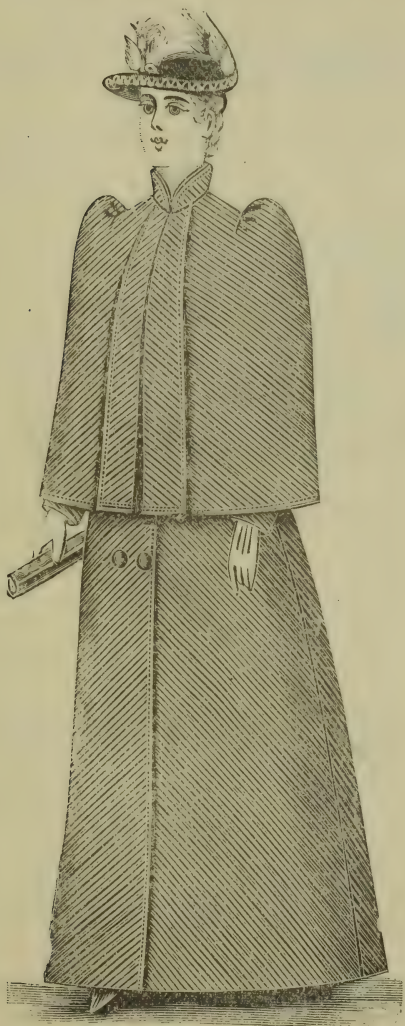
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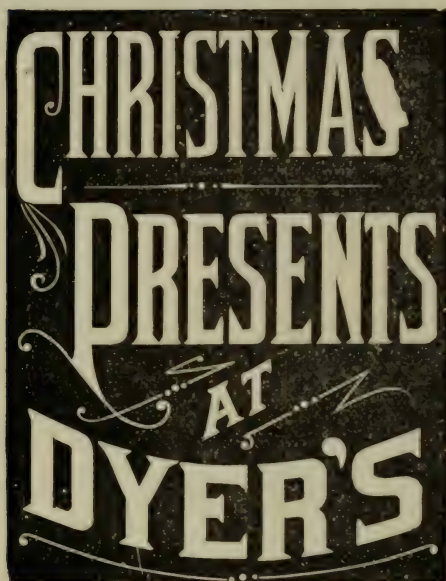
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June, 1892.

THE
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THE ABBOT COURANT.

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JUNE, 1892.

NO. 2.

Abbot Literati

ABBOT girls of the present day feel a warm interest in all those who have gone out from the school in former years, and especially in those who have won for themselves an honorable place in the world of letters.

But before we recall a few of these well-known names, we must speak of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe who was an enthusiastic friend of Abbot Academy, sparing no pains to advance its material and intellectual interests, and choosing it for the education of her younger daughter. In a recent letter to Miss McKeen accompanying a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" bearing her autograph, Mrs. Stowe writes, "My life in Andover was a pleasant one, full of work and of hopes to be realized." These charming words of Mrs. Stowe breathe the very spirit of the beautiful picture which for so many years has hung in the music-room at Smith Hall and is so pleasantly remembered by all Abbot girls.

Among the earlier pupils were Elizabeth Stuart, Harriet Woods, and her sister Margaret. Their Sunday-school books, "Peep at

Number Five," "Sunnyside," "Tim the Scissors Grinder," and "Light on the Dark River," obtained a large circulation and have been the models of many of their most able successors.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, daughter and literary heir of her distinguished mother, Elizabeth Stuart, did not complete her education at Abbot, but was for years one of its scholars. Thus far she is the most distinguished of all the Abbot alumnae, her books sharing with Mrs. Stowe's the honor of foreign translations and of almost unprecedented circulation. She has shown her interest in the school by writing beautiful verses for its semi-centennial and lecturing for its benefit from time to time.

Maria L. Cummins of '45 wrote the "Lamp-lighter," which was as great a favorite of the children of her day as *Little Women* is to those of ours.

But it is in the field of modern fiction that the alumnae of Abbot Academy have been especially successful. Beginning with Miss Julia Fletcher whose "Kismet" and "Mirage" are replete with imaginative power and dramatic suggestion, down to "Pratt Portraits" by Miss Anna Fuller of '78, there has been a succession of stories which, partaking of the modern characteristics of grace and vivacity, are not without sterling merit. Many of these stories awaken great interest not only in the personality of their writers, but in the mode of education which may have assisted in developing their natural gift.

During the last ten years Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) has been one of the most popular writers for the magazines. She was born in Andover and educated in Abbot Academy, choosing her nom de plume partly because the Christian name of her room-mate, Octave, was indicative of neither sex, and partly because Thanet linked her with her ancestors who came from the island of Thanet in the English Channel. Miss French carried her love for New England to the West where she now lives. A brief outline of her methods of study and writing shows an example of perseverance that reflects credit upon her training at Abbot Academy. Her first articles were on social and economic subjects, such as "Jails" and "Charity," but the editors refused for a long time to print these efforts. However, she rewrote her sketches and offered them to different publishing-houses until one was accepted by Lippincott's Magazine. From that time on, stories by Octave Thanet were sure

of a ready market. As a rule her plots are based on real incidents, and she observes rather than imagines. Miss French has taken great pains to make her style varied and effective. She has studied groups of persons gathered around a country store, hoping to catch some racy word or phrase for future use; she has analyzed all sorts of conversations to make her characters true to life; she has pored over grammars and dictionaries in order to gain flexibility of construction; finally, she has read the masters of composition with the greatest care. The result of this hard work is that her stories are true pictures of human nature, full of pathos and dramatic power. They represent vividly the types characteristic of the West and South, and are too widely known to need enumeration here.

When we come to the familiar name of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin we pause with an involuntary sigh of satisfaction. To most of us the preceding names, although so well known, call to mind no distinct personalities. Many of us remember with delight the evening that Mrs. Wiggin charmed the crowded audience in the academy hall, by reading her sparkling story, "A Cathedral Courtship," and the equal pleasure with which we listened, two years ago, to the "Story of Patsy." Mrs. Wiggin's literary talent is by no means her only gift. Young and beautiful as she is, she has given many years to work in the free Kindergartens of California, where she has won her way into degraded homes and stony hearts through her devotion to children. She talks and sings admirably and throws a nameless grace and fascination into all that she says and does. It is useless to name her stories, for "Patsy," "The Bird's Christmas Carol," and "Timothy's Quest," are household treasures all over the land, and any book that bears Mrs. Wiggin's name as its author is sure of a warm welcome.

A short time ago a novel entitled "Beggars All" was published in England. The plot is exciting and the interest is sustained unfalteringly from beginning to end. The book has created a sensation among critics and has run through several editions since last fall. The development of the great moral lesson it teaches would seem the fruit of long experience and mature years, and it may be a surprise to some to learn that its brilliant young author, Miss Lily Dougal, is only just entering upon her literary career. With the exception of two short stories, "Hath a Jew Eyes?" and a "A Marriage Made in Heaven," "Beggars All" is Miss Dougal's only

publication. But we learn from one of her correspondents that she has been spending the winter at Cannes, writing busily, so we may soon be on the look-out for another novel of equal merit. Miss Dougal comes from one of the oldest families in Canada and was a pupil at Abbot for a short time before going abroad to finish her education in England. Her present home is Edinburgh, but she comes to America from time to time and we regret that she has not yet redeemed a half-promise to visit Abbot Academy.

Through the kindness of the author, the Courant editors lately received a copy of Miss Anna Fuller's "Pratt Portraits." As the name suggests, "Pratt Portraits" is a series of sketches, each complete in itself, and giving a glimpse into one after another of the homes of Old Lady Pratt and her grown up sons and daughters. They are aptly called "Portraits," for the graphic descriptions give definite pictures of New England men and women fifty years ago. There is deaf old Aunt Betsy whose childish docility is the butt of keen little Grandma Pratt's snubs; here is good-natured Brother Ben whose indulgence is in a fair way to ruin his children, were it not for his wife's firm discipline. "Sister Harriet" thought it her duty to cover her warm love for her family by a distant manner, in the same way that she covered her abundant gray hair by a false front. She was a striking contrast to lovable Mrs. Emmeline with her love for painting and singing and her sad lack of household management.

But these are by no means all the members of the prosperous Pratt family, and we warmly advise all to make their acquaintance as early as possible.

Mention should be made of those who have turned their attention to more serious writing. Miss Anna L. Dawes is especially prominent as the author of a life of Charles Sumner, and "How We Are Governed."

Of writers of graceful verse Abbot has had no lack. Miranda B. Merwin of '68, whose "Indian Ridge," written for the history of Abbot Academy was read at the Semi-Centennial, and Elizabeth M. Chadbourne, whose charming verses upon Miss McKeen were read at the Alumnae breakfast, at once suggest themselves, while the versatile talent of Octave Thanet and Mrs. Wiggin is seen in their contributions to this number of the Courant.

No list of Abbot authors is complete without the names of Miss McKeen and Miss Phebe. The worn and soiled volumes of their



Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

writings in the library bear witness to the interest of Abbot girls who have pored over the "History of Abbot Academy" with delight in the real doings of real girls and in the equally true account of boarding-school life as shown by Miss Phebe in "Thornton Hall." Then there is "Theodora," that winsome story of a bright young life, that is told so naturally as to bear frequent rereadings.

And may we not add to the laurels of Abbot Academy the name of Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, whose busy pen has been so frequently and generously engaged in all manner of kindly offices for the school? Lectures and historical sketches of the academy have poured unceasingly from her stores of information, while appropriate class-songs have added to the beauty of many anniversary exercises.

We see even from such an unsatisfactory summary as this, that Abbot Academy has exercised a decided influence in literary directions. Part of this is, no doubt, due to the Andover atmosphere, but we may rightly claim that it was directly brought about by the personal influence of Miss Phebe McKeen, who, during her connection with the school, never failed to appreciate the humblest effort of the young writers about her.

A. T. N. '93.



Miss McKeen as a Teacher.

HAD I been asked to present to the general public the characteristics of Miss McKeen as a teacher, I should have shrunk from the task, but knowing that what I have to say will fall into the hands of those whose sympathy will disarm criticism, I am glad to speak of Miss McKeen from a scholar's point of view.

Two difficulties face me at the outset. First, the teacher has long since become the personal friend, and, again, the teacher of my remembrance is not the teacher of to-day. I do not mean to say that the Miss McKeen of earlier years lacked anything in knowledge, acquirements, or character that would make older girls envious of the girls of '92, even though the latter enjoy the fruits of a richer and deeper experience. Greater knowledge has broadened her mind, foreign travel has enlarged her resources, sorrow has chastened and softened her nature, but throughout her marked individuality is ever the same.

In characterizing Miss McKeen as teacher, what one of her girls could restrain a warm enthusiasm and gratitude! In many respects her class-room was unique; its atmosphere was stimulated by the influence of a vigorous mind which sought not merely facts and dates, but required opinions, directed new combinations of ideas, and aroused that living interest which has led so many of the alumnae to labor patiently and successfully in the paths of her suggestion. Like the great teachers of all times, every gift was fortified by a rare patience, ennobled by a supreme unselfishness which made the interest of the pupil the center of all hopes, the height of every ambition. Above all, her love for truth led her girls to value truth in every form, — accuracy of word or phrase, as well as exactness in the statement of fact or opinion. Before her clear-sighted inspection mere fluency disappeared, superficiality was laid bare. What wonder that under such an influence the desire to gain Miss McKeen's approval was the highest incentive, and the consciousness of her respect and affection the only mark worth the winning.

As a student and thinker, Miss McKeen then, as now, took a high rank. The range and variety of her knowledge were nowhere more apparent than in a wealth of illustration, whose fitness and beauty

were often the occasion of surprise and delight. Never desirous, however, of impressing her class with the extent of her attainments, she said or did nothing for effect; in knowledge, as in all else, there were the same transparent truthfulness and humility. As a thinker she was a powerful guide, never lost behind the text-book, but animating it so vigorously that its statements were seen through the directing power of her mind, and Miss McKeen's opinion in the eyes of her devoted followers was the final one.

Again, no subject was too narrow, too unimportant to receive her conscientious attention. To all that she taught she gave her whole strength. I have heard that when she first came to Andover she had among other classes one in Geography, and her mental resources gave to that oft-times lifeless study a new and abiding interest. The familiar excuse, "I can't study this or that subject because I dislike it," was to her no excuse, and the prompt reply, "Whatever I study I become interested in," is but another evidence of her intellectual vigor.

In the systematic development of the history of art we have, perhaps, the most significant example of the point in question namely, Miss McKeen's conscientiousness wherever her attention was directed. It was certainly a study for which no bent of her logical mind, no preceding training, no environment of school life had fitted her; a study which then had no place in the curriculum of academies, and received but little attention in colleges, yet once commanding her interest, — what senior needs to be reminded of the successful result! Delightful hours in the class-room reached far into the future, foreign travel become a goal worth working for, and, when attained, proved but the realization of many imaginary journeys taken by the aid of books and pictures. Indeed, this department of the school has ever attracted wide attention, and through Miss McKeen's energy and enthusiasm now boasts a valuable library and a collection of more than three thousand photographs. Her pupils have carried their interest into many a town and city, and through classes, clubs, and lectures have formed centers of thought and study.

But I know that every one of my readers will expect me to speak of the broader and deeper influence which not the few girls of Miss McKeen's classes, but the whole school received through the "morning talks;" talks which embraced many and varied subjects, —

manners at home and abroad, intercourse with one another and society, and above all our personal relation to God. It seems to me that no one who has ever sat in that old school hall could be satisfied with a life given to enjoyment and ease. These talks were the outcome of a great earnestness, a profound sincerity; they sprang from a moral instinct so remarkable that it might fitly be called genius. With her, as with Luther, there could be no shuffling between right and wrong; that a course was right was always the sufficient reason. She could truly echo his memorable words, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise: God help me." Do you wonder at the moral atmosphere she created, or at the words she spoke? Do you wonder that to the Abbot girl, whether in the home or in the school room, in the business world or in society, or perhaps in the far-distant lands of India, China, or Corea, comes the ringing voice of Miss McKean crying in the words of the prophet, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

But each girl was urged not only to do right, but to be womanly, and to rejoice in her womanhood. When Miss Larcom says in her recent work, "*A New England Girlhood*," — "A girl's place in this world is a very strong one. God sent her into the world full of power and will to be a *helper*," "Let girls be as thankful that they are girls as that they are human beings," — it almost seems to an Abbot girl as if the author must have sat with us in the Academy hall, and learned from our womanly teacher to rejoice in the power put into our hands through the fact of our womanhood and its possible and God-given opportunities.

Again, those of us who lived in close intercourse with Miss McKean in the home life of the school can indorse another of Miss Larcom's observations, "It was more to me to come into contact with my wise teacher as a friend than even to receive the wisdom she had to impart." What a cloud of witnesses might bear testimony to Miss McKean's friendliness! To one it was shown in days of homesickness, to another in seasons of discouragement, to this one in times of physical weakness, to that one in hours of sorrow or trial: to how many in times when counsel and guidance were most needed! How pervasive was the atmosphere of kindness which surrounded us! How democratic the spirit of the school! — a school where every girl could make her own place, and the prestige of fortune or renown took no precedence of character or intellectual endowments.

I have often wondered in what lies Miss McKee's power to make of the greatest number of her pupils (of all, I think, in time) such staunch and loyal friends. I think it is the attractive power of a generous, unselfish, and friendly heart. She gives her affection to them because she cannot help it, and that affection wins them. I can well remember that I gave her my love when I knew she cared for me. Yet how greatly she values the love of her scholars often amazes them, for it is her nature to bestow her friendship without thought of return. Could every girl know it, she has her own place in the affection of this large-hearted teacher and friend, as every child has in a mother's heart.

I know there are many things that I have left unsaid, but you, my readers, can supply all deficiencies, whether of light or shade, and make each for yourself the complete reproduction of the teacher that you knew. It has been a pleasant thing to do what I have done. I have been living over again the old school days as I have not for years, and I have had joy in giving this testimony of respect and love to the teacher of long ago, and the friend of to-day.

HENRIETTA LEAROYD SPERRY.





As one clear, undivided golden ray,
Sent forth on one mission, from skies afar,
Come the blended beams of a "double-star" —
And which star the fairest, none can say.
Two voices chant praises at close of day.
And because the harmony of each bar
As one silver echo floats near and far —
Which voice is the sweetest no one can say.
Two hearts are linked as the star-light and song,
Forever to serve through eternity.
So one in His service; brave against wrong,
That we who loved them, looking back along
Their common path, will never cease to see
One steadfast beam of light, and hear one song.

ELIZABETH M. CHADBOURNE, '78.

"I leave to the Centennial orator of 1929, the duty of pointing out that star which has shed its radiance on the Academy during the last twenty years (1878); that binary-star, its two globes revolving around each other, in order that they may revolve around the school with a bright light; and may shine upon the pathway which leads their pupils to the clear knowledge of God — to the luminous presence of Him who was born under the star of Bethlehem." (*From Prof. Park's address at the Semi-Centennial of Abbot Academy, 1889.*)

Miss Phebe McKeen as a Teacher.

IN all the celebrated testimonies to great teachers it is the personal character, the strong individuality, which is recalled by the pupil as the forceful element. Superior scholarship may or may not have been added; but character, more than knowledge, has power in the formation of character. Therefore it will not seem strange if to many, probably to most, of her pupils the prominent impression of Miss Phebe as a teacher is of that immediate stirring to action which came with her presence; of that lively interest in what she was doing and in what her scholar was doing.

How clear, to many of us, is the scene when the class, sitting with books and mind open, saw Miss Phebe's tall, slight form enter, watched her sit quickly down at the desk, and then felt the change of mental atmosphere as she began her teaching! Her black eyes, behind her glasses, let nothing escape; whether it were the attempt to slur some work on the lesson or an earnest effort to do the best possible to the capacity of the individual. Then was the moment of terror for the girl who was ill-prepared, or for the one who hoped to get through by quickness of wit, sure to be discovered and exposed; while even the best among us rejoiced with trembling. Whether she opened to us Milton or Cicero, or the development of the English language, she had that quick and unexpected turn of thought which is so stimulating to a young mind, whose knowledge of the multitudinous relations of things is very limited. The thrusts of her pointed words were witty, humorous, or grave, as her literary taste found fitting to the subject. We who were such feeble, struggling growths needed her action upon us, like a strong, keen wind, twisting and bending our fibres to a sturdier mental life. The flashing lightning of her sarcasm often rived to the heart, but the pain was wholesome and cleansing, and the vivid revelation of a higher meaning in language or poetry, or the bitterer uncovering of a poor and low conception, cut in the lesson with sharp and clear stroke.

Nor would it be truthful not to recall the delightful warmth of pleasure when the girl strove and reached a perception of the deeper

and richer "things of the spirit," and when the vital spark of sympathy was fired between the teacher and the scholar. For it was unquestionably the highest reward, to the indifferent as to the studious, to please Miss Phebe. And so I cannot think that the inspiring ideal which she gave to us, of an active, formative enthusiasm, can ever be dimmed in memory. I believe that, in home or in school, all who felt her influence think it their greatest success when they can arouse and stimulate other minds as Miss Phebe aroused and stimulated theirs.

E. A. M.

To Miss Phebe.

A blindly groping child I came to thee,
All life a strange confusion to mine eyes;
Thine eyes met mine, and lo! in subtile wise,
A sense of beauty dawned and sight was free.
A deaf, unheeding girl thou foundest me,
Hearing but echoes of my questioning cries;
Thy clear, sweet voice awoke, with strange surprise,
My spirit to a sense of harmony.
Dear friend, thine eyes are closed, for thou dost sleep;
But hundreds, waking, bless thee for their sight.
Alas! thy voice is stilled, yet we who weep
Hear sweetest music, listening aright.
A witness in thy memory we keep
To God's eternal harmony and light.

A. F. '72



A Budget of Old Letters.

THE following are extracts from veritable letters written by a veritable Abbot girl in 1842. A half-century has passed since then, and brought a half-century's changes in life and methods at Abbot, but girl nature is the same, as may be seen. She began by being homesick, of course. Her first letter is dated expressively *Sunday afternoon*, 1842.

"I was so homesick in meeting that I thought I should cry right out when they were singing. But I will now go back to when I left you. We had a very tedious ride, as it was very dusty, and some of the way I was so sick that I could hardly hold my head up. However, we got here after a while; and here we found Aunt Lydia and Mary and Louisa with faces about a yard long. Oh, mother, I never knew what it was to be homesick before, for that night I thought I should give up when I thought of you and Ann standing at the front door, and Liz says, 'Oh Mary, think of 77 days.' The next morning we went to school, and soon began to feel rather better, and now feel pretty contented most of the time, and I think I shall soon feel *pretty happy*, though the girls say I look homesick. There is a number of things that make it rather dull. Yesterday morning Mr. Greene received a letter from the South, saying that his son George was but just alive with the yellow fever. It is a terrible thing to them, and of course they are in a great deal of trouble. I think it doubtful whether he is alive now."—[Seventy-seven days! Do you suppose she had as many strips of paper, white for week-days, blue for Sunday, strung up on her bureau, to be torn off, one by one, till the time was measured? Such devices have been known.] "I will tell you what I have been doing. I continue to like the school. This term I study Euclid, Intellectual Philosophy, and French, and shall have to study pretty hard to master them all; but I guess I shall try, as the harder I study the less time I shall have to think. Oh, dear mother, don't let Henry Harrison sit at the table, for if you do I am afraid he will be sick. Do be careful of him, and not let him eat anything but milk

porridge. Do give my love to all, and once more, dear mother I beg of you be careful what Henry eats.

From your affectionate daughter, Mary."

There is sound philosophy in her conclusion as to her studies, while her quaint mention of her baby brother reveals the family politics. Henry Harrison is destined for a loyal Whig. She has evidently recovered her spirits by the next letter, which is dated May 6, while her keen interest in mantillas shows she is not too deep in her "Euclid and Mental Philosophy" to mind the vanities of life.

"My dear mother: Perhaps you will be a little surprised to hear from me so soon again, and as the contents are more particularly to you I hope father will not feel very bad, for I have not forgotten him, I can tell him. I am very glad you went to Wm. Poor's party, for I think it must have been splendid. What did you wear? and what did they have for supper? and what did M. A. Daniels have on? All these questions I want you to answer. Ann says she is going to have her mantilla made next week. I want you to get mine *exactly* like hers and have it made just like hers, let it be what it will." [Sublime faith in Ann!] "I think the same one had better make it that makes hers, as I want them trimmed just alike. This morning we attended the chemical lecture, and some of us were eleeterized which was fine fun, though it made us jump. They have had some trouble at Mr. —'s among the boys. A Flint boy got offended with a boy from St. Helena and kicked him down stairs, and threatened to stab him, and upon the whole I was rather glad I was not there, as there is no kicking where we are. [We trust Phillippians are now more civilized.]

"Mr. Stone told our arithmetic class that the one who would make out the best bill, in the same manner as store-keepers do, that one should have a prize. At night, after school, he called our class into the recitation room to hear the decision. He then took up two, and said, 'Here is the best and here is the next best.' He then said, 'I don't know whose they are, but let us see.' He then opened the second and read Miss E. O. Lowe, and the other was mine. And now what do you think the prize was? He very gravely took out Hall's arithmetic, and bursting into a laugh said, 'Miss P., it is customary when young ladies receive presents for them to study

them through.' Give my love to H. H. [Henry Harrison of course] also to Polly Maria, and ask her to write, Aunt Polly, grandmother and grandfather. I close by subscribing myself,

Your affectionate daughter, Mary."

She begins her next letter to her sister: "I continue to like it very well. I rise at 5 in the morning (which you know is very early for such a *lazy* girl as I), comb my hair, help make the bed and clear up, and go down by a little past 6, which is the hour of devotions. We then have breakfast, and at a quarter past 7 go to the chemical lecture, which is held most every morning excepting Saturday. This keeps till half past 8; we then go to school at 9, and again at 2 P.M. Thus you perceive, dear Lizzy, I have tried to have you form some faint idea of how we spend our time, but this I can tell you, we have no time to be homesick. I expect I shall be *thinner than a hatchet* when I get back. I wish to write a few lines to mother.

Your affectionate sister, Mary.

P. S. Take good care of my bedstead and bureau, and don't let them get scratched."

We have small room to talk of early rising or of restrictions in these degenerate days. We, as well as "dear Lizzy," can perceive that there was little time for homesickness. But her letter cannot go without some word to

"Dear mother: I thought I would scribble a few lines to you, as it does me good even to address you. It is very pleasant up here now, the trees are in blossom, and everything looks green and thriving. I want my mantilla this week." [Oh vanity, she still thinks of that mantilla.] "and my cord and tassel, though if you will buy me a drab-colored one you may have that. Ain't I kind?"

Any girl who has had her questions ignored in her home letters can appreciate this next extract. She continues: "I wish you would write and tell me all about the party I asked about. I have not heard what you wore on your neck and head. And what do you wear at home? for I can't seem to think how you look. And what do the children wear? and you can't think how I want to see H. H.

Your loving Mary.

P. S. Have my mantilla just like Anna's."

It cost twenty-five cents to send a letter in those days, and our little Abbot maid thriftily seizes an opportunity to send her next home letter by a friend.

"Andover, May 25th, 1842.

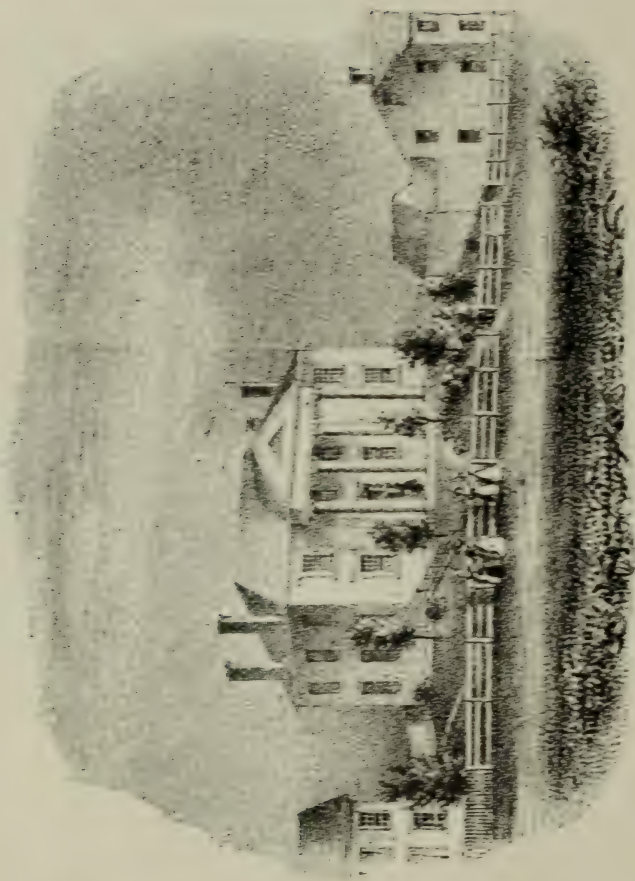
"My dear mother: As I now have a good opportunity to send you a letter by Miss Betsey M., I thought I would write though I have not much to say. We go on in the same way, poring over arithmetic, French, parsing, and chemical lectures, and I can tell you it is quite a treat if I can sit down a few minutes and read Rollin's history, which you know I am so fond of. Mr. Stone gave us quite a lecture on Monday about not taking sufficient exercise, and forbade our opening our books between 12 and 2 P.M., but I doubt very much whether he will be obeyed by all. He said he should ask every day how much exercise we had taken. We do not walk but very little after tea, for we do meet so many *black coats*; so we walk before breakfast when it is pleasant, and last night we went out behind the house and ran down hill, as we had no rope to jump, and it is a fact worth stating that we have not heard of it yet. You must not expect to hear from me until next week for it is composition week, and I shall not have time." [We know how that is.] "Give my love to my kindred and friends. Give H. H. a dozen kisses in my name, and as many lumps of sugar.

Your affectionate daughter, Mary.

P. S. Do try and make Henry Harrison walk if there is any walk to him, for I am afraid he will grow to the floor or to your lap, which would be very bad."

No doubt Henry Harrison considered a dozen lumps of sugar a good practical way of demonstrating affection; but her anxiety as to the terrible fate which may befall him is happily short-lived. June 3d she writes:

"I am very glad to hear that you have got the carpet down on the library, also that Henry Harrison has begun to walk. Do be careful and not let him fall down stairs, and have him dragged out in his carriage every day, when it is pleasant. You cannot think how much I want to see him and all the rest of you. Have the children got their summer ribbons on yet, and how do their bonnets look? and have you got on your lawn bonnet yet? Do write and tell me about it. The bell is now ringing for 12 o'clock, and



"I have sent them this picture, which is the exact representation."

as the schools are just let out you must think there are a few in the street. As I thought L. and C. would like to see where I go to school, I have sent them this picture, which is the exact representation. Give my love to them, and tell them to see me just going into the gate.

"I forgot to tell you we got up this morning at 4.30 and went walking, and we shall to-morrow morning if it is pleasant. Do be careful and not let Henry Harrison fall and hurt him."

The last of the half-dozen letters is dated June 22d, very near the time for going home. The dreaded seventy-seven days are almost passed, and she definitely refers to a recent visit from her loved ones.

"I have just returned from school, and as tea is not quite ready I will improve my time by writing to you. On Monday evening I went to Mr. Dana's lecture, which was very fine, but as you do not know a great deal about Shakespeare I can give you a better description of his lectures with my tongue than I can with my pen. Last night he had another, and there is to be one on Friday evening. You cannot think what splended language he uses: the room is so still that one scarcely dares breathe, and the clock goes *tick, tock*, all the time. I cannot realize that I am coming home so soon, and I am thinking I shall have something to do when I come. After you had gone it all seemed like a dream, and it does not seem as if you had been here at all. The children did look so tired I was afraid they would be sick. Please be careful and not let my bureau and bedstead get scratched, and don't let anyone but yourself make the bed if it is used. Give my love to Polly, Aunt Polly, Aunt Sally, and the rest of the folks.

Your aff. daughter, Mary."

But this is not quite all, for in a postscript she says, "Give Henry Harrison five kisses for me."

It is pleasant to know something of the sequel of this strong love for Henry Harrison, for when her mother died soon after, this sister took the care of her brother till he was grown. She was only sixteen when she was in school, but many an Abbot girl of to-day might learn lessons of neatness, simplicity, and care from these old-fashioned letters.

Edited by H. F. G. '92.

Children's Land.

COME, just for an hour, to Children's Land!
You won't find it stupid, or irksome, or dreary.
I'll bring you away just the moment you're weary,
If you'll but step into my magical car
And fly quite away from this, ever so far,
To that dear little country, the Children's Land.

They're always so merry in Children's Land!
Such bright, eager faces, such radiant smiles,
Such gay little witcheries, innocent wiles!
They live in the present, ne'er think of the morrow,
A spoonful of jam is their cure for sorrow,—
One cannot be sad in the Children's Land.

It's a good, honest country, the Children's Land!
They're always so simple, straightforward, and frank;
They're not to be bribed with fame, riches, or rank;
If you love them, are true to them, they know it well,—
Pretensions are vain; they've no favors to sell;
One cannot buy love in the Children's Land.

It's a sweet, restful country, the Children's Land!
Such soft, clinging fingers, such ready embraces,
Such hope and such faith in their eloquent faces.
You dream in the twilight sometimes, quite alone,
That a pair of child eyes look up into your own,
And you would you were fit for it,— Children's Land!

So come for an hour to Children's Land!
We grow so didactic, so stiff and wise,
When we look at the world through our dull grown-up eyes,
And fancy for our special use it was made.
You needn't lose dignity, don't be afraid,
But just step into my magical car,
And fly quite away with me, ever so far,
To that dear little country, the Children's Land!

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Life in Montana.

AFTER riding four days and four nights on the train, my mother and I were called one Saturday morning, the 8th of August, at 3.20 A.M., for our destination was near. All the day before, we had been riding through North Dakota, and then, for the first time, realized the vastness of a plain: one may ride for hours and hours and see not a tree, a river, or even a hill to break the monotony. To be sure, we saw a house now and then, yet the nearest neighbors must have been some fifty miles away. We secretly hoped Fort Belknap was not like North Dakota.

We left our train at Harlem and as the iron engine steamed away further west, we felt as though the last link connecting us with the outside world was gone and that retreat was now impossible.

We made our way to the hotel that the sleepy station agent pointed out. In the gray light of the morning we had a look at the town. Three old sheds formed the railroad station; to the left of that stood a log house, one frame house, and several cabins. These with the hotel, which is a frame building, compose the city of Harlem. New England seemed far, far away, and we felt very much alone as we sat in the little hotel parlor waiting for day. About seven o'clock we saw an Indian ride up on a pony. He dismounted in front of one of the houses, tried the door, then put his hand up to his face, and peered through the window after the manner so natural to the red man. He was dressed in the costume of the Indian police, and looked quite forbidding with his cartridge belt and pistol gleaming in the morning sunlight.

Day came at last and the people began to stir in the house. Just as we were about to sit down to breakfast a team drove up and there was Kate, the Indian girl whom we knew at Hampton, and the superintendent of our school. It is not hard to get acquainted in a country where there are so few people and before we finished breakfast it seemed as though we had always known the superintendent, as well as the family that kept the hotel. Fort Belknap Agency is four miles from Harlem. It seemed much less for we could see all the buildings very distinctly as there are no intervening

objects on the prairie. Montana is for the most part mountainous, but Fort Belknap is in the Milk River valley where the buffalo last appeared. As we looked over the plains we tried to imagine the thousands of buffalo that were there not so very many years ago, but the buffalo and the good old hunting days of the Indian are things of the past, and great changes are taking place in this country. To the south, about thirty miles away, the little Rockies lift their heads, and about the same distance west are the Bear Paw mountains. Seven miles south-west is Snake Butte where the people go for their drinking water in summer. After crossing the river we were at the Agency. Although it is called Fort Belknap, it is not a military post but is named for an old fort a few miles away. This is a typical Indian Agency; its dozen buildings include offices, shops, a warehouse, and the dwellings of the employees. Our school buildings, two large brick structures — the best in the Indian service, we were told — are about half a mile west of the Agency.

We were taken to the agent's home, where we were very kindly received and, after a few days, we went to the school. Our supplies had not arrived so our beginning was rather crude, our room being furnished with a very primitive bed, while dry goods boxes with boards across made a very good substitute for the rest of the furniture which we consider indispensable at home. That was only a temporary arrangement, however, as other furniture has since been given us.

This reservation is still under the ration system, so the first Saturday we went up to the warehouse to see the Indians. It was a gala day, for as the beef cattle did not arrive in time to be killed and issued in the usual way, every Indian came to take part in an old-fashioned celebration.

There are two tribes of Indians in Montana, a little less than two thousand in number, the Gros Ventres and the Assinaboine, similar in language and dress. About ten o'clock, the plain seemed to be alive with people on horse-back and people in wagons, all the young horses and dogs of the camp following the train. The Indians were dressed in gay blankets and beads, and some were gorgeously painted, all laughing and talking with great animation. The young girls and young men were the most handsomely dressed, wearing bright colors, yellow or green, and riding the finest ponies. The proper representative of a family, usually a woman



Mrs. Douglas Wiggin

with a bright-eyed baby on her back, went into the warehouse, where she presented her ticket, and received her portion of coffee, sugar, rice, flour, salt, and bacon. Meanwhile, the others sat in groups outside, having a friendly visit, or joining in a social smoke, an amusement enjoyed by the women as well as by the men.

About noon, all started for the slaughter house a mile away, and the lively ponies, the prairie wagons, the bright clothing of the people made a picturesque scene. The cattle were shot, then the chiefs attended to the dividing, and saw that each family received its rightful share. One old chief, Snapping Wolf, with a single eagle's feather in his hair, went around among the people singing an improvised song. After the meat was distributed, they went to their camps to celebrate the day by a great feast and dance.

Our school opened the second week in September. It was an important occasion for the Indians, one they had been looking forward to for some time. Many had promised to bring their children, but a good many still held back. We can hardly realize what it means to an Indian parent to send his boy to school. It is really a great sacrifice, for the child, after he is educated, will never care to live in the tipi, as his father did. In view of this separation there had been several dances in the camp, presents were given away, — horses, blankets, cloth, and their most valued ornaments and treasures.

These presents were not given to any one in particular. If a man was about to send his son to school, he might say, "I am going to give away a horse. If any one is poor and needs a horse, let him come and get it." Then some one would take the horse and sing in praise of the giver.

Nearly all the Indians in camp brought their children the day school opened. The first thing to be done was to give the children citizen's dress, and the change in most cases was wonderful. A little boy going into the bath-room with long hair, leggins, moccasins, and hugging his blanket tightly about him, would come out a young American citizen, dressed in a neat gray suit and leather shoes, which made him walk a little strangely at first. He was no longer "poor Lo," but an American boy with life before him. It was pitiful to see the old people waiting outside the door to ask for their children's hair. They put the black braid in their blankets just as affectionately as the white mother lays away her boy's long curls.

We opened with fifty-one children, but others have come, so now we have seventy-eight. Very few of them had ever been to school before, and it was almost a hopeless task to begin with children who did not know one word of English, or even their names, as many of their Indian names had been translated, and some had been given new ones. The roll-call upon the first day was perplexing in the extreme. I took my list and said, "Frank Early." All were silent. When I said, "Frank Early may stand," making a suggestive motion, half a dozen boys rose. Finally, with the interpreter's help, we discovered Frank, who seemed as much relieved at being found as I was to find him. After a hard struggle the interpreter and I identified them all, and wrote their names on express tags, which we fastened on their coats. That worked very well for the first day, but when the next morning we discovered, after some confusion, that Solomon Feather was in Petro Longhorse's coat, the identification process had to be gone through with again, though the children and I soon learned their names.

We are fairly started, and I find my school-room work very interesting. The children are much like their white brothers and sisters, only a little more lively, if possible. They have already learned a good many songs, which they sing with a will, never tiring of those they know best.

One might think we were cut off from social festivities of all kinds, but we have attended two "balls," although we were none of us ever invited to participate. One was the harvest dance, which the Indians held on the plains beyond the Agency. The musicians sat in the centre around a large drum made of skin tightly drawn over a frame-work, and this drum was fastened on twigs so as to clear the ground by two or three inches. The singers, about a dozen in number, sat around the drum, and beyond them, in a semi-circle, were ranged the dancers, mostly young men, gorgeously attired in large feather head-dresses, bright-colored skirts, and gay beaded moccasins. Their arms and legs were bare, and, like their faces, painted with the most grotesque figures. All were decorated with ornaments of every conceivable pattern of silver, brass, and beads. Some carried mirrors in their hands, and all had sleigh-bells bound around their ankles. At a signal from the "boss dancer" the music began, all dancing if he danced, not in couples but separately, and indulging in a greater variety of movements than Del

Sarte ever dreamed of. The chief men in the tribe sat opposite the dancers, the women and other spectators in circles outside. Their refreshments consisted this time of bacon and hard bread.

We have begun our school hopefully, and are looking forward to the time when the Indians will not be dependent on their rations, but able to earn their own living, and when their weird Indian dances will give place to more elevating occupations. We hope that our seventy-eight boys and girls will never go back to the tipi and old camp life, but will become respectable, law-abiding, and law-protected American citizens.

M. M. G. '89.



United States to Russia.

*O sorely smitten brother, O ancient friend of ours,
Above your vast dominions the hunger specter towers;*

*We clasp our children closer, while Russian mothers weep,
And welcome in their anguish the merciful last sleep—*

*That stills the moan of famine and eases their children's pain;
Yet in our mortal peril, with every nerve a-strain.*

*When brothers were our liegemen, and friendship stood aside,
The flag with the Russian eagles, the ships of the white czar's pride*

*Came swiftly to our harbors, to help us in our need,
A menace to the sullen powers they could not choose but heed!*

*O sorely smitten brother, O ancient friend of ours,
Above your vast dominions the hunger specter towers.*

*Our turn, O friend and brother, to send a fleet to you,
With every masthead flying the red, the white, the blue!*

*But no guns scowl through the portholes, and 'neath our ensign fair,
Flutters the flag of mercy that the world knows everywhere.*

*And the cargo that we carry is hope for starving men —
Lo! for the lives you saved us, render we lives, again.*

OCTAVE THANE.



An Afternoon on the Prairie.

LONG years ago Pillar Bluff was a waterfall. The water had a straight tumble of nearly fifty feet, and then after whirling around, quite giddy from so long a leap, it fell into a noisy little river to join the Colorado. Whether the streams had found an easier way of getting to the river than by tumbling so far, or whether the sources were dried, no one knows; there is no waterfall now. There is, instead, a bluff formed by the rushing water, as, year by year, it wore away the rock. Not content with separating the bluff from the shore by this ceaseless flow, the water has honeycombed its base in curiously shaped caverns. Sometimes the low corridors extend quite through, and if you peer into them, the shadows frame bright pictures on the other side. If you throw stones into the dark caves, the bats fly out in clouds. Looking up at the great rock from below, it seems as if some lazy young giant had grown tired of the bridge he was building, and had left this one span complete, even to arches and carvings. No one hopes he will ever come back to finish it: it is so strange and beautiful as it is.

I had spent a long afternoon there, clambering over the rocks in exploration or on my throne of state on a broad ledge, where I could read quietly, and for diversion, scare the bats into momentary activity. Now it was growing late, and miles lay between Pillar Bluff and camp. It almost seemed as if I were but a part of the pony, so steadily he galloped. The thick grass padded his footsteps, regular and rhythmical. Now and then we startled some strange, timid bird from the grass. A big rabbit ran across the path. There seemed to be no time, no space, only this splendid motion. "Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy." I spoke unconsciously, looking over the miles of prairie, straight into the glory of the setting sun. Just then we turned into the road we were to follow to the river. On the right lay a field of cotton. The smooth, thick leaves caught the slant rays of the sun, and glistened as the Greek arms might have done, when Helen's countrymen assembled before Troy. Beyond the cotton field was a shed, called a house by merest courtesy. Evidently the pony smelled

water, and was far too thirsty to mind even Greek soldiers, for he turned into a footpath which separated their ranks, and brought up in front of the house.

Three children were playing some game at one side of the door-way. Two of them walked up hand in hand to a third, luxuriating in a basket of cotton, and sang :

“ Hog drovers, hog drovers, hog drovers we air,
A courtin’ your daughter, so young and so fair.
Kin we git lodgin’ here oh here ?
Kin we git lodgin’ here ? ”

The other child answered :

“ Hog drovers, hog drovers, hog drovers ye air ;
I reckon my daughter is much too fair — ”

But just here they saw me, and I shall probably never know the fate of the daughter.

A woman stood in the door-way, with her hand over her eyes to shield them from the sun. Her gown hung in lank folds about her bare feet. Her face was sallow and spiritless. The corners of her mouth drooped as though she had forgotten how to smile, and her eyes had a pathetic hunger in them. She did not move from her place as I came up, but said in a tired voice, “ Will ye light ? ” I explained the pony’s errand, and as we watched him drink from the bucket one of the erstwhile “ hog-drovers ” brought, I asked her the nearest way to L.

“ He always starts off yonder way with the cotton. He’s gone now. I never have been there : never have been round much since he married me. I was fifteen then.”

She picked up a fluffy cotton boll, and continued, pulling it to pieces. “ I reckon y’alls have got good doctors to L.” then without waiting for me to answer, “ Its too late now, anyway.” She pointed to a small mound about fifty feet away, on which drooped some wild geraniums, disconsolate in their new home.

“ It makes me feel worse to think she’d ’a got well if I’d took better care of ’er. The middle pickin’ was ripe, an’ I reckoned it was the hot weather that made her so peaked. I reckon she run out in the sun, too. When she come out in the field one evenin’, an’ I ’lowed I’d tote her home in the basket, she cried, and tried to git up in my arms. An’ that night she died, my baby.”

Still the woman did not cry. She only told the story, wearily and slowly, rarely looking at me, always out at the sunset.

The pony and I went away very quietly after that, through the cotton field; it seemed a very sad world. As we turned into the road again there the wind caught us! It blew my cap till I took it off and pinned it to my belt; it flapped my skirts and blew through the sleeves of my gown; it threw the hair back from my face. How the grass did billow under that steady wind! How we all enjoyed it, the grass, the pony, and I!

O strong electric wind of the prairies, invigorating and sweet, how you blow dust from both garments and mind! Born in the mountains of the still farther West, you bring freedom and strength from your home. Travelling, steady and swift, across thousands of acres of grass and flowers, you bring comfort and sweetness as your freight. Surely you have power to blow away ignorance and sadness from this beautiful western land!

H. F. G. '92.



George L. Davis.

SINCE the last issue of the Courant, Abbot Academy has lost a good friend and a valued trustee, in the death of Mr. George L. Davis of North Andover. Mr. Davis was elected to the board of trustees in 1859, the same year in which Miss McKeen was chosen to be principal of the school, so that their connection with Abbot Academy ran in parallel lines for more than thirty years. She found in him ready sympathy, wise counsel, and quick response to appeals for help.

In these early days the school was in need of almost all things. Notwithstanding the heroic generosity of the friends who had provided the essentials for housekeeping at the opening of Smith Hall in 1854, it was necessarily, scantily furnished; for example, there were no teaspoons for the table and no silver spoons of any description, except, perhaps, a half-dozen odd teaspoons, which had been left, from time to time, through the carelessness of their owners; consequently, dessert spoons, of some cheap metal, were used for tea and coffee, at the constant risk of overturning the cup. As a strategic movement, Miss McKeen invited the trustees to tea, and instead of favoring them with the waif teaspoons, she served their cups with the same clumsy, cheap spoons which they had provided for the family. A few days later Mr. Davis sent a package containing five dozen teaspoons, a dozen dessert-spoons, and another dozen table-spoons, all of solid silver and marked "Abbot Academy."

In 1865, Mr. Davis purchased and gave to the school the place long known as "Davis Hall," which, for many years, was the pleasant home of the French speaking pupils. The next year he gave five hundred dollars to secure the land then adjacent to Smith Hall, in the rear, and added two hundred and sixteen dollars towards fencing the grounds in front. So we are indebted to Mr. Davis for our beautiful lawn and the grand old oak in its midst, which is our joy and pride.

When, in preparing the manuscript of the "History of Abbot Academy," Miss McKeen submitted the statement of his benefac-

tions to Mr. Davis for his correction, — the total was \$6.641. — he said, "Oh no, I haven't given so much." When the items were examined he said it must be right, but remarked that he had given up the practice of keeping an account of what he gave away, as he did not like the influence of so-doing upon his own mind. He added that he had always regretted that he allowed the trustees to call the French speaking house by his name.

When the time came for building a new house, Mr. Davis headed the subscriptions of the trustees with five thousand dollars. He gave in many lesser ways; always, indeed, whenever his help was asked. He was emphatically our friend in need. At the "house-warming" in Draper Hall, he was so overpowered by his happiness and satisfaction that he could hardly speak for tears of joy.

We wish, also, to record the kindness of Mrs. Davis, who repeatedly took young ladies to her home, and by her skilful nursing built up their flagging health. As a term grew near its close she often sought out pupils who were far from home and invited them to spend the vacation under her great, hospitable roof. Many old scholars, widely scattered to-day, remember the friendly home in North Andover with lively gratitude. Although we shall see the faces of these kind friends no more, their work abides with us, and will grow with the years.



EDITORS' DRAWER.

We have taken pleasure in making this issue of the Courant an "Old Scholars' Number," that familiar names might link past and present pleasantly in Miss McKeen's remembrance. While, usually, contributed articles are the natural outgrowth of literary work in the school, it is a privilege to step aside this particular June, and yield our places to representatives of Abbot's able and distinguished alumnae.

The letters from the little Abbot maid of fifty years ago bring forcibly to mind the difference between her life and ours. "The History of Abbot Academy" says of the Mr. Stone so often referred to: "Mr. Timothy Dwight Porter Stone was principal for three years. He was at the same time a student at the Theological Seminary, principal of Abbot Academy, teacher of elocution in the Theological Seminary and Phillips Academy, a writer of books, the father of a family, and a householder, taking boarders. His side occupations are not on record." It was he who opened the old Davis Hall as a home for girls from a distance. Each girl furnished what she needed for personal use, and all helped with the work. They say their whole stock of furniture, the first night, consisted of an old desk, a copper kettle, a broom, and some stones for andirons. A neighbor lent them a teakettle.

When Miss McKeen first came, in '59, the Academy hall was lighted with candles. The teachers were seated on a platform so narrow that they could pass one another with difficulty. The library was accommodated by a small case across the end of this narrow platform. As for the living apartments, two girls lived, slept, and studied, for three or four years in succession, in a room twelve by twelve feet in size. To illuminate these apartments each young lady had a small glass hand lamp, in which whale oil was burned, through two little round wicks. There was not a silver spoon belonging to the institution. There were three pictures owned by the school, the lithographs of Professor and Mrs. Stowe, which Mrs. Stowe hung in Smith Hall when she furnished its parlor, and the familiar portrait of Madam Abbot. The grounds embraced just one acre.

What have time and energy wrought! The Academy Hall is refined and tasteful in its furnishings. The platform has ample accommodations

not only for the faculty, but for the vase presented by Phillips Academy, and a fine large bronze of "Lorenzo, the Thoughtful." The library fills a large room in Draper Hall, with three overflow cases, the Jackson Memorial, in the reading-room. The school now owns three thousand and sixty art illustrations, including photographs, outline drawing, engravings, marbles, alabasters, and bronzes. The care with which these have been selected adds much to their value. To compare home arrangements with those of thirty-three years ago: think of Smith Hall as re-modelled, and think of the new Draper Hall. Each girl has not only a room of her own, but when two girls occupy a suite of rooms care is taken that the furniture shall be individual. The rooms are lighted by electricity, and the engine and dynamo which furnish the power belong to the school. Not only is the old "number one" supplanted by a delightful senior parlor, but the drawing-room is rich and beautiful, and the McKeen rooms perfect in every detail. What can better embody the changes of the past years than Draper Hall itself, elegant, commodious, and artistic. As for grounds, walk around the "circle," past the academy, Draper Hall and Smith Hall, by the three tennis courts and the old oak, down Maple Walk, through the winding paths of the grove, and contrast our twenty-three acres with the once limited area of one rod behind Smith Hall.

On the 8th and 22d of January Mrs. Downs delivered the remaining lectures of the series, the subjects being, "Literary Shrines and Pilgrims," and the "Great Churches of the Border." Those who knew Mrs. Downs' wide acquaintance with literature and history, who had delighted in the unique pictures of "Concord: Its Men and its Women," awaited with no little interest a purely literary lecture upon the shrines of England and Scotland. The effort was one of marked ability, and nowhere, do we think, has Mrs. Downs given more striking evidence of the distinguishing characteristics of her work, — its minuteness of investigation, its far-reaching suggestiveness, and its power so to call up the mighty dead that every traveller upon hallowed ground might say, if he would,

"Invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me."

It is certainly so with Mrs. Downs. There is scarcely a flower that does not whisper the names of her loved poets, a river that does not murmur to the rhythm of their lines, or a stone in crowded London that, Memnon-like, does not respond to the warm touch of her knowledge and sympathy. Milton, Johnson, Goldsmith, Chatterton, Gray, Scott, Wordsworth, — all appeared in their habit as they lived, and at the close everyone felt that he had been in the best society of all times, that of the "noble living and the noble dead."

Like "Westminster Abbey," the "Great Churches of the Border" was crowded with historical and literary associations, and included a clear account of the two periods of Gothic architecture, Norman and Decorated. To young students such glimpses of living and reverend pilgrimage are not only a revelation but an inspiration, making foreign travel a privilege worth years of preparatory thought and study.

A crowded audience awaited Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's reading, Monday evening, Jan. 18, in the Academy Hall. Andover folk remembered her former delightful reading from "Patsy;" the young ladies of the school proudly thought of her as an "old girl" who had achieved a literary reputation; all remembered with pleasure the funny Ruggleses and the brave knight Timothy, to be read with an author's feeling. No one knew, however, of the pleasure in store in the reading of "A Cathedral Courtship," which has since appeared in the May Atlantic Monthly. Both Mrs. Wiggin's appearance and reading had peculiar charm. From the first number the hearers were heartily in accord with the reader's mood, responding with laughter, tears, and applause, sometimes in rapid succession. Miss Jennie Ladd of Haverhill gave three delightful selections on the violin in the intermissions. Later, Mrs. Wiggin met the girls in the parlor at Draper Hall, and, though tired by the evening, won new admiration by her gracious manner and bright conversation. She responded cheerfully and promptly to a request for a contribution to the Courant, sending "The Children's Land," which appears in the present issue.

DAY OF PRAYER.—For sixty years a day of prayer for schools and colleges has been observed throughout the country. The service at Abbot Academy this year was in charge of the Rev. Mr. Southgate of Worcester. Choosing the ninety-fourth verse of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm for the basis of his address, Mr. Southgate made a powerful appeal to his hearers, urging them to make the prayer of the psalmist their own, and to say from penitent hearts, "I am thine, save me."

Much enthusiasm was excited among those of the school who attended Mr. Joseph Cook's famous lecture upon "Ultimate America," given in the Town Hall upon February 12. Voices were loud in praise of his marvellous command of language, while the corridors echoed with the mysterious word, "That is efficient, but not sufficient." All had a new conception of the exhaustless resources and glorious possibilities of "Our Country."

At one of our Saturday evening meetings, during the winter term, Mr. Blair read a most interesting paper on the life and work of Mr. Spurgeon. It was peculiarly appropriate, coming soon after the great man's death.

The orange party did not lose anything from the mystery which shrouded it till the eventful evening. "From seven to eight, Tuesday evening, Feb. 16th, in the dining-room of Draper Hall," the invitation ran, and the only hint given was as to the prevailing color. No one thought of sending regrets. We assembled at the proper hour, brave with orange ribbons and rosettes, and found the dining-room transformed. The electric lights were shaded to an orange-colored glow, while on a long table in the centre of the room was an imposing array of oranges; oranges in rows, oranges in piles, oranges in pyramids. To add to the whole, there were branches with the fruit still clinging to them, while bits of yellow paper were folded to represent gorgeous butterflies. After Miss McKeen had given us greeting, we were told to guess how many oranges were in the two largest pyramids. Miss Quimby told the exact number, 177, and won as a prize from the teachers, an Andover orange spoon. Then, without further ceremony, we were bidden to help ourselves. The beautiful pyramids vanished rapidly. At eight o'clock we scattered, after giving two hearty votes of thanks, first to Mrs. Lucy Montague Brown, who sent us the oranges from Florida, the second to Miss McKeen, who planned the festival.

Lovers and students of Shakespeare had an opportunity during the winter to enjoy Mr. Clapp's able and interesting studies of the famous dramatist. The subject of the first lecture was the "*Merchant of Venice*," and after an amusing account of the origin of the plot, Mr. Clapp passed to an examination of the characters. An interesting point was the revelation of Shylock in all his malice and cruelty as the natural outgrowth of years of hatred and prejudice on the part of Christians. Portia was a woman worthy of the nineteenth century and Bassanio the type of an honest, enthusiastic wooer who spent no time upon a sentimental analysis of his feelings.

The evenings of March 1 and 8 were devoted to "*Macbeth*." The effect of guilt upon a man's nature and upon a woman's as shown in the lives of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth was well described. Macbeth hesitated to murder Duncan, but having done so, rapidly became hardened and debased, the encounter with MacDuff being merely a contest of brute force. On the other hand, Lady Macbeth prompted the murder, but the deed once over, she felt such horror of the sin that reason could not stand the strain. The course closed with the *Tempest*, but before turning his attention to that play, Mr. Clapp ridiculed the Shakespeare-Baconian theory, arguing conclusively in defence of Shakespeare. The course was very valuable in deepening an interest already felt in the study of Shakespeare.

Many of our students who have never been fortunate enough to hear Phillips Brooks preach, were given the much-desired opportunity on the

Sunday that he came to Andover. The confirmation service was new to many, and its beauty and solemnity were deepened by the impressive sermon and inspiring words of counsel and benediction.

At two o'clock one bright afternoon last winter, a barge drawn by four horses was reined up before Smith Hall, and the long-expected sleigh-ride became a reality. The afternoon was ideal and the snow and ice-laden trees glistened in the sun like sentinels before some fairy city. The party went to Methuen where they admired the beautiful Tenny castle and Hopkins-Searles place. The sun was setting in golden clouds when the party returned to Smith Hall, and as one after another ran indoors, a chorus of laughing voices could be heard singing, "Oh, what fun it was to ride in a four horse open sleigh!"

Draper Hall records a similar experience enjoyed a little later. For four horses substitute six, for Methuen, Bradford and Haverhill, and the accounts will exactly tally. As usual the sparkling vivacity of the French members led them to take the initiative, but the more slow-going Teutons lost nothing by delay.

No record of the important events of this half-year could properly fail to mention the glorious northern lights which we witnessed with awe. Many of us had never seen such a range of color in the Aurora, from rose-red to pale gold tinged with green, and the swift mysterious movements of the lights are seldom on a grander scale. We are glad that the period of their activity has come again.

Miss Hamlin's trips taken in the cause of science made many a bright spot in the winter's record of events. No one of her party will ever forget the delightful morning in the University Museum at Cambridge—the sight of the beautiful glass flowers, and the wonderful rooms like a great open page in zoölogy.

Another memorable occasion was the annual visit to the Lawrence cotton and woollen mills, where Mr. Alden with his usual kindness explained the mysteries of weaving and spinning, printing and engraving. Still another of unique interest was to the experiment station at Lawrence, where Mr. Hazen, with reference to the examination and purification of water, is making a special study of bacteria.

Miss Hamlin's wide-awake interest in the progress of science and her zeal in making the most of every opportunity have enkindled a very marked enthusiasm in her department.

Ever since we came to Abbot Academy, we have heard the tradition that in the past, Prof. Young of Princeton had occasionally given a course of astronomical lectures in Abbot Hall, and have wished that we of to-day might have the instruction and pleasure of such a course. In March our wish was realized by the quiet word of Mr. Ripley, that he would

"see us through" if necessary, and we started out with zeal to canvass the town with tickets. Any fear that we should not have as large an audience as we wished, was dispelled early in the evening of the first lecture and our hall was well filled each one of the five evenings, in spite of March weather. With gratitude and modest pride we can report that we not only paid all our own expenses, but also that the astronomy classes of the future will be the richer by several valuable books and a fine star atlas. Each one of the lectures had its own attractions and formed a fine contrast to its companions. First, our wonder was excited by the amazing activity and brilliancy of the sun, but the next evening we were quieted by the steady, silvery light and reliable characteristics of the moon. The third evening our thoughts were brought down to the earth and her nearer relatives, and we wondered quite as much perhaps, at the penetration and patience of the human mind which has felt the presence of some of these bodies long before the eye could discover them, as at the bodies themselves. By this time we thought we had become accustomed to immense distances and rapidity of motion, but when we were introduced to meteors and comets and then to stars and nebulae, we blushed to think we had ever considered our little solar system so broad and so wonderful, and we felt humbled before the size, the velocity and the distance, too great for imagination, of some of these bodies. We all felt it a great privilege to have Prof. Young spend the week at Draper Hall, to meet him daily in the corridors, to hear his pleasant and instructive conversation at table, to listen to his voice at evening prayers, and to feel the simplicity of true greatness.

All the old girls who enjoyed Helen Keller's visit to Abbot last year, and all the new ones who have been so interested in accounts of that visit were very much disappointed when Helen and her teacher, Miss Sullivan, wrote that they had an earlier engagement for the Sunday Miss McKeen had invited them to spend with us. We who met Helen will never forget her great intelligence nor the beautiful spirit which found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

THE GERMAN PLAY.—The Teutonic population of Abbot this year fills two of the long corridors and three tables in Draper Hall. So the French girls and the English minority in Draper had reason to expect much of the German play. The dress rehearsal came March 17, and the public performance the following day, but the school was pervaded, for at least a month before by a decided air of preparation, noticed at first in mysterious songs and much soliloquizing, later in glimpses of marvellous costumes. The following is the programme:

Musik, Agitato, Op. 15, (J. Schulhoff) Frl. Beal.

Die Huldigung der Künste. Ein Lyrisches Spiel, von Schiller. Personen: Genius, Frl. Ingalls; architektur, Frl. Gilchrist; skulptur, Frl. Davis; malerei, Frl. Hutchinson; poesie, Frl. Eastman; musik, Frl. Finch; tanz, Frl. Green; schauspielkunst, Frl. Dearborn. Landleute: Frl. Heritage, Frl. Soule; Frl. Francis, Frl. Staats; Frl. Morton, Frl. Coy; Frl. Childs, Frl. Storrs; Frl. Jackson, Frl. Manning; Frl. Webster, Frl. Whipple.

Aschenbrödel. Feeerie mit Gesang in Zwei Aufzügen. Personen: Prinz Urbino, Frl. Sanders; Ceremonienmeisterin, Baroness Veilchenblau, Frl. Ingalls; Gräfin Montekukulorum, Frl. Staats; Ulrike, Martha, Ihre Tochter, Frl. Gilchrist, Frl. Manning; Aschenbrödel, Ihre Stieftochter, Frl. Green; Christel, eine Dienerin, Frl. Finch; Die Fee Emerenzia, Frl. Brewster. Zwerge: Frl. Francis, Frl. Haldeman; Frl. Cathoon, Frl. Webster; Frl. Gardner, Frl. Whipple.

Musik: gitarre solos, (a) Water Sprite Waltz (Hayden), (b) Sebastopol, Frl. Francis.

The bright gowns of the peasants, in the first number, gave a kaleidoscopic effect to the quaint dance, and proved a brilliant background for the "Arts," who appeared through an arch, led by a most dignified genius. The peasant festival in honor of the prince's marriage finds happy conclusion in the blessing of the genius, and the request of the Arts to abide in the land, thus honored by the beautiful princess.

A piano solo by Miss Beal was finely rendered and enthusiastically received during the interlude.

The last half of the play was the old story of Cinderella, in its German form. Miss Green made a most pathetic Aschenbrödel, and none but very spiteful sisters and a cruel stepmother could have beaten her and forced her to stay at home from the ball, where "I would so gladly have gone," she quaintly says. Poetic justice demanded Mother Christel, the old family servant, and the majestic Baroness Veilchenblau, just when they arrived: the first to be kind to Cinderella, the second so to tease the haughty trio that their bright plumes fairly nodded with rage. Troubles vanished at the coming of the dainty fairy god-mother in the good, old-fashioned way. The applause of the evening, however, was reserved for the dwarfs, the energetic "Zwerge," who appeared just when they were needed, and no one expected them. Their costumes were very appropriate and clever. As for the Prince, who arrived in due time, we think it must have occasioned real grief to the now humiliated mother and sisters, to be so scorned by him.

Fraulein Schiefferdecker deserved the praise and congratulations which she received on every hand: for it is to her untiring zeal and careful management that the evening owes its success. No one required prompting. The assignment of parts was happy: the practice faithful, and the result thoroughly creditable.

THE MCKEEN BREAKFAST.—Scarcely had the school assembled for the spring term than the all-absorbing topic of conversation, the McKean breakfast, made even study a matter of secondary importance. The first Saturday was, indeed, a memorable one. Whisperings of great events cast their shadows before, and the stay-at-homes regarded with envious eyes the gay party en route for the Vendome. Once in Boston we never felt so impressed with our own importance. Everyone seemed hurrying to the same place,—dignified alumnae, grave professors, and our own company of school-girls. But once in the reception room of the Vendome, all ideas of importance on the part of undergraduates faded; distinction was evidently on the side of the alumnae. In the dressing-room was much hurrying to and fro, many enthusiastic greetings, rapid questionings, and an eager, onward movement to the reception-room, where Miss McKean received with Miss Means. As bright and natural as in our own school rooms, Miss McKean remarked with merry emphasis, "I remember you perfectly," while we longed to throw aside dignity and admire her beautiful gown and superb roses. But we quickly made way for others, and were lost in the "madding crowd."

Certainly no one will ever forget the long dining-hall as it appeared when all were seated, and if we of today felt somewhat envious of the older classes, it was a pleasure to witness the happy reunions, and animated expression of long-parted friends. On an elevated platform in the front of the hall could be seen Miss McKean and the distinguished guests, while as far as possible at the different tables, the various classes were seated together.

When the tables were removed and the speech-making began, we were, of course, chiefly interested in those whom we knew. Prof. Churchill as presiding genius, was happy in every remark, Miss McKean was the pride of our hearts, and as we saw her the center of that enthusiastic company, we realized the greatness of a consecrated life. We applauded loudly at the close of Miss Merrill's and Miss Means' graceful and effective speeches, and entered heartily into the humor of Mr. Bancroft's response to the toast, "Proximate Education."

Our return to Abbot Academy was almost as exciting as our departure, and much did we dilate upon the splendor and impressiveness of the McKean breakfast, waving our beautiful satin menus as priceless trophies of the occasion.

At first we intended to give a far more detailed account of this notable event, but since the alumnae have published a pamphlet recording the entire proceedings, we have confined ourselves to a school girl's impressions.

THE RECITALS.—An interesting illustrated article upon Mr. Krehbiel's lecture, "The Precursors of the Piano," appeared in the Townsman of

April 8, and heralded Mr. Downs' annual musical recitals. These recitals have become a permanent feature of the school, and never was Mr. Downs' tireless and disinterested effort to keep them on a par with the best work of musical centres more apparent than this year.

The first, Mr. Krehbiel's lecture upon "The Precursors of the Piano," with illustrative music by Mr. Steinert, was of rare interest and profit, indeed, an event in a lifetime.

The old instruments, familiar to us only as names—the clavichord, spinet, harpsichord, and clavier, we were to see and hear, and to realize by what imperfect means the great masters interpreted for human ears their divine harmonies.

Abbot girls were especially favored, and the morning of the concert a goodly company, with Mr. Downs as enthusiastic guide, went to the Town Hall, and examined with eager interest Mr. Steinert's priceless collection. With enthusiasm thoroughly aroused, all were ready for the lecture, and followed it with closest attention. Mr. Krehbiel made two great classes of instruments, those whose strings are plucked, and those which are struck. The plucked string can produce no tone of varying intensity, therefore for centuries there was a groping for that which could be modulated, could be *piano-e-forte*, a combination of terms exactly describing our present instrument. The "prototype of the piano" was the delicate little clavichord, the favorite of John Sebastian Bach, because "it could reflect the finest and tenderest gradations of touch, and in power of expression was without a rival until the advent of the piano-forte."

As Mr. Steinert played one of Bach's marvellous compositions upon the clavichord, and one caught the weak, though exceedingly delicate and sympathetic tones, he realized the truth of Mr. Krehbiel's remark that "Genius sends its prescient view far into the future."

Then followed accounts of the spinet whose "saucy jacks" are referred to in Shakespeare's 12th sonnet, and the virginal which Queen Elizabeth played so much better than Queen Mary; the harpsichord which was only a grown-up virginal, and so on, to the evolution from the ancient dulcimer of the modern piano. To Mozart belongs the credit of introducing and popularizing the piano, and later, Beethoven played upon one kept for his exclusive use by Nanette Streicher, the daughter of the famous German manufacturer, Joseph Andreas Stein. This beloved piano is one of the treasures of the Steinert collection.

A sigh of regret was uttered by all at the close of this unique entertainment, whose fitting climax was found in Mr. Arthur Friedheim's brilliant performance upon a magnificent concert grand.

Upon April 21 occurred the second of the series, Mr. Max Heinrich giving in Phillips Hall a beautiful song recital. Mr. Heinrich has a fine baritone voice, exceptional in its range and power, and under perfect control.

The beautiful German ballads formed a charming prelude to the more serious and powerful parts of the program, the "Omnipotens" and the "Earl King" of Schubert. Mr. Heinrich's interpretation of the latter was marvellous. The whole scene was a reality,—the alluring, irresistible enticements of the Earl King, the calm, soothing tones of the father, the wild, despairing terror of the child, the onward movement and rush towards the fatal end, "In seinen Armen das Kind war tot!" Applause was loud and persistent, but Mr. Heinrich would not repeat, and went on to the English songs, the last of the program. For an encore at the close he sang, "My Rosemary," with such freshness and beauty, that no one could realize he had been singing for more than an hour without notes, and with no sign of weariness. We afterwards learned to our surprise that he had committed to memory more than a thousand songs.

Should Mr. Heinrich again visit Andover, he would be assured of a most enthusiastic welcome.

The last of the series, that of May 12, was by Mr. Carl Baermann, whose great program was a fitting crown to the whole. Care was taken that the literary background be well understood, and a charming leaflet containing Mrs. Downs' extremely interesting account of Schumann's Carnival accompanied each program. We quote from the Townsman the able criticism of the performance :

"If, as Schumann says, 'Sonata Appassionata is king of sonatas,' who can doubt after hearing Mr. Baermann play it that he is the king among its interpreters? From the moment of the mighty rush of harmonies upon the tonic chord of F minor, he held you spell-bound. The whole life of the aspiring soul was laid open to the daylight, its hopes, its dreams, its disappointments, and its agony. And all, too, under his wizard fingers, with the passion, the abandon which belongs only to great souls. And in the midst of the mighty struggle you felt constantly the reserve of the true artist, for just as Beethoven never could have written it if he had allowed the conception to master him, so Mr. Baermann never could have played as he did yesterday, if his genius had not lifted him above its farthest heights.

It is not in the plan of this brief notice to particularize, but the rapturous pulsations of the lover's heart as he breathes his 'Adelaida,' and the swift changes, beautiful pictures, romantic situations, and odd juxtapositions of the Carnival compel attention, fascinate memory, and make it certain that until we hear Mr. Baermann again the occasion will be pre-eminent not only for profit but for delight."

On the sixteenth of April, Mrs. Tryon came from Cambridge to lecture about the feathered guests which we might expect very soon in our grove. No one had any idea of the variety of New England song-birds which would in their homeward journey, make Andover a stopping-place; but Mrs.

Tryon assured us that we might hear almost all, and to aid in recognizing each one, she brought his picture and imitated his note. The list is a long one and includes black-birds, blue-birds and song-sparrows, orioles and thrushes. In fact, all were inspired to seek a more intimate acquaintance with these wonderful little creatures who bring into life so much melody and pleasure.

THE TRIP TO DANVERS. — Life at Abbot brings many red-letter days to students, but seldom can one recall an experience more perfect than that of our visit to Oak Knoll. We left Andover about 1 P. M., and reached Danvers shortly after 2 o'clock. A beach wagon was in waiting at the depot, and into this our party of fifteen mounted, eager to see the sights of the quaint old town. We were driven first to the tomb of Rebecca Nurse, the first Salem witch, to whom a monument has been raised in tardy justice for the wrong committed so many years ago. After leaving this peaceful spot, we followed a pleasant country road until we turned into the well-kept driveway leading to Oak Knoll.

Then our hearts began to beat faster and our pulses to flutter, for were we not about to see Whittier, whose poems we know and love so well. The maid who opened the door seemed not at all surprised at our number, and Mr. Whittier's charming niece, Miss Woodman, gave us a most cordial welcome. Presently the poet himself stood before us. For each one he had a smile and a warm clasp of the hand, and after introductions were over, we listened eagerly while he told us more about the death of Rebecca Nurse.

Then Miss Woodman's invitation to go over the grounds was gladly accepted, and she led us about the beautiful lawns surrounding the house. Finally, Miss Woodman and her aunt, Miss Johnson, delighted us with the proposal that we should visit the barn. There we saw Barbara, Miss Woodman's Kentucky saddle horse, a beauty in every way worthy her Blue Grass origin. When we could turn our attention from Barbara we found that she shared her abode with several Jersey cows and a Jersey "bossy," an especial pet.

At this juncture the driver reminded us that time flies at Oak Knoll as well as in other places, and in obedience to his hints we bade farewell to those who had entertained us so kindly.

In the wagon, Miss Ingalls showed us her souvenir. It was the gift of Whittier, an autograph copy of his lyrics.

Our guide next drove us to the birth-place of Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame. The queer old house is itself a curiosity, with its hidden shutters, low ceilings and narrow doors, while within, a few heirlooms of General Putnam were shown with great pride.

It was a perfect trip, for which we are indebted to the cordiality of the

poet, and to the thoughtfulness of Miss Ingalls, who planned and so happily executed it.

DRIFTWOOD.

The walls of the Senior parlor have been painted by the gift of Mrs. Sarah Barrows Dummer, '67, of Auburndale, Mass. The ceiling and frieze are in water color of a warm gray with darker lines. The main body of the walls is in oil, a neutral blue of grayish tone. The frieze is a grayish brown. The effect of the whole is pleasing and harmonious and adds materially to that already attractive apartment.

At the opening of Draper Hall, the Trustees' room was handsomely furnished through the generosity of Mr. Edward Taylor. Recently, he has added to his former gift, the decorations of the walls and ceiling, thus completing the beauty of the room. It is particularly pleasant that this room will always be a memorial of Mr. Taylor, for in his father's house was held the first meeting of the Trustees of Abbot Academy, in 1829.

GIFTS TO THE MUSEUM.-- During the past year our museum has received the following gifts: a piece of lava from Mt. Vesuvius, through the kindness of Miss Emma Twitchell; a tile from the floor of the Sistine Chapel, sent by Miss Alice Twitchell; a curious wooden spoon from South Africa; a piece of coquina from St. Augustine, Florida; a cross made of what was once \$3,000 in greenbacks, and a miniature bale of cotton, from Miss Gilchrist, '92. A very valuable contribution is the collection of Japanese ferns, presented by Dr. Gordon; and an old scholar, living in Japan, sent a bunch of flowers made from rice paper. As Abbot students, we are justly proud of our museum and grateful for the additions which we have received this year, yet, like *Oliver Twist*, we shall always be thankful for "more."

Do you know them?

"Princess"	"Mousie"
"Butler"	"Cinna"
"Lambkin"	"Captain"
"The Ornithological Trio"	"Lord Fauntleroy"
"Mary Jane"	"Amiable"
"Mütterchen"	"Priscilla"
"Patty"	"Psyche."

"Who was the author of that missionary story, 'The Board Debts?'"
Learned Senior. "Mrs. Johnson Loquitur."

From the Geology Class. — A species of rock not yet classified by science — "metaphoric."

Student of Caesar's illions translating Livy: "Mucius ut monstraret se corporis dolorem nihil facere dextram novissima ad sacrificium ferenda injecit." "Mucius, to show that he feared no bodily suffering, thrust his right arm into the sacrifice burning on the hearth."

The botanical department has had several valuable additions to its furnishings this year. In the Jackson library will be found some of the latest works in the various branches of the science, and several finely illustrated books, among them Eaton's "Ferns of North America," and Goodale's "New England Wild Flowers." A handsome and valuable set of Henslow's Botanical Charts has been purchased by the school.

The pictures which have been added to the collection of the literary department will add much interest to the study of literature. "The Canterbury Tales" will have a greater charm with Chaucer's face before one; the photograph of Shakespeare is a copy of one of the best portraits. We note two pictures of Walter Scott, a view of Abbotsford, a view of Melrose Abbey, a bit of Ullswater, two views of Oriel College, Oxford, Byron's spirited face, and Wordsworth's grave. The department of general literature has also received a rich addition.

Après de "Abbot Literati," it is pleasant to speak of an April afternoon at the November Club. Through the courtesy of the members, many of the school were invited to hear Miss Fanny Hardy, a former pupil of Abbot Academy, read an original story called "Scot Village." Its author said it might more fully be termed a study, suggested by the social problems of the day. In depicting the heightened condition of the Scot villagers, Miss Hardy plainly taught that in the most degraded there is a latent moral sense awaiting only some quickening influence. The slow growth of the hero's moral nature, though skillfully shown by pathetic and humorous incident, was really the subject of subtle ethical analysis. A more subtle treatment of character could hardly be conceived, and all who heard "Scot Village" hope to see it in a permanent form.

In the early part of May, Miss McKeen received a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the author. It is intended for the school library and is especially valuable because it bears on the fly-leaf the following inscription in Mrs. Stowe's own firm hand:

"Not one shriek of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the 'Man of Sorrows,' our Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom he bears the anguish of a world."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

May 3, 1892.

Accompanying the volume came this note which we print with Miss McKeen's permission.

Hartford, May 5, '92.

"My Dear Miss McKeen : Your note of May 4 reaches me this lovely spring morning, a pleasant reminder of the happy days of long ago in Andover. My life there was a pleasant one, full of work, and of hopes to be realized. I saw much in the future, and much to live for. Of course, my horizon is much narrower now. My life lies all in the past now. This is the time of waiting and of rest. I am very glad to have had those past days recalled, and it is with pleasure that I send you an 'Uncle Tom' for your new library, in which I have placed my autograph and signature. I am only sorry that it is not a handsomer edition, but it is the only one I happen to have in the house.

The little book you speak of I have not yet received, but hope it will come later, as it will give me great pleasure to see what your new home is like, and as I probably never shall be in Andover again it is my only way of seeing the new house. Hoping you are well, I remain

Very sincerely your friend,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE."

The great loss of the school this term, in every phase of the school life, has been its loss of Miss Greeley's presence. But we thankfully record her steady improvement in health and promised recovery. The school has been fortunate to secure for the Latin classes at short notice the services of so able and inspiring a teacher as †Miss Mabel D. Strong '89, who with her family is expecting to spend the next year in Europe.

While Mrs. Todd won many friends in Draper Hall by her successful management of its domestic arrangements, it gave us great pleasure to welcome Miss Lina Kimball's return in the spring. Refreshed by travel and by long rest, she is again ready to extend cordial greetings to all the old girls who at this season rally about their alma mater and recall once more the days of "and lang syne." No visit to Abbot Academy is complete without a chat with Miss Kimball who rarely forgets a name or incident, and never loses interest in the future of old Abbot girls.

Upon June 4, Fräulein Schiefferdecker, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Stone (Fräulein Heitmüller) sailed from New York, for Hamburg in the Dania of the Hamburg-American Packet Line. The warmest good wishes went with the Fräulein, who, without one glimpse of the Fatherland, has labored in the Academy for three years with tireless industry and unabated zeal.

In this connection it is interesting to think that at Göttingen this summer, there will be a meeting of all the native German teachers who have

ever resided in Abbot Academy, as Mrs. Stone will spend the time with Mrs. Howard (Fraulein Bodemeyer), and Fraulein Schaefferdecker expects to join them for a brief visit.

After the announcement of Miss McKean's resignation last June, the question of her successor became a matter of earnest solicitation. Early in February, it was announced that Miss Laura S. Watson, M. A., of St. Johnsbury, Vt., had been elected to the principalship. To a wide and varied experience as a teacher both in New England and at the West, Miss Watson has added the distinguished advantage of two years residence in Europe, and systematic study in Halle, Berlin, and Paris. Her short visit in April left a pleasant impression of a dignified presence and winning manner.

Miss Elizabeth M. Chisholme is to share the instruction of the Senior and Senior Middle classes next year. She is not only a very popular teacher and most accomplished lady, but brings with her the loyalty of an old graduate and the experience of successful teaching in Abbot Academy.

Will our married sisters please sign their maiden names in writing to Alma Mater. It is impossible to remember the married names of all and the semi-centennial catalogue, useful as it is, has not an index of married names. Invitations to the coming lawn party, for example, have been sent out to all old scholars, a company reaching beyond the acquaintance of any now in school. If Alice Jenks signs herself in answer to her invitation, "Mrs. Jacob Lawton," we cannot readily find her in our records, whereas, if she writes, "Yours etc.,

ALICE JENKS LAWTON.

Address Mrs. Jacob Lawton."

she is easily placed by any committee on invitation.

In this connection, we will repeat what has often been said before, that we are glad to be informed of any change of address, or of any information about old scholars that will keep the school in communication with them.

Shall we soon forget that night in the Draper Hall dining-room, when a table won distinction? Another table kindly sent over Fuller's "Good Thoughts for Bad Times," that we might have a feast of reason. Why was there a shout of laughter when the book opened to this selection? "Many temporal masters which I have desired have been denied me: it vexed me for the present, for I wanted my will. Yet, what was given me instead of those things which I wished, though less toothsome to me, were more wholesome for me." And in the next selection we felt we were in the place of the elder brother. "The elder brother laid a sharp and true charge against his brother prodigal for his riot and luxury. This rioting

affected his father; the mirth, meat, music at the feast were no whit abated. Why so? Because the elder brother *came too late.*"

In lieu of our usual Hall Exercises on Saturday April 30th, we spent a delightful "Hour with the Madonna," under the guidance of Miss Anna C. Lawrence of Boston, who first read the historical and legendary account of the birth of Anna the mother of Mary, and then showed us by beautiful pictures how the story had been told in art. Miss Lawrence is a graduate of Abbot in the class of '83 and has continued the study of the history of art with special interest.

As the days slip by, we shrink with pain from the thought that comes to us often. "Miss McKeen will not be with us next year." What shall we do without her? Will Abbot Academy seem like Abbot Academy? She has been our mother, sister, friend. Words cannot express our sense of her unspeakable worth to us as individuals and to the school. We know that she deserves rest after so many years of unflagging and zealous toil, but selfishly we would keep her with us still. One consoling thought we have, and that is that through the kindness of our trustees, Miss McKeen will find a home in our very grounds, at South Hall.

At the close of this year, Miss Means removes her residence from Andover to New York, where she will make her home in the family of her brother and find freer scope for her professional ambition in the artistic surroundings of the metropolis. While we rejoice in her pleasant outlook, we deeply regret the loss which it entails upon the school. Miss Emily A. Means was graduated from Abbot Academy with the class of '69 and has been our instructor in painting and drawing since '78. It is now twenty-five years since she first became connected with the school as a pupil. The interim of nine years, between her graduation and her return as a teacher, was devoted to thorough study, under the best teachers in Boston and Florence, Venice and Paris, where she was the pupil of Boulanger, Lefebvre and Couture and made that use of the galleries of England and Europe which only a thoroughly educated artist can make. Thus exceptionally qualified, she came to Abbot Academy to teach where there was a desire for the best things, but an entire lack of everything else needed for the practical study of art. Beginning with nothing except her own high ideal, thorough discipline and warm enthusiasm, and constantly working against all odds, Miss Means has awakened a hunger for truth in art and a willingness to work for it; her pupils are in warm sympathy with her and gladly follow whithersoever she leads. She has had the joy of bringing her department up from nothing, to the occupancy of fine, well appointed studios built under her direction and furnished with over one hundred casts selected in Paris and imported by

herself for this purpose, besides photographs, prints, still life and other properties necessary to the work done in the studios. The trustees wish Miss Means to provide a successor who will not allow the high standard which she has set up to sink to the level of decorative work so common in girls' schools. It has been our good fortune to have Miss Means with us "in the family" during the last year, where she has greatly endeared herself to us all, by her hearty sympathy in the joys and sorrows of school-girls, her wise counsels, and her noble living. No person here who has felt her influence, can fail to find it a healthful tonic, with every remembrance of her.

We are indebted to the kindness of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the pictures of Mrs. Wiggin and Mrs. Phelps-Ward which are such a delightful addition to our "Old Scholars' Number."

The generosity of our trustee, Mr. Mortimer B. Mason, makes it possible for the editors of the *Courant* to issue so attractive a number, one in point of illustration and typographical excellence so fitly representing the enterprise and zeal of the Andover Press.

In future, however, we hope for so hearty a support on the part of the old scholars that it will not be necessary to seek financial aid. The "*Courant*" spares no pains to interest the "old girls," and its subscription list would be doubled and quadrupled if all were as interested in Abbot as Abbot is in them.

On Friday, May 27th, after a night spent under the roof of Draper Hall, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin gave us a short talk upon the relations of Turkey and Russia. Constantinople, as the object of Russia's determined ambition, he described the secret cause of Europe's "armed camp;" and his long residence in the city, together with his experience of the selfishness of the Russian policy, made that quality glaringly offensive. His hatred of Russia's unscrupulous intentions and actions was hearty, frankly avowed, and well supported by facts.

Just as the *Courant* was going to press the Botany class under Miss Kelsey's guidance, started on an excursion to Cambridge, the last of the season. Of course the Botanical garden was the primary object of our visit, but we entered the botanical rooms attached to Dr. Gray's old home, and were interested in looking at the immense herbarium which lines the sides of a good-sized room. We also went into the botanical library and saw some curious and beautifully illustrated books, but the object most interesting to some of us was a small and rather shabby-looking microscope, the very one most used by Dr. Gray in his work. Next we went to the University Museum to see the wonderful glass models of flowers, the beginning of a collection which has been presented to Harvard. We cannot here

describe them and can only say, "Be sure to see them whenever you are in Cambridge." After the scientific part of our excursion was over a few of us went to the Longfellow home and were allowed to enter. One of the pleasantest memories connected with life at Abbot Academy will be this one of the clock on the stairs and the study in which Longfellow lived and wrote.

We shall be very sorry to miss from our number next year so cheery a friend, and enthusiastic, inspiring a teacher as Miss Hamlin, but we are glad that the year promises to be to her such a pleasant "vacation of work," and that Wellesley is not so far away but that we can often see her. Her substitute will be Miss Nellie Mason of Lexington, who brings to the work a fine training and record in science.

†Miss Annie F. Frye, '82, is teaching, during the spring term, in St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

We learn through Mrs. Harlow (Frances A. Kimball), who has just returned from a trip to Chicago, where she acted as delegate from the Woburn Woman's club, to the meetings of the Federation of Women's Club's, that Mrs. Margaret Redford Neal read a paper at one of the meetings. Mrs. Harlow also saw Sarah Ballard Ellis, and visited Mrs. Carrie Hall Bird in her pleasant South Chicago home.

A recent letter to one of our number from Anna E. Wright, '88, tells of her pleasant anticipation of a summer in Geneva, and an autumn in Dresden.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Mead is to sail by the City of Paris, June twenty-fifth, for Europe. She will be met in London by her daughter, Mrs. Albert Swing, who, with her husband and children, has taken a house in Halle. After a little time in England, Mrs. Mead will go with Mrs. Swing to Halle, for the rest of the vacation, and return in season for the opening college year at Mount Holyoke. She is in good health, but in much need of the rest which she is anticipating.

Never did Abbot Academy celebrate Decoration Day in a more patriotic spirit than this year, when Dr. Gilbert by his personal reminiscences of army life fired a warmer love of country, and the singing class under Prof. Downs' direction, set pulses beating by the stirring notes of "Our Country," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

We neglected to speak in our last Courant of a delightful visit from Mrs. Adela Payson Usher in the autumn. Mrs. Usher said she wished to plunge for a space into French Hall life again. We were all charmed

with her sparkling conversation at table and in the music room afterwards, and wondered at her fluency in French after years of little practice.

The class of '82 not only enjoyed a happy, if partial, re-union at the McKeen breakfast, but further celebrated the day by a class tea at the home of Miss A. J. McCutcheon, at Charlestown.

Little Maria Pillsbury, daughter of Mrs. Rosecrans Pillsbury (†Annie Watts, '82), was present at the breakfast, and rejoiced all her aunts by her sweet, winsome ways.

From the Atlanta University Bulletin of February, we read: "After a valuable service of four months, Miss Fannie B. Pettie left us Feb. 1, being summoned north by the prestrating illness of her father." The father died soon after †Miss Pettie's ('82) return, leaving her the part of comforter and stay.

It was pleasant to see in the Easter number of the Wide Awake "An Historical Herbarium," by Miss Abby F. Mitchell. Her pupils will find it a reproduction of many a delightful recitation.

Mrs. Margaret Redford Neal writes from her home in Helena, Ark., "Why could not Abbot Academy girls have some place at the World's Fair, where they could register and be able to find each other? I have not seen one person that I knew in Andover since I left, and I have been counting upon meeting some of my friends at the World's Fair."

Why not act upon so good a suggestion?

†Miss Ellen O. Proctor, '67, has lost her sister Augusta, who died in France.

Abbot Academy's board of trustees rejoices in the acquisition of Prof. John Phelps Taylor.

PERSONALS.

We have learned of the marriage of Miss Myra Taft, '90, to Mr. Will Taft of Whittingsville.

Miss Lily Dougal, author of "Beggars All," has been spending the winter in Cannes, busily writing.

†Miss Susana Lyman, '79, writes from Johns Hopkins Hospital, regretting that she was unavoidably absent from the McKeen breakfast.

We had hoped to receive a visit from her sister, Miss Lillie Lyman, who has returned from India to stay in this country for some months.

The little daughter of Mattie Hart Moore, '89, is named Barbara, for the daughter of Sir Thomas Moore.

†Mrs. Nellie Hadley Rowell, '83, writes happy letters from her home in San Diego, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. James Howard (Frl. Bodemeyer), with their little daughter, have sailed for Europe.

Mrs. Clara Palmer Lyons has returned from the West, and is visiting friends in Meredith Centre, N. H.

†Maria L. Gardner, '88, has completed a course in the Haverhill Training School, and, as we understand, has a position in one of the public schools of that city.

As we go to press, comes the good news of Miss Greeley's return for the last week of school. Nothing will now be wanting in these eventful days of glad reunion and joyous celebration.

We note with pride Miss Adeline G. Perry's interesting article, "A Visit from Helen Keller," published in the June St. Nicholas.

Owing to the illness of Professor Morse of Amherst College, the chair of history will be filled temporarily by Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, who was graduated from that college in '67, and afterwards for fourteen years held the chair of history in Robert College, Constantinople. Professor Grosvenor is the husband of †Lillian Waters ('72) Grosvenor, who has recently suffered a great bereavement in the death of her mother, whom many who were in school in '71 and '72 will remember. She was beloved for her sympathy, wisdom, and beautiful hospitality in her home in Millbury.

On the visitors' list for the winter and summer terms, are the following names: †Miss Annie Torrey, '83; †Miss Josephine Wilcox, '81; Miss Grace Penfield, '89; †Mrs. Sadie Puffer Douglas, '81; †Miss Katherine Crocker, '87; Mrs. Fannie Kimball Harlow; †Miss Caroline Goodell, '91; †Miss Martha Hitchcock, '91; †Miss Nellie Walkley, '88; †Miss Maria Gardner, '88; Miss Alice Conant, '89; Mrs. Henrietta Sperry, '68; †Miss Jessie E. Guernsey, '90; †Miss Adele G. Perry, '90; †Miss Mary G. Peabody, '89; †Miss Annie C. Lawrence, '85; Miss Mary E. Manley, '79; †Mrs. Bessie C. Baird, '87; Miss Emma F. Twitchell, '81; †Miss Isabelle Currier, '77; Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Leggett (Anna and Marion Dwight).

MARRIAGES.

In Newark, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1891, May Maude Fulton, '87, to Daniel Ellis Bushnell.

In Troy, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1892, Helen Sherwood Ford, '83, to James Gregory Mumford.

Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1892, Elenora P. Blanchard, '90, to William B. Ford. At home, 21 Sargent Street, Roxbury, Mass.

In Peoria, Ill., Dec. 30, 1891, Belle Wilbur, '88, to Charles Hallett Thorne. At home, 96 Forty-Second Street.

In Wheeling, W. Va., Julia Payne Hubbard, '89, to Wilson Irwin Kelly.

In Seoul, Korea, April 7, 1892, †Harriet Gibson Heron, '81, to James Smith Gale.

DEATHS.

In No. Andover, Dec. 21, 1891, Hon. George L. Davis.

In Newport, N. H., Jan. 25, 1892, Ashton W. Rounsevel, father of Josephine Rounsevel, '93.

In Middleboro, Mar. 9, 1892, Charles F. Alden, father of May Alden, '93.

In Manchester, N. H., Feb. 1892, Holmes R. Pettie, father of Fannie Belle Pettie.

In Hanover, N. H., Feb. 5, 1892, Martha Barrows Hitchcock, wife of Prof. Charles Hitchcock.

In Meriden, Conn., Rev. Alfred H. Hall, pastor of the Center Congregational Church.

In Charlestown, Mass., April 22, 1892, Mrs. Franklin C. Prindle, mother of Gertrude E. Prindle, '94.

Mrs. Arthur Perkins (May S. Valentine), died March 16, 1892, at Bennington, Vt.

Mrs. Martha Barrows Hitchcock, wife of Prof. C. H. Hitchcock of Dartmouth College, died in her home at Hanover, N.H., Feb. 5, 1892. Mrs. Hitchcock was a member of Abbot Academy in 1856, but we have known her through her daughters, and in their loss we sympathize with them. One of her neighbors writes of her, "The law of love was in her heart, the law of kindness on her lips."

During the Christmas vacation came the sad news of the sudden death of Rev. Alfred Henry Hall of Meriden, Conn., the husband of Miss Delight Twichell of the class of '73. Mr. Hall graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary in '73, and, with the exception of a few months, spent the rest of his life in Meriden, beloved not only by his own church, but by those of every denomination in the city. He was a man of untiring energy, broad sympathy, wise judgment, and a genial manner.—the faithful and interested friend of old and young. His work, if measured by the standard of years, would be found lacking, but its quality is fine and enduring. To all who knew him the knowledge of his death brings the sense of a personal loss.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'92.

"As I can."

<i>President,</i>	EMILIE A. STAATS.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	BLANCHE MORTON.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	WINNIFRED S. LAWRY.
Class Colors,	Violet and White.
Flowers,	Violets.

'93.

"Respice Finem."

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE T. NETTLETON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	ANNIE DOWNS INGALLS.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer,</i>	MAY ALDEN.
Class Colors,	Gold and white.
Flowers,	Buttercups.

OFFICERS
OF THE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.
1891-1892.

PRESIDENT :

MISS EMILY A. MEANS

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

MRS. LUCY MONTAGUE BROWN, of Portland.
MRS. LAURA WENTWORTH FOWLER, of Dedham.
MRS. FRANCES KIMBALL HARLOW, of Woburn.
MRS. ADELAIDE TAYLOR MERRILL, of Andover.
MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE, of Andover.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER :

MISS AGNES PARK.

COMMITTEE OF APPROPRIATION :

MISS PHILENA McKEEN, MRS. IRENE ROWLEY DRAPER.
MISS AGNES PARK.

1829.

1892.

THE SIXTY-THIRD
ANNIVERSARY
OF
ABBOT ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, MASS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1892.



BACCALAUREATE SERMON

AT

The South Church.

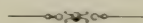
June 12, 10.30 A.M.

BY REV. WILLARD G. SPERRY, MANCHESTER, N. H.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14.

9.00 A.M.

At the Academy Hall.



Music. — Semi-Chorus.

Essay: *Superstition.* *Miss Gilchrist*

Music. — *Souées de Vienne, No. 6.* — *Schubert-Liszt.*

Miss Odell.

Essay: *The Value of Money.* *Miss Munton.*

Reading: *"Easter Lilies," M. E. Williams.* *Miss Manning*

Music. — *Polonaise, Op. 26.* — *Chopin.*

Miss Bond.

Essay: *The Influence of Woman upon National Life.* *Miss Stuart*

Vine Exercises.

Transfer of the Spade. *Miss Sanborn, Miss Nettleton.*

VINE SONG.

By Miss Lawry.

Oh! Ivy green! How fair thou art,
The sunlight on thee streaming!
Thy graceful leaves the music breathe
Of zephyrs o'er thee dreaming.

Oh! Ivy green! How brave thou art:
Thy tendrils firmly clinging;
From damp and darkness of the earth
To warmth and sunshine springing!

Oh! Ivy green! How true thou art,
To light so strongly yearning!
Yet soon to be in shadow left,
To wait the sun's returning!

Oh! Ivy green! How dear thou art,
So fair, brave, true, and living!
Teach us thy patient grace to bear,
By faithful witness giving!

Oh! Ivy green! We plant thee here,
With thee our memories weaving.
Grow ever high and bright and strong,
Our love and praise receiving.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14.

10.45 A.M.

At the South Church.

Voluntary and March.

Hymn.—“Hark! hark my soul!”—*L. B. Hughes.*

INVOCATION.

Chorus.—*Jehovah's Power and Majesty.*—*Moncellie.*

Address by the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D.,
of Cambridge, Mass.

Presentation of Diplomas by the Rev. John Phelps Taylor, D.D.

PARTING HYMN.

Words by Miss A. L. Waring.

Music by S. M. Downs.

“My names are in Thy hands.”

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,—
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

* * * * *
In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children “free.”—
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Alumnae Meeting at Academy Hall, at 2.30 P.M.

Names of the Graduating Class.



"AS I CAN."



Helen Ferris Gilchrist,	<i>Lampasas, Texas.</i>
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FOR LIST OF TEACHERS SEE NEXT PAGE.

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